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from
Mr & Mrs T. C. Stubbs

Sept 12th 1928

John Wesley

LIVES

OF

METHODIST BISHOPS.

EDITED BY

THEODORE L. FLOOD, D.D.

AND

JOHN W. HAMILTON, D.D.

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TO

OUR REVEREND FATHERS IN GOD,

AND

TO THEIR OBEDIENT SONS AND DAUGHTERS IN THE GOSPEL

THROUGHOUT ALL

OUR UNITED SOCIETIES,

IS

This Volume Affectionately Inscribed

BY THE EDITORS.

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PREFACE.

HISTORY is only a compilation of biographies, and the true study of history is from the stand-point of the men who make it. But because it is philosophical, it is none the less pleasurable thus to study it. There is enough of romance in the personal struggles, ambitions and successes, disappointments and defeats, of the historic men in the world, to exhilarate the mind through a deal of otherwise dull and distasteful details concerning simple events. And some such romance must go into the account of ecclesiastical events, or Church history will find few persons either pious enough or studious enough to read it, much less to study it. The histories which are the most read are the biographies which are the best written.

In these Life Sketches we have furnished the reader with a history of Episcopal Methodism from the stand-point of the men who have come down to us from the beginning of the Societies, and who, because of their position and influence, have not only had much to do with formulating the doctrines and polity of the Church, but were themselves personally related to preachers and people throughout the connection.

Methodism is rich in the biographies of her people, and many eminent and worthy ministers who were not bishops, as well as many eminent and worthy laymen, have afforded their biographers an abundance of material for the best of life-stories. But no one of all the bishops has made it impossible, by a stain of character, for his biography to be written and read as a creditable legacy to the Church. Not even the Churches laying claim to an uninterrupted succession of bishops by Divine appointment have been as fortunate in this regard. Our chief pastors have brought no dishonor to our communion.

These pen portraits reveal a sagacity of mind, a depth of piety, and a strength of character belonging to the men, worthy of the high

calling to which they had been chosen. In no instance has the office been one of ease or emolument. Not unfrequently have the men, like the first apostles, after much sacrifice and toil, suffered martyrdom.

We have chosen to write in full concerning only the deceased bishops—the men whose work is ended—that no personal element might enter into a judgment of their characters or ministry. But an Appendix has been added in which is given a brief outline of the life of each living bishop, to make the succession complete.

While an occasional biography of some one of the bishops has appeared at intervals in the history of the Church, this volume will present the only complete and connected account of all the men and their work which has been published. In selecting the men to write the sketches, we sought always to find persons who, by reason of their relations to the deceased bishops, or some special study of their lives, were best able to give full and impartial estimates of their characters and work. We may speak freely, as our work has been chiefly that of editors. The task of bringing together so many excellent things in the unity of a book will be abundantly compensated by the pleasure of possessing such an admirable collection of rare portraits by eminent artists—a gallery in itself.

The preparation of such a volume has also given an opportunity for collecting many important but hitherto unwritten facts and incidents from the older men among us, which ought to be preserved in some permanent form before their generation shall have passed away.

The order of arrangement in the plan of the book has been to follow the different branches of the Church in the natural order of their development. And no attempt has been made to show the organic unity of Methodism, or to claim superior excellence in any particular of doctrine or government for one branch of the Church over another. We have simply given the story of how these men wrought their work in the Church, finished their course in the world, and kept their faith in the Son of God.

The plates used for the illustrations have been obtained with great difficulty and at no little expense. In some instances we were almost ready to abandon the search for pictures of the earlier bishops, when from some neglected quarter we would receive through distant relatives an indistinct daguerreotype, or a much worn portrait on wood.

These the artists have been able to use so satisfactorily as to obtain plates for even better engravings than the most intimate friends and relatives of the bishops could have anticipated.

It is with great pleasure we acknowledge our indebtedness to the many contributors who have so readily and cheerfully acceded to our requests, in devoting their time and study to the preparation of the sketches, which has necessarily called them aside from a great pressure of duties in other and not infrequently official directions. For valuable assistance and advice we recognize special acknowledgment due to the Rev. Bishop Matthew Simpson, D.D., LL.D.; and to the memories of the late Rev. Bishops E. S. Janes, D.D., LL.D., Edward Raymond Ames, D.D., LL.D., and Gilbert Haven, D.D., LL.D. We also return thanks to many of our brethren in the ministry, and to the relatives of many of the deceased bishops, for the interesting and important material they have furnished for preparing the sketches, and the great assistance they have rendered in procuring the pictures and portraits.

The enterprising Agents of the Methodist Book Concern, Messrs. Phillips & Hunt, are justly entitled to the great credit they have secured to themselves by the character of the engravings with which the book is illustrated, and the style in which it is prepared.

While, as Editors, we have only produced the first volume of a series which must remain incomplete as long as bishops continue in the Church, we have hoped that it might, at least in the estimate of Episcopal Methodists, retain its place as Volume First in the Lives of the Methodist Bishops.

JOHN W. HAMILTON,
THEODORE L. FLOOD.

INTRODUCTION.

THE office of a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church was providentially conferred upon, and assumed by, the father and founder of the Wesleyan Societies in England and America. But it was never wholly conferred upon him in an ecclesiastical way, nor arbitrarily assumed in an *un*ecclesiastical way. The first preacher who exercised the office of bishop among the Methodists was not elected to the episcopacy by any body of Christian believers, and was not, so far as we know, ordained to that office in accordance with the usage of any branch of the Christian Church. The second preacher who exercised the episcopal functions, but who has usually been called the first bishop, was appointed to the office without an election, and ordained by the imposition of the hands of the first. But the Methodist Church has never offered an apology for the existence of her Episcopacy, and will allow no one to question the right of a single one of her bishops to exercise the duties of his office.

The Greek word *episcopos*, Latin *episcopus*, and English *bishop*, have occasioned frequent controversies in the Church, and often separated the disputants into widely differing denominations. But these very differences have proved the safeguards of the spirit-life in the Church.

To believe one definition of *episcopos* right, is not to argue another wrong. Episcopalians may and do differ among themselves as widely as they may differ from Presbyterians. "It ought to be understood," says Dr. Samuel Miller, "that among those who espouse the episcopal side, there are three classes.

"The first consists of those who believe that neither Christ nor his apostles laid down any particular form of ecclesiastical government to which the Church is bound to adhere in all ages. That every Church is free, consistently with the divine will, to frame her own constitution agreeably to her own views, to the state of society, and the exigencies of particular times. These prefer the episcopal government, and some of them believe it was the primitive form; but they consider it

resting on the ground of *human expediency* alone, and not of divine appointment.

This is well known to have been the opinion of Archbishops Cranmer, Grindal, Whitgift, Leighton, and Tillotson; of Bishops Jewel, Reynolds, Burnet, and Croft; of Drs. Whitaker, Stillingfleet, and of a long list of the most learned and pious divines of the Church of England, from the Reformation down to the present day.

"Another class of Episcopalians go further. They suppose that the government of the Church by bishops, as a superior order to presbyters, was sanctioned by apostolic example, and that it is the duty of all the Churches to imitate this example. But while they consider episcopacy as necessary to the *perfection* of the Church, they grant that it is by no means necessary to her existence; and accordingly, *without hesitation*, acknowledge as true Churches of Christ many in which the episcopal doctrine is rejected and presbyterian principles made the basis of ecclesiastical government. The advocates of this opinion, also, have been numerous and respectable, both among the clerical and lay members of the Episcopal Churches in England and the United States. In this list appear the venerable names of Bishop Hall, Bishop Downham, Bishop Bancroft, Bishop Andrews, Archbishop Usher, Bishop Forbes, the learned Chillingworth, Archbishop Wake, Bishop Hoadley, and many more.

"A third class go much beyond either of the former. While they grant that God has left men at liberty to modify every other kind of government according to circumstances, they contend that one form of government for the Church is unalterably fixed by divine appointment; that this form is episcopal; that it is absolutely essential to the existence of the Church; that, of course, wherever it is wanting there is no Church, no regular ministry, no valid ordinances; and that all who are united with religious societies not conforming to this order are 'aliens from Christ,' 'out of the appointed way to heaven,' and have no hope but in the uncovenanted mercies of God."

"It is confidently believed," continues Dr. Miller, "that the two former classes, taken together, embrace at least *nineteen parts* out of *twenty* of all the Episcopalians in Great Britain and the United States; while, so far as can be learned from the most respectable writings, and other authentic sources of information, it is only the small remaining proportion who hold the extravagant opinions assigned to the third and last of these classes."

Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury, in their Notes to the Discipline, published at the request of the General Conference shortly after they were made bishops, declared that "the most bigoted devotees to religious establishments (the clergy of the Church of Rome excepted) are now ashamed to support the doctrine of the apostolic, uninterrupted succession of bishops; and yet nothing but an apostolic, uninterrupted succession, can possibly confine the right of episcopacy to any particular Church. The idea of an apostolic succession being exploded, it follows that the Methodist Church has every thing which is scriptural and essential to justify its episcopacy."

We have said that the office of bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church was providentially conferred, and this we have said believing "plain John Wesley the fountain of our episcopal authority." Called of God to his place in the history of the Christian Church as certainly as Paul was called to be an apostle to the Gentiles, he was providentially appointed and spiritually ordained a bishop from his very relation to his followers, who in England were discarded by the Establishment, and in America were shepherdless wanderers. This is the divine element in our Wesleyan episcopacy. Mr. Etheridge, Doctor in Philosophy in the University of Heidelberg, says in his life of Rev. Thomas Coke, "Both Mr. Wesley and Dr. Coke recognized an apostolical succession, viewed as implying a due transmission of the Christian ministry. How could they do otherwise, believing as they did the promise of Christ: 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world?'—words which indicate the certainty of a perpetual succession, with the persons composing which Jesus declares he would be always. The Methodists, who retain the sentiments of their founder, believe in the perpetuation of the Christian ministry in its pure teachings, its holy zeal, its earnest labors, and its saving effects, by the agency of men spiritually qualified for it, and openly recognized and appointed as the servants and ministers of Christ, and under him the pastors and shepherds of his Church. This succession is an historical and visible fact. This it was which led Mr. Wesley to the headship in the college of Methodist bishops. He had a clear discernment of the providential leadings in the matter. 'You,' said he to Mr. Asbury, 'are the elder brother of the American Methodists; I am, under God, the father of the whole family. Therefore I naturally care for you all in a manner no other person can. Therefore I, in a measure, provide for you all.'"

And Mr. Moore, in his "Life of Wesley," tells us that Mr. Wesley did

himself assert that he believed himself to be a scriptural *επισκοπος*, *episcopos*, as much as any man in England or Europe. Mr. Coke, in giving his consent to receive the Wesleyan ordination prior to sailing for America, wrote to Mr. Wesley as follows:—

"The more maturely I consider the subject the more expedient it seems to me that the power of ordaining others should be received by me from *you* by the imposition of your hands. . . . An authority formally received from you will (I am conscious of it) be fully admitted by the people, and my exercising the office of ordination without that formal authority may be disputed, if there be any opposition on any other account. I could, therefore, earnestly wish you would exercise that power in this instance, which *I have not the shadow of a doubt* but God hath invested you with, for the good of the Connection."

But the episcopacy had a legitimate human appointment. Mr. Wesley had been ordained both a deacon and a presbyter in the Church of England. Dr. Emory, in "A Defense of our Fathers," says: "Lord King maintains that bishops and presbyters in the Primitive Church were the same order. Yet he expressly says that the bishops, when chosen such from among the presbyters, were *ordained* as *bishops* by imposition of hands." "The extension of the jurisdiction of the bishop," he continues, "in consequence of the extension of the Church, is not the creating any new office, and certainly cannot make it less proper that he should be solemnly ordained by imposition of hands, and furnished with suitable credentials. The revival of such an itinerant, extensive, personal oversight and inspection, is the *revival* of the apostolic practice, and, as Mr. Wesley says, *well agrees* both with their practice and with their writings." And "the idea that equals," he forcibly remarks, "cannot, from among themselves, constitute an officer who, *as an officer*, shall be superior to any of those by whom he was constituted, is contradicted by all experience and history, both civil and ecclesiastical, and equally by common sense. The contrary is too plain to require illustration."

The third ordination in the Christian ministry is therefore to a jurisdictional office whose functions are peculiar to itself, and do not belong in the privileges and duties of a presbyter. They are not wholly governmental, as the Church, which is "the true original subject of all power," has committed to this office, wherever it exists, the right to ordain. Certainly no greater necessity could have existed for the assumption of such jurisdictional office than that found in the neglect of the Wesleyan

Societies by the English Church. And, as Dr. Bangs declared, "Mr. Wesley possessed a right over the Methodists which no man else did or could possess, because they were his spiritual children, raised up under his preaching and superintendence, and hence they justly looked to him for a supply of the ordinances of Jesus Christ." It was incumbent upon him as founder of his Societies, and not simply because of any right inherent in him as a presbyter, to institute a jurisdictional episcopacy, and ordain men to the office to assist him in the government of his people, and perpetuate their organization after his death.

If he had not provided for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he would have denied the faith, and been worse than an infidel. And the choice that he made in selecting an episcopal form of government comported well with his own training, as well as with what he deemed to be the need of the people whom he served, for his wish to the last was, that they would conform themselves to "the discipline of the Church of England."

Taken Mr. Wesley's right of relation to his followers as father and founder, and the right of the presbytery to originate an episcopate, what ordination ever was or could have been accomplished more "decently and in order," than the appointment and consecration of the Rev. Dr. Coke to the office of bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church? Four presbyters of the Established Church were present to assist in the ceremonies. "Looked at from the canonical side," says Mr. Etheridge, "we admit it was an irregularity, and one which, to his own feelings as a churchman, was warranted only by necessity. But considered from a scriptural point of view it was no irregularity at all, but a transaction in thorough harmony with apostolic principle and practice. And indeed," he adds, "there were once bishops of this presbyterian type in the British Church. Beda, mentioning Cedda, one of the most active missionaries among the Saxons, writes that he had received episcopal consecration from a bishop who had himself been ordained by the presbyters of Iona." But when Dr. Coke was ordained a bishop the Methodist episcopate was not yet perfected. So far it was only a Wesleyan and English *appointment* and *ordination*.

When the Christmas Conference which convened in Baltimore, A.D. 1784, for the reception of Dr. Coke and the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the suggestion of Mr. Asbury had voted unanimously to receive the bishop who had been appointed and ordained for them, and had also elected and witnessed the ordination of

Mr. Asbury as joint bishop, the work was ended, and the episcopal order established. Had the American Societies remained a part of the English work, both the appointments and ordinations of Mr. Wesley would have remained a valid and sufficient episcopacy. But once separated from Mr. Wesley, the right to appoint and ordain bishops reverted to the presbyters, the only remaining representatives of the Church in such matters—just where the right would rest to-day were all the bishops to die.

It is true the bishops were called superintendents, but Mr. Wesley considered the term "superintendent" as synonymous with "bishop." The Rev. Wm. Watters, who was present at the organization of the Church, also declares, "from first to last the business of general assistant, superintendent, or bishop, has been the same; only since we have become a distinct Church he has, with the assistance of two or three elders, ordained our ministers." Mr. Wesley objected to the name "bishop" because of the English association, but never to the functions and duties of the office. The name of "bishop" was substituted for "superintendent" in the "Discipline" printed by Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury two or three years after they came into the office, and at the next Conference the change was approved by the preachers. The superintendents came to be styled, as they now remain, bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church, having the executive authority and office in the Church. Hence, by an original providential selection and a scripturally authoritative ordination, and an unmistakably Wesleyan succession, we have a genuinely apostolic bishopric among the Methodists. And, as Dr. Stevens has said, "The Methodist bishops were the first Protestant bishops, and Methodism was the first Protestant Episcopal Church of the New World; and as Wesley had given it the Anglican Articles of Religion and the Liturgy, wisely abridged, it became, both by its precedent organization and its subsequent numerical importance, the real successor to the Anglican Church in America."

JOHN W. HAMILTON,
THEODORE L. FLOOD.

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THE BISHOPS

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

A BRIEF HISTORICAL STATEMENT.

THIS Church is a legitimate child of British Methodism. The gospel seed which the Rev. John Wesley sowed among the descendants of the exiled Teutonic population in Ireland was transplanted by them to the soil of the New World. The first centenary of American Methodism was celebrated in the year 1866. The date was thus chosen because just a hundred years previously two Wesleyan local preachers, Philip Embury and Robert Strawbridge, began to preach in this country, the first in the city of New York, and the latter in Maryland. A few months later Thomas Webb, a British officer and Methodist local preacher, stationed at Albany, also preached in New York. Prolific was the seed they sowed. In 1773 the first Annual Conference was held in Philadelphia, with ten preachers representing 1,160 members. The first General Conference convened in Baltimore, on Christmas-day, 1784. There and then was organized the "Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America." At the same time was formally adopted a system of government, with Articles of Religion, Liturgy, Discipline, etc.

This was the first Episcopal organization on the Western Hemisphere.

The history from that time to the present it is the plan of this work to present in the lives of the men whom this organization has called to its episcopal office. These will tell of struggles and triumphs,

of dark hours of fear and bright days of victory, of wondrous prosperity, of far-reaching branches touching every State and Territory, and of yet further growth to lands beyond the seas, and of the divine blessing there.

To-day the Church embraces one hundred and one Annual Conferences and fifteen Missions. Twenty General Conference periodicals, and forty-three others, are published within the Church. Its educational work is being performed by eight theological schools, thirty-eight colleges and universities, fourteen female colleges, and sixty-one Conference seminaries. In the United States there are 12,323 itinerant ministers, 12,323 local preachers, and 1,717,567 lay members. Whole number of missionaries and teachers in foreign lands and to the Indians and foreign population in the United States and Territories, 4,077; members in foreign and home mission Churches, 63,081. Contributions for the support of missions for the year 1881: by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, $85,090 13; Parent Society, $521,793 70. For the year 1880 there are reported 21,093 Sunday-schools, 222,374 officers and teachers, and 1,602,334 scholars.

But these figures afford only a partial representation of the great work this one branch of the Church has accomplished during her history of less than one hundred years. She must certainly claim an interest in all other branches of Episcopal Methodism, and these alone would add to her numbers, until the itinerant ministry aggregate 33,484, the local ministry 33,017, and the lay members 3,633,048. She is also the parent Church of the Episcopal Methodists in Canada as well as of many non-Episcopal Methodists both in the United States and Canada, making a grand total of 132,360 itinerant and local preachers, 4,917,183 members, besides a vast number of stated hearers.

Figures alone, however, will trace only a very limited account of the workings of a denomination whose spirit and life have been abroad in all the Churches, until her doctrines and experience have become the common heritage of almost all evangelical believers, and her polity has influenced, more or less, the methods of every other branch of the Christian Church.

JOHN WESLEY.

BY REV. J. W. HAMILTON.

JOHN WESLEY, by right and with authority, was the first bishop of the United Societies in England and the Church in America called Methodist. His name does not stand in the list of bishops, as commonly printed; but that he so considered himself, and was so recognized by the Churches and people during his ministry, and is so designated in the official Minutes and general literature of the Church, it will be the purpose of this sketch to show. His biographies and the lesser sketches of his life are so numerous that only the phases of his character and work which have a bearing upon his episcopal authority and relations will be here introduced.

The Wesleys were the children of the Church of England. The father of John and Charles, in his adherence to both the doctrines and polity of the Establishment, was among the highest of the High Church party in Great Britain. And in his love for and adherence to the English Church, John was "his father's child." He very early in life became religiously inclined, and at the age of eight years was admitted by his father to partake of the sacrament. As he grew older he became a favorite with Churchmen, and particularly was his fellowship at Oxford marked by a most studious devotion to the Church. Dr. Rigg, in the preface to his book on "The Relations of John Wesley and of Wesleyan Methodism with the Church of England," says, "that so far and so long as Wesley was a mere English Churchman, he was among the most extreme of High Churchmen—was, in truth, an intolerant and ritualizing High Churchman." To use his own words, in speaking of himself, he "made antiquity a co-ordinate rule with Scripture." And it may be added, that if a divergence from the dogmas and government of the Church can be shown to exist in his later life, nevertheless the influence of both upon his mind and heart will also be clearly traceable throughout the whole history of his relations with the Methodism and Methodists of both worlds. So fully did he believe

in the truth of the main doctrines and perfection of the general government of the Episcopal Church, that he sought only to make of the Methodist Societies a body of Christian believers, faithful and consistent in their adherence to both, without adopting the errors of either. In one of his latest letters a most pathetic appeal was addressed to one of the English bishops, pleading with him not to drive the Societies away from the Church by his persecution; for, said he, "The Methodists in general, my lord, are members of the Church of England. They hold all her doctrines, attend her service, and partake of her sacraments."

There can be no well-sustained denial of the fact that Mr. Wesley intended his Societies to remain within the pale of the English Church. And it can be shown, that when the Methodists were compelled to hold relations apart from the Church, he strictly adhered to her forms and ceremonies in assuming the responsibilities and performing the ministrations which, on account of her worldliness, her repudiation of his work, and the growth of the Methodist Societies, were providentially imposed upon him. The necessities of his work *occasioned* whatever change of views he held in relation to Church government, whatever the evidences may have been which came in to *cause* it. The State clergy were not adapted to serve a converted people, and hence his Societies were left without the sacraments. He was himself compelled to authorize persons to preach who were called of God from among his own followers, and to provide his people with an ordained ministry.

In tracing the change of views which he experienced, and in giving some account of the ecclesiastical economy which he instituted, it will be necessary first to follow his work among the Societies in England, and next to discover his relations with the Societies and Church in America.

John Wesley was, by his very nature, bold, aggressive, and self-reliant. He never waited for a leader, for by inheritance he was endowed with the rights and gifts of leadership himself. And so great were his powers and tact in this direction that few of his followers ever questioned his authority in the matter. Born with an ambition adequate to his gifts, his first opportunities gave him full possession of his surroundings, and the first position among his

associates. When he joined the little company of Methodists at Oxford, they committed its management to him, and his father, in writing of this matter shortly afterward, said: "I hear my son John has the honor of being styled the 'father of the Holy Club!' If it be so I am sure I must be the grandfather of it; and I need not say that I had rather any of my sons should be so dignified and distinguished than to have the title of 'His Holiness.'"

In every advance movement that Mr. Wesley made he was more inclined to a study of his convictions and of events than to listen to the advice of his more conservative or over-prudent friends. He was ordained a deacon in the English Church, September 19th, 1725, by Dr. Potter, at that time bishop of Oxford; and March 17th, 1726, he was elected fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford; and September 22d, 1728, he was ordained an elder by the same bishop who had ordained him a deacon. When urged by his brother and father and friends to take the charge of a parish priest, he declined, and in his choice was sustained by the bishop, who indorsed the interpretation he had given to his ordination vows, which he claimed permitted him to preach without being confined to such a settlement. In this matter he evinced an independence of thought and action characteristic of the man throughout his whole life. He evidently was inclined to the work of an evangelist thus early in his ministry.

When he came to Georgia a few years later he fell among the Moravians, and his ecclesiasticism began to give way to even a greater extent. "The character of his mind," says Mr. Watson, "was eminently practical; he was in earnest, and he valued things just as they appeared to be adapted to promote the edification and salvation of those committed to his charge." He became favorably impressed with the Moravians, whose mode of proceeding in the election and ordination of a bishop carried him back, he says, to those primitive times "when form and state were not; but Paul, the tent-maker, and Peter, the fisherman, presided; yet with demonstration of the Spirit and power."

When he arrived in London, on his return from America, in September, 1738, his "future course of life," Mr. Watson tells us, "does not appear to have been shaped out in his mind," but "that he was averse to settle as a parish minister is certain; and the man who

regarded the world as his parish must have had large views of usefulness." We find him, however, strongly disapproving of the practice of the High Church in rebaptizing persons who had been baptized by Dissenters.

The first open difficulty which Mr. Wesley met, and in which his churchly prejudices had to be overcome, grew out of a necessity for the employment of persons to assist him. "Mr. Charles Wesley had discouraged this from the beginning, and even he himself hesitated; but with John the promotion of religion was the first concern, and church order the second, although inferior in consideration to that only. With Charles these views were often reversed." But John was cautioned by his prudent and godly mother, who said to him concerning the first young man who came to him for examination: "John, you know what my sentiments have been. You cannot suspect me of favoring readily any thing of this kind. But take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him also yourself." Taking her advice, he could not forbid him. As the laborers increased, the persecution from the Church came on, and Mr. Wesley was compelled to resign his fellowship at Oxford. The Societies had spread through various parts of the kingdom, and "a number of preachers, under the name of assistants and helpers, the former being superintendents of the latter, had been engaged in the work," and the necessity for some consultation and plan for carrying forward the good work led to the calling of the first Conference, which was held in June, 1744, in London. The superintendency, which was to lead directly to an episcopacy, here formally began. The oversight was with the two brothers, but more particularly with Mr. John Wesley. At this early period a separation of the Societies from the Church was contemplated as a possible thing, but the Conference resolved, that "we do and will do all we can to prevent those consequences which are supposed to be likely to happen after our death; but we cannot in good conscience neglect the present opportunity of saving souls while we live, for fear of consequences which may possibly happen after we are dead." So great was the opposition stirred up by this earnestly religious movement, that even Count Zinzendorf was enlisted

against the Wesleys through fear of their influence upon the Moravians, and he was induced to say that they would "soon run their heads against a wall." But Mr. Wesley only replied, by saying, "We will not, if we can help it."

The government of the preachers and Societies had now been providentially assumed, and the mind of the superintendents was given to a study of the proper form of Church government to be employed. In the Minutes of the second Annual Conference, held August, 1745, we find the attention of the preachers called to the matter by the following question: "Is episcopal, presbyterian, or independent church government most agreeable to reason?" And evidently the opinion of Mr. Wesley was even then well formed, for the following answer is there given to the question:—

"The plain origin of Church government seems to be this: Christ sends forth a person to preach the gospel, some of those who hear him repent and believe in Christ; they then desire him to watch over them, to build them up in faith, and to guide their souls into paths of righteousness. Here, then, is an independent congregation; subject to no pastor but their own, neither liable to be controlled in things spiritual by any other man or body of men whatever. But soon after, some from other parts, who were occasionally present while he was speaking in the name of the Lord, beseech him to come over and help them also. He complies, yet not till he confers with the wisest and holiest of his congregation, and with their consent appoints one who has gifts and grace to watch over his flock in his absence. If it please God to raise another flock in the new place before he leaves them, he does the same thing, appointing one whom God hath fitted for the work to watch over these souls also. In like manner in every place where it pleases God to gather a little flock by his word, he appoints one in his absence to take the oversight of the rest, to assist them as of the ability which God giveth.

"These are deacons or servants of the Church, and they look upon their first pastor as the common father of all these congregations, and regard him in the same light, and esteem him still as the shepherd of their souls. These congregations are not strictly independent, as they depend upon one pastor, though not upon each other. As these congregations increase, and the deacons grow in years and grace, they need

other subordinate deacons and helpers, in respect of whom they may be called presbyters or elders, as their father in the Lord may be called the bishop or overseer of them all."

Mr. Watson, in speaking of this answer to the Conference question, says: "This passage is important, as it shows that from the first he regarded his preachers, when called out and devoted to the work, as, in respect of primitive antiquity and the universal Church, parallel to deacons and presbyters. He also then thought himself a scriptural bishop. Lord King's researches into antiquity served to confirm these sentiments, and corrected his former notion as to a distinction of orders."

Certain it was that Mr. Wesley had formed Societies, called out preachers, and originated a distinct religious community governed by its own laws. The Societies were one, but the center of union was first Mr. Wesley, then the Conference of preachers. "That he should feel compelled," says Mr. Watson, "to superintend every part of the system he had put into operation, and attend to every thing great or little which he conceived to accelerate or retard its motion, was the natural consequence, and became with him a matter of imperative conscience." The care of the Churches had thus come upon him, and was increasing. Still he did not go beyond the necessity of the hour. But he never hesitated to take the episcopal direction and superintendence of all his Societies, to appoint ordinances, and to ordain the men called of God to assist him in the ministry; and he "refers to himself as the father and bishop of the whole of the Societies, while he tacitly compares his 'assistants' to the 'ancient presbyters,' and his helpers 'to the ancient deacons.'"

He became more a bishop than any of his successors, by the right and authority of a Founder. In legislation he was the law, in judgment the judge, and in government the governor. And while the word of God was the law of truth and life, yet he became its interpreter, with authority in all matters of polity and doctrine. Under his hand the United Societies were molded, while he was alive, into whatever of form they possessed in England, and into the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. The Methodist Church is, therefore, a child of the episcopate, rather than the episcopal office a child of the Church. We will proceed to show that Mr. Wesley not only possessed the prerogatives of a bishop, but that he exercised the functions of

his office more arbitrarily than any of his successors have ever ventured to do.

In organizing the Societies in England he was permitted to direct in all matters of detail, as well as in the more general government of the Methodists throughout the kingdom. He was not only permitted, but was expected to provide for his people, as certainly as if there had been no parent Church in existence. To them there was none in existence. And called of God, as he was, to raise up a people who should honor him by their faith and good works, and spiritually endowed to be their minister, he was as duly qualified for this work as were the apostles in planting and training the Church in Asia Minor. In the matter of his relation to his Societies, he was as much an apostle as Paul when he went into Arabia, for he was not "an apostle of men, neither by man;" neither went he up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before him. And in his relations to the ceremonies of the existing Church John Wesley was more an apostle than Paul at any time, for he was at least twice ordained of men, and that, too, in the Church of the succession. It is true that Church had one more "order," or "office," to confer; but that "order," or "office," by virtue of his right as the father and founder of the United Societies and the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was entitled from the "exigency of necessity" to assume. The distinctions made between the words "order" and "office," as used to designate classes in the ministry, have occasioned much needless and profitless dispute, for what is an "order" but a conferred right to enjoy certain religious privileges, and to perform certain religious services? Methodists have generally believed that Wesley taught "that no *particular form* of ecclesiastical polity is of divine prescription, and that therefore the mode of governing the Church is left to its own discretion and the exigencies of time and place." That there were two orders only in the apostolic Church has not determined how many more or less there might be, or should be, in any other Church, for, as Dr. Stevens has well said, "Let us not be understood to say that the two orders of presbyters and deacons were permanently appointed by divine authority. If any section of the Church should find these orders or any other arrangements of Church polity incompatible with its circumstances, it can dispense with them and assume any arrangement whatever

which will secure its prosperity and not interfere with the word of God."

It does not signify, if in the early Church presbyter and bishops were synonymous terms for one and the same "order" and "office." They did not continue synonymous terms, and do not now designate the same "order" or "office." Mosheim assures us that it was in the second century that the title of bishop began to be appropriated distinctively to the elder who presided in the consultations or meetings of the presbyters of each Church. Ignatius is the first writer who notices this fact, but Jerome, in the fifth century, not only asserts the same thing, but, as Dr. Stevens adds in his comments upon the fact, "declares the manner in which the name bishop was changed from its indiscriminate application to all presbyters to its distinctive application to the presiding presbyter." And St. Augustine also tells us "the office of a bishop is above the office of a priest."

Nor, indeed, is it a matter for our consideration if there be found Churches which claim three "orders" of ministers by divine appointment. If no satisfactory evidence exists for two divinely-appointed "orders," wherefore need we trouble about the third one? There are, however, three "orders" of ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church. It matters not whether we say "*offices*" or "*orders;*" but to call two of them "orders" and the third one an "office" is to make a distinction not ecclesiastically clear nor historically correct. That God appoints a man a deacon and then an elder, but not a bishop, the lowest of the Low Church Methodists will scarcely admit. That the Church appoints to all three "orders" the men called of God to the Christian ministry no one will readily deny.

There is no more reason for calling the Wesleyan bishopric a Presbyterian episcopacy than any other. In the Church of the Wesleys the "order" of deacon differs from the "order" of elder, but no more than the "office" or "order" of bishop differs from the order of presbyter. The presbyter, as presbyter only, is never a bishop. To say a bishop is only a *princeps inter pares*—a president among equals—is misleading. He is not *an equal among equals.*

Dr. Stillingfleet's analysis of the office of a bishop fails at a vital point. "The *extending* of any ministerial power," he says, "is not the appointing of any *new office*, because every minister of the gospel

hath a relation in *actu primo*" (primarily) "to the whole Church of God; the restraint and enlargement of which power is subject to positive determinations of prudence and conveniency; and, therefore, if the Church see it fit for some men to have this power enlarged for better government in some, and restrained in others, that *enlargement* is the appointing *no new office*, but the making use of a power already enjoyed for the benefit of the Church of God." He assumes too much. "Every presbyter" does not "primarily and inherently possess a capacity for" *all* as well as "the highest ministerial acts." Every *presbytery* may possess such capacity, but *each single presbyter* does not. The presbyter, by act of the presbytery delegating such capacity to him, may become qualified "*quoad aptitudinem*" (as to the capacity or fitness) "for the highest ministerial acts." Or in the "exigency of necessity" he may become the representative of a presbytery without even their official act or sanction at the time, and *as such* become qualified "for the highest ministerial acts." The right to ordain does not inhere in the power belonging to the presbyter as a presbyter alone, but to the jurisdictional power of the presbytery who in the matter represent "a Church constituted" or organized.

Mr. Wesley did not ordain as a presbyter, but as presbyter promoted to an "office" or "order," having among its belongings the right and power to govern and the right to ordain. It was not competent for any one of Mr. Wesley's followers to ordain him as he ordained others to a superintendency or episcopacy in the Church. He came to his promotion by being the founder and father of the Societies and the Church; others may come to equal position, as his successors came to succeed him, by appointment or election and ordination. The one advancement to the "office" or "order" is no less valid than the other, else how were it possible to create a new Church. And both are as valid as the advancement of the Bishop of London to his "order" or "office" in the Church of England. And some less formal setting apart to the "office" may take the place of the ordination, for the ordination is but the setting apart, and the setting apart is but the ordination to the duties and privileges of the "order" or "office." So far as we know, the promotion of Mr. Wesley to his episcopacy *de facto* was without the ceremonies of ordination at all. Had he never been ordained until his Societies had grown up around

him as numerously as they did, he might have been successively ordained deacon, elder, and bishop by his own followers; but satisfied with his ordinations to the two "orders" in the Establishment, they accepted his promotion to the episcopate as resulting from his relations to his people.

The founder of the Church may with the tacit or openly expressed consent of his followers rightfully appoint and ordain his successor, or his followers alone may elect and set apart his successor; else how were it possible to continue a new Church if the founder were to die? Appointments by the founder, or elections by the Church, are only the human part of the divine selection of servants in the kingdom of Christ; either may conserve the interests of the Church, and carry forward the work of God in the earth. Ordination, then, is an appropriate ecclesiastical ceremony, scripturally exampled, and to be retained in the Church as the public recognition or act of official publicity by which the "order" or "office" is brought to the man whom God has selected, through the Church, to exercise its functions. He does not officially know, nor is the Church officially apprised, that he is the person selected thus to serve in the "order" or "office," until the ordination has taken place. The classes in the ministry and the ceremonies attending their promotion in the Methodist Episcopal Church, handed down from the founder himself, fully warrant the admission of Dr. Nathan Bangs, more than half a century ago, that "I consider it a simple statement of a matter of fact, that the Methodist Episcopal Church acknowledges three orders of ministers, deacons, elders, and bishops, which fact certainly no one can contradict." John Wesley was a bishop as well as a presbyter and a deacon in the Church of God.

That he not only possessed the prerogatives, but exercised the functions of the office, will appear further from some account of the episcopal relations he continued to hold with his people, and the episcopal work he accomplished among them. In his sermon on "A Catholic Spirit," he says: "I believe the episcopal form of Church government to be scriptural and apostolical." "Here," says Mr. Watson, "he took his stand; and he proceeded to call forth preachers and set them apart, or *ordain them*, to the sacred office, and to enlarge the work by their means, under the full conviction

of his acting under as clear a scriptural authority as could be pleaded by Churchmen for episcopacy, by the Presbyterians for presbytery, or by the Congregationalists for independency. He could make this scriptural appointment of ministers and ordinances without renouncing communion with the national Church, and therefore he did not renounce it."

We are told that "the duty of obeying bishops was considered at the very first Conference, that of 1744." At the Conference held in Leeds, May 6, 1755, the question of separation from the Church was considered at length, and Mr. Charles Perronet and some others, for whom Mr. Wesley had great respect, urged him "to make full provision for the spiritual wants of his people, as being in fact in a state of real and hopeless separation from the Church." And at the Conference of 1769 we have the first sketch of an ecclesiastical constitution for the body, and "from this time," says Mr. Watson, "he gave up all hope of a formal connection with even the pious clergy." It is a significant matter that at this Conference the first call was made for preachers to go to America.

Mr. Wesley had always exercised absolute control over his Societies, originating plans and amending forms of government, no more than administering discipline throughout the local organizations. He had drawn up the "General Rules," appointed the class-meetings, prayer-meetings, and watch-night meetings, and ordered Band Societies. Where he found members of the Societies who "were either triflers or disorderly walkers," he said, "I make short work by cutting off all such at a stroke." And his presence in the public, as well as at the private, means of grace, was a very inspiration to his followers. He was equally the center of power and influence with the preachers. Dr. Stevens has said that "the proverbial conservatism of Methodism, notwithstanding its equally proverbial energy, has been owing almost as much to the impression which Wesley's personal character has left upon its ministry as to the discipline which he gave it." He presided in all the Conferences, examined the character of the ministers, corrected the minutes after all debate was ended, decided the questions himself without a vote of the Conference, appointed the preachers to their charges, ordered pastoral visitation from house to house by his assistants and helpers, originated the circuit system,

licensed the helpers, led them into the fields to preach, prepared the Prayer Book and Liturgy, authorized the building of churches, wrote the deeds for the property, and gave the preachers authority to administer the sacraments. And finally, the act of ordination, in connection with the appointment of the superintendents to the work in America, fully committed him to an assumption of the episcopacy.

He remained a presbyter in the Church of England, but throughout the United Societies he was recognized as a bishop of rightful authority and with full powers. He not only ordained preachers for America, but, as Mr. Daniels, in his "Illustrated History of Methodism," has said, "having taken the momentous first step, the second was comparatively easy, and in July, 1785, he set apart three well-tried preachers, John Pawson, Thomas Hanby, and Joseph Taylor, to minister in Scotland." And "a year afterward," according to Mr. Tyerman, "at the Conference of 1786, he ordained Joshua Keighley and Charles Atmore for Scotland; William Warrener for Antigua, and William Hammet for Newfoundland. A year later five others were ordained; in 1778, when Wesley was in Scotland, John Barber and Joseph Cownley received ordination at his hands; and at the ensuing Conference seven others, including Alexander Mather, who was ordained to the office not only of deacon and elder, but of *superintendent*. On Ash Wednesday, in 1789, Wesley ordained Henry Moore and Thomas Rankin; and this, we believe, completes the list of those upon whom Mr. Wesley laid his hands.

"All these ordinations were in private; and many of them at four o'clock in the morning. Some of the favored ones were intended for Scotland, some for foreign missions, and a few, as Mather, Moore, and Rankin, were employed in England. In most instances, probably in all, they were ordained deacons on one day, and on the following received the ordination of elders, Wesley giving to each letters testimonial."

Little is known of the work of Superintendent Mather, but there can be no question but that Mr. Wesley desired a successor with whom should remain the leadership of the Societies after his death. "From Mr. Charles Wesley, who had become a family man, and had nearly given up traveling, he had no hope as a successor, and even then a further settlement would have been necessary, because he could not be

expected long to survive his brother;" and, as Mr. Watson continues, "he directed his attention to Mr. Fletcher, and warmly invited him to come forth into the work, and allow himself to be introduced by him to the Societies and preachers as their future head." The failure to secure the consent of Mr. Fletcher, but more certainly the relation of the Societies to the State Church, determined against Mr. Wesley's wishes, and in favor of the present polity of the English Wesleyans.

But if it has been found that John Wesley exercised the functions of the episcopal office in the English Societies, it will unquestionably be admitted that he was the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

At the twenty-seventh yearly Conference, held in London, August 7, 1770, fifty circuits were reported, and the last in the list of the appointments printed in the "Minutes," reads: "Fiftieth, America—Joseph Pilmoor, Richard Boardman, Robert Williams, John King." The first two named were the first regular itinerant Methodist preachers that ever came to these United States, and they came by the appointment of Mr. Wesley. The first new meeting-house built in this country was called Wesleys Chapel—John-street, New York—the first Societies organized were governed by the "General Rules" drawn up by Mr. Wesley in England, and the Band Societies were under the same directions that he had given to the organizations at home.

In October, 1771, Francis Asbury and Richard Wright, having also been appointed by Mr. Wesley to America, landed in Philadelphia, and in October of the year following, "Mr. Asbury received a letter from Mr. Wesley, appointing him to be the assistant in America." Mr. Lee, in his "Short History of the Methodists," says, "Mr. Wesley, being the founder of the Society, was considered as the head; and all the preachers were considered as helpers to Mr. Wesley in their different stations. In this country they formerly stood in three grades: 1. Helpers; 2. Assistants; 3. General Assistants. The helper was the young preacher in each circuit where there were generally two preachers in a circuit. The assistant was the oldest preacher in the circuit, who had the charge of the young preacher, and of the business of the circuit. The general assistant was the preacher who had the particular charge of all the circuits, and of all the preachers,

and appointed all the preachers to their several circuits, and changed them as he judged to be necessary for the good of the preachers or the benefit of the people. His being called a general assistant also signified that he was to assist Mr. Wesley in carrying on the work of God in a general way, without being confined to a particular circuit as another preacher."

In the spring of the year 1773 Mr. Wesley sent two more preachers to America, namely, Thomas Rankin and George Shadford, and "from that time Mr. Rankin had the superintendency of the Methodist connection in America, and was styled "general assistant."

The first Conference of all the traveling preachers in America was held on the 14th of July, 1773, in Philadelphia, and in the "Minutes" of that Conference appear the following questions and answers:—

1. Ought not the authority of Mr. Wesley and the English Conference to extend to the preachers and people in America as well as in Great Britain and Ireland?

Answer. Yes.

2. Ought not the doctrine and discipline of the Methodists, as contained in the English "Minutes," to be the rule of our conduct, who labor in the congregation with Mr. Wesley?

A. Yes.

3. If so, does it not follow that, if preachers deviate from the "Minutes" we can have no fellowship with them till they change their conduct?

A. Yes.

Mr. Lee says, concerning this action, "The Methodists in America considered themselves as much under the direction of Mr. Wesley as were the European Methodists." The same Conference put a stop to the printing of Mr. Wesley's books without his authority.

When Mr. Rankin returned to England Mr. Asbury was appointed by Mr. Wesley the general assistant, which office he held until elected to be a bishop.

When the separation of the colonies occurred, and their independence of the mother country was assured as a result of the Revolution, Mr. Wesley planned the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Not only were his plans adopted, but his ordinations accepted, and his elders and superintendents unanimously received by the new Church. And so far as becoming independent of Mr. Wes-

ley, the Church voted the very opposite, as appears from the action of the Conference, which is printed in the "Minutes" as follows:—

What can be done in order to the future union of the Methodists?

During the life of the Rev. Mr. Wesley we acknowledge ourselves his sons in the gospel, ready, in matters belonging to church government, to obey his commands. And we do engage, after his death, to do every thing that we judge consistent with the cause of religion in America, and the political interests of these States, to preserve and promote our union with the Methodists in Europe.

It has been said that this action was reversed in 1787, when Mr. Wesley directed that Richard Whatcoat should be ordained a joint superintendent with Mr. Asbury. But it does not appear that his relations to the Church were wholly changed by the Conference refusing to approve of his directions in this single matter. Though the engagement given above was not printed in the next year's "Minutes," Mr. Lee says it was "argued that Mr. Wesley, while in England, could not tell what man was qualified to govern us as well as we could, who were present, and were to be governed. We believed, also, that if Mr. Wesley were here himself he would be of the same opinion with us. We then wrote a long and loving letter to Mr. Wesley, and requested him to come over to America and visit his spiritual children." Moreover, it was feared, if Mr. Whatcoat was ordained a joint superintendent, that Mr. Wesley would likely recall Mr. Asbury, and it is probable that this fear, more than any difference of opinion as to the qualifications of Mr. Whatcoat, influenced the action of the Conference, for what Mr. Wesley then recommended was afterward done by the Conference when Mr. Whatcoat did become a superintendent. And the following question and answer was afterward inserted in the annual "Minutes" of the Conference of 1789:—

Question. Who are the persons that exercise the episcopal office in the Methodist Church in Europe and America?

Answer. John Wesley, Thomas Coke, and Francis Asbury, by regular order and succession.

Mr. Wesley was so fully conscious of his relation to the Societies in England, and the Church in America, that his episcopal authority was maintained with an unrelenting "care of all the Churches" on his

mind and heart to the very last days of his life. And his most arbitrary demands were almost, without exception, met with an unreserved submission and obedience upon the part of preachers and people, even when he was nearly ninety years of age. "His genius for government," says Macaulay, "was not inferior to that of Richelieu." There were those who criticised his love of power. But he replied, "What is that power? It is a power of admitting into and excluding from the Societies under my care; of choosing and removing stewards; of receiving or not receiving helpers; of appointing them when, where, and how to help me, and of desiring any of them to confer with me when I see good. And as it was merely in obedience to the providence of God and for the good of the people that I first accepted this power, which I never sought, so it is on the same consideration, not for profit, honor, or pleasure, that I use it at this day.

"'But several gentlemen are offended at your having so much power.' I did not seek any part of it; but when it was come unawares, not daring to bury that talent, I used it to the best of my judgment. Yet I never was fond of it. I always did, and do now, bear it as my burden, the burden which God lays upon me, and, therefore, I dare not lay it down. But if you can tell me any one, or any five men, to whom I may transfer this burden, who can and will do just as I do now, I will heartily thank both them and you." It thus appears that John Wesley, as we have shown, with the consent of his followers, and, as he believed, in the providence of God, was authorized to exercise the functions of the episcopal office both in England and America.

THOMAS COKE.

BY REV. W. M. PUNSHON, D.D.

THERE are many heroes whom the world is slow to acknowledge, partly because there is a general fallacy as to the conditions of real heroism, and partly because it requires for its manifestation an unselfishness of patient endurance which can be approved only by time. But the principles of Christianity are gradually leavening the nations, and as the world gets wiser and better its admiration for the ancient objects of its hero-worship will be dispensed with prudent parsimony, and the names of men who have been great in goodness, who have spared neither effort nor sacrifice for the good of others, and who have been avowedly prompted by high and spiritual motives, will be the names which will not die.

Thomas Coke was one of these men. He labored with no thought of fame, and prophesied no far-reaching result of his toil; but though he knew it not, his life was making history; and we of this generation are but offering some installment of our debt to the past by telling how he lived and died.

At the confluence of the Honddu and the Usk, whose united waters make a goodly river, stands the little Welsh town of Brecon, charmingly situated. It is not altogether out of the influence of modern progress, but its ivy-covered *chateau*, in ruins, and the remains of its Benedictine priory, link it with the romantic past, to which it seems rather to belong. Here, on the 9th of September, 1747, Thomas Coke was born. His father, Bartholomew Coke, was an apothecary, and also practiced medicine, according to the custom of those times. His later years were spent in the public service of his native town, of which he was several times chosen chief magistrate; and his personal, professional, and public virtues are honorably commemorated on a tablet in the chancel of the Priory Church. The wife of this worthy alderman was Anne, daughter of Thomas Phillips, Esq., of a respectable Breconshire family, after whom the future bishop was called. The

only trouble of their married life was in the death of two fair children; and this was a sore trial to them, for they dreaded a childless old age. Hence, on the birth of another son they were ready to say, We "have gotten a man from the Lord;" and to the Lord they dedicated him in solemn covenant. The father was spared to witness his son's entry into priest's orders in the Church of England, and died about a year after his ordination. The mother "pondered" in her heart the mysterious way in which the Lord was leading her child; and, herself following the luminous cloud, became partaker of the reproach and glory of Methodism.

The child thus given and consecrated grew up into boyhood dark-haired, low of stature, with a sunny countenance, sanguine hopes, and an impetuous temper; and, although not precocious, gifted with fair mental powers. He was first trained at the "college" in Brecon, then under the rectorship of the Rev. Thomas Griffiths, and the advantages of this endowed grammar-school were not abused. In his sixteenth year he was sent to the University of Oxford, and entered as a gentleman-commoner of Jesus College, where Welshmen "most do congregate," because it was founded by a former clergyman of Brecon, and appeals to the *amor patriæ* of the natives of the Principality. The moral state of Oxford appears at this time to have been truly deplorable. A deistical taint had spread far and wide among the colleges; and even among the tutors and professors—the accredited guardians of faith and morals—there was much of that looseness of thought which too frequently introduces looseness of life. Coke's own tutor was an infidel and a drunkard. With blameworthy flippancy and sad betrayal of trust he sought, though mainly when intoxicated, to undermine his pupil's faith in the grand verities in which he had been carefully trained. Surrounded by influences like these, and with a nature which responded to every claim of good fellowship, it is no marvel that he yielded to the temptation of unhallowed pleasure and of fashionable folly. But even in the unseemly revel memory lingered regretfully upon soberer days, and conscience, the man within the man, was a stern and strong reprover. Hence he seemed as if he could not run, with his companions, "to the same excess of riot." Of course there was no happiness for him as long as this "war within" should last. He had loosed off from his ancestral moorings, and was now drifting with

no anchorage for the soul. He had abandoned his old creed, but had found no rest in a system of negations. It is a fearful thing to destroy even a blind trust in a blind divinity. To expel the old without introducing the new and the better faith is the refinement of cruelty. Any God, even the idol of Micah, is better than none. In this state of sorrowful indecision it happened to Thomas Coke to spend a vacation with a clergyman of some standing in the Principality, from whose lips he listened to a discourse on the prominent truths of Christianity, written in a style so cogent and sprightly, and delivered with so much apparent heartiness, as greatly to impress his mind. After service was over he remarked upon the discourse to his friend, spoke of the glow of feeling which it had kindled within him, and proceeded to refer to the mental conflicts of the past few months, when, to his surprise and disgust, the clergyman smiled at his doubts, assured him that what he had heard from the pulpit was a purely professional utterance, and that he himself did not believe a word of the truth which he had so zealously proclaimed. This discovery of perfidious dealing, which might have hardened many a man in skepticism, produced in the mind of Coke the revulsion of an honest nature against an acted lie. He saw the dishonesty of infidelity which could thus "make war upon the Lamb" in robes on which the cross was broidered, and he thenceforward determined thoroughly to investigate the matter, and not to rest until he was able to discover some true resting-place for his bewildered intellect and heart. At this crisis the discourses of Bishop Sherlock providentially fell into his hands. He read them with attention and avidity, and the reading was blessed to the removal of the films from his eyes. So thoroughly was he convinced of the objective truth of Christianity that from that moment to the day of his death he never doubted again. The moral education underlying all these initial difficulties was being all the while carried on. It has sometimes been said, that "he who ne'er doubted ne'er believed;" and it is certain that he to whom these mental conflicts are familiar, who has grappled with these agitating problems, and has been led, painfully but surely, from doubt to faith, will be likely to hold his faith more firmly than he in whom it was cradled, and who has grown up into its profession, as of an heir-loom which his father had bequeathed.

In 1768 Coke finished his course at Oxford, taking his bachelor's

degree, and for the next few years resided in Brecon, filling the municipal offices which had become almost hereditary in his family, until at twenty-five years of age he was elected chief magistrate of the borough. Here, also, we see the overrulings of "the divinity which shapes our ends" in the preparation for that life of usefulness which was before him. In the college he had studied books, in the court he studied men. No teaching for practical purposes is so valuable as the rough contact with common men. It rounds off the angles of a man, clears away the bookish notions which are sometimes too exalted for common sense, and fits him for the work of a world where *men*, wailing, working, striving, suffering, are the chief factors after all. Moreover, some knowledge of the law, and some practice in the art of public speaking, were helpful elements in the formation of the character, and tended to make him ready of speech and skillful in administration. Man cannot forecast the influence of apparent trifles, but God sees the end from the beginning.

During these years in Brecon, Coke never lost the idea of ultimately "entering the Church," as taking orders in the Episcopalian ministry is somewhat loosely called. His official position in the town had enabled him to render aid to the member for the borough in Parliament, and this gentleman, one of the Morgan family, (which, with a few exceptions, has furnished a representative to Brecon almost ever since,) encouraged him to expect preferment through his influence, and hinted at a prebendal stall in Worcester Cathedral as the most likely embodiment of his gratitude. Some county magnate of higher rank was yet more profuse in his promises, but they were promises only, and as the conviction of duty grew within him he obtained a curacy at South Petherton, a small country town in Somersetshire, was ordained deacon in 1770, and priest in 1771, taking the degree of Master of Arts in the former year, and proceeding to the degree of Doctor of Civil Law in 1775.

His ordination to the Christian ministry preceded his conversion. He felt, almost to agony, the solemnity of the vows which he had taken, and was faithful to his light, an honest, sincere, self-denying teacher. He entered the profession which he had chosen (it was not yet a vocation to which he felt himself divinely called) with no unworthy motives, either of ambition or desire for wealth. The perusal of such

works as "Witherspoon on Regeneration" had partially cleared his mind for the reception of the reality of truth, but he had not experienced its saving power; yet from the first he was an earnest and zealous preacher, handling evangelical topics, and throwing over them the glow of a warm eloquence which attracted many hearers. Two of these South Petherton sermons, in their original manuscripts, are in my possession. One, from the text Matt. xiii, 43, seems to have been so much of a favorite with him that he delivered it twice from the same pulpit at an interval of two years. The other is on the inimitable parable of the Prodigal Son. They show that he was struggling into freedom, and when a man is determined to be spiritually free, God will see to it that he shall have no lack of helpers in his brave endeavor. The church filled so rapidly under his ministry that he applied to the vestry to erect a gallery at the expense of the parish. The officials refused his request; so, with characteristic zeal, he paid for its erection himself. This was the first fair springing of that noble liberality which became a ruling passion in his soul, and by which he was prompted to lay successive fortunes at the feet of his Master. The astonished farmers, whose souls were too small to comprehend this self-devotion, were amazed and suspicious; some sapient shake-the-head covertly whispered "Methodism;" the "lewd fellows of the baser sort" took up the whisper and swelled it into a cry; and so—Sauls among the prophets, but not of stature so goodly—the village rabble baptized him into Methodism before he knew who the "people *called* Methodists" were.

Thomas Maxfield, the first Methodist lay preacher, had been ordained by the Bishop of Derry to assist Mr. Wesley, "that he might not work himself to death." He had subsequently separated himself from Mr. Wesley and fixed his residence in Somersetshire, retaining, however, his love of the doctrines of evangelical Christianity. The report of Methodism circulated against the young clergyman at once inclined the love of this good man to go out after the South Petherton curate. He sought an interview, and instructed the young Apollos in the "way of God more perfectly." By repeated conversations with this true friend, and by the reading of Alleine's "Alarm," which affected his heart, as Sherlock's Discourses had satisfied his understanding, Dr. Coke was led into the light, and became an eminent

seeker for the salvation of God. He waited for God, however, not in folding of hands, but in redoubled effort and service. He established preaching throughout his parish, and it was in one of his own cottage services that he entered into the liberty of the gospel, and was introduced to the conscious joy which is the privilege of those who believe.

From this time his ministry was more bold and notable than ever. His manuscripts, which had been interlined as the light dawned with passages more intensely evangelical, or more direct in appeal, were, for the most part, forsaken, and he went bravely forward as a master in Israel.

But there were many adversaries. He was irregular. He preached without a book. He received "publicans and sinners." He aimed at the fifth rib. What could be the lot of such a man but hinderance and insult? His brother clergymen complained; the squirarchy had twinges of face and conscience and were offended; the choir—fruitful seed of discord strangely growing out of harmony—resented the introduction of hymns; the zeal of the man discomposed the genteel, and his directness startled the profane among his hearers. Bishops listened to their recital of the parish grievances, but were either half in sympathy with the zealous preacher, or were disposed to regard him as incorrigible; so the rector was persuaded to dismiss him, which he did abruptly on a Sabbath without notice, and in the presence of the people; the church bells chimed him out of doors, and so South Petherton rid itself of the "pestilent fellow."

Meanwhile God was preparing for him a more congenial ecclesiastical home. In Wesley's Journal, under the date of August 18th, 1776, there is the following entry: "I preached at Taunton, and afterward went with Mr. Brown to Kingston, where I found a clergyman, Dr. Coke, late a gentleman-commoner of Jesus College, in Oxford, who came twenty miles on purpose [to meet me.] I had much conversation with him, and a union then began which, I trust, shall never end." In the Journal of August 19th, 1777, there is this further entry: "I went forward to Taunton with Dr. Coke, who, being dismissed from his curacy, has bidden adieu to his honorable name, and is determined to cast in his lot with us." This fixes the date of the dismissal from South Petherton, about which there has been some doubt, as having occurred some time in the spring of 1777. After the first

interview Mr. Wesley advised him to return to his parish, "doing all the good he could, visiting from house to house, omitting no part of his clerical duty, and avoiding every reasonable ground of offense." Faith can afford to wait, knowing that "he that believeth shall not make haste." On this wise counsel Coke acted until his dismissal from his curacy, for two Sabbaths after which he preached in the church-yard. Then was the threat of open opposition, and hampers of stones were gathered by which it was intended to do him grievous hurt, if not to re-enact the martyrdom of Stephen; but God raised up for him some influential friends, so that the cowardice which always waits upon cruelty dared not "cast the first stone." Thus was he enabled to testify that he was not ashamed of the "reproach of Christ," and to depart from the place which had become so eventful in his history with the consoling thought, "Liberavi animam meam."

The Conference of 1777 was held in Bristol; Dr. Coke was present and there became acquainted with Benson and other Methodist worthies, and especially with John Fletcher, whom, above all men, he had longed to know. He became more deeply impressed by their singleness of purpose and by their transparent honesty. He found he had discovered men who were lifted as by an inspiration above common cares and aims, and whose life-work involved the destiny of millions; and, following out the newly-awakened impulses of the regenerate soul, he determined at all hazards to cast in his lot with these. Mr. Wesley, with characteristic sagacity, seems to have given him an interval in which to count the cost; or, perhaps, knowing human nature, and aware that even then flattering offers of preferment were made to him from high quarters, he wished to test the fidelity of the new ally. Hence his name does not appear on the Minutes of Conference until the following year, although he was doubtless the companion of many of those evangelistic journeys which made up so large a portion of Wesley's life and work. From the first his preaching was popular among the London Societies and congregations. At the Foundery, in West-street, Seven Dials, and in other places of Methodist resort, the places became too strait for the worshipers, so that he went into the open air, and in many of the fields around the metropolis—all covered with mansions, now—might be seen the handsome young clergyman, short of stature but great in soul and purpose, preaching in gown and cassock to listening multi-

tudes the unsearchable riches of Christ. If his style had not the calm logical persuasiveness of Wesley's, if he was incapable of those Niagara bursts of impassioned eloquence which often poured from the fullness of Whitefield's soul, there were a simplicity and winsomeness about his preaching which had an attraction and a power of their own.

Surely the providence of God was working, in raising up just at this juncture so able a helper for the cause and work of Methodism. Whitefield, after a course flame-bright as that of a seraph, had gone from Newburyport to heaven, as in a chariot of fire. Charles Wesley was in comparative retirement, confining his labors almost entirely to London and Bristol, and haunted, moreover, by many misgivings as to the "whereunto" of his more active brother. John Wesley was upward of eighty years old, and needed a man of counsel in whom his soul could surely trust as his right hand. Fletcher had no administrative skill. He was the Moses whose "face shone," tender in spirit, and mighty in prayer. There wanted a Joshua to lead the hosts when they should need a leader, and in the meantime to be helper, and often representative, of the captain of the Lord. Thomas Coke became that man, for, as always in God's ripening plans, when the hour struck the man for its duty was ready.

Coke's journeys became as extensive, and almost as acceptable, as Wesley's. He was incessantly engaged in all parts of the country. Ireland became familiar to him as home. He presided at the first Irish Conference, held in 1782, and continued to preside, with occasional intermission, during his whole life. Every shire in England, and not a few of its secluded hamlets, were visited on the errand of mercy. Sometimes persecution was coarse and cruel, and Dr. Coke had his share of it. Sometimes there was the sunshine of recompense for former wrong. In one of his tours South Petherton lay in his way. Reflection had succeeded to excitement, and the influence of the gentle life of their sometime curate had made itself gradually felt. The people received him as an angel of God, and even the rulers of the belfry atoned for their former turbulency. "We chimed him out," they said; "now we will ring him in."

Dr. Coke's relation to Wesley, his speedy insight into Methodist affairs, the heartiness with which he made them his own, his indefatigable industry, and a certain looking to the future which personal ambi-

tion may or may not have unconsciously prompted, combined to extend and consolidate the influence which he was rapidly acquiring, though there were not wanting the jealousies which were to some extent natural when veterans saw the latest recruit in counsel preferred to them. The celebrated "Deed of Declaration," the legal instrument which perpetuated Methodism as a coherent system, was suggested by Dr. Coke, who had obtained legal opinion of the danger both to union and property which the indefiniteness of the primitive arrangements threatened. The Conference of 1782 saw this danger. The perpetuity of Methodism rested upon the frail life of a man on whose head were the snows of eighty winters. It was a crisis as grave, and as divinely averted, as when the Church in the wilderness floated in the fragile ark of bulrushes upon the waters of the Nile. The Deed, which defined the Conference and limited it in its legal aspect to one hundred ministers, was drawn up and enrolled in Chancery, and in its initiation Dr. Coke took a prominent part. As his name was included in "the Hundred," some of those who were omitted conceived that they owed to the doctor's influence this imaginary mark of disrespect; and as human nature is ever willing to believe evil, he suffered reproach and loss in this regard. Wesley was not slow to vindicate the injured. "Non vult, non potuit," was his epigrammatic reply to the insinuation—"He would not if he could, and he could not if he would"—and then emphatically declares, "In naming these preachers I had no adviser." Coke's views seem, indeed, to have been at once sagacious and liberal, and for his act and part in procuring this charter of incorporation he deserves the gratitude of posterity, and is enrolled among the prescient statesmen of the Methodist Church.

True religion expands the sympathies. Disdaining all proscription of tinge or feature, overleaping geographical boundaries, asking no introduction but distress—Christianity, in her truest expressions, is essentially missionary in her character. Hence the hearts which are influenced by the indwelling love of Christ must be catholic. They would fain, in their breadth of charity, make the world a neighborhood, and win it, in its fullness, for Christ.

Circumstances were now converging to introduce Dr. Coke to the great missionary work of his life. The original English colonists on the Western Continent, re-enforced by new accessions, had grown into

the bulk of an empire. The earth had been subdued and replenished. The wilderness had become a garden, and fair cities had arisen upon the banks of rivers previously unknown to song. The ministry of Whitefield, exercised at intervals between 1738 and his death, in 1770, had stirred the land as with the blast of a clarion; but the impression was too often transitory, arising from the absence of any attempt to organize into Churches those who had been impressed and saved. Mr. Wesley's idea of gathering together small companies of those who believed, for mutual help and comfort, was yet to supply this lack in America, as it had so largely done in England. The beginnings were obscure and lowly. God magnifies his doings by the smallness of the events which he uses as his instruments. "*Her hap* was to light on a part of the field belonging to Boaz," says the touching narrative of Ruth; but from that chance gleaning in the harvest-field sprang the sweet Psalmist of Israel, and the blessed Redeemer, "great David's greater Son." There is a hamlet in the west of Ireland called Court Mattress, where some Germans from the Palatinate had settled in the reign of Queen Anne. Among this community—an oasis in a desert, so far as good manners were concerned—Mr. Wesley on one of his journeys found a young man called Philip Embury, whom he licensed as a local preacher. This young man emigrated to America, and, stirred, as is well known, by Barbara Heck, like another Deborah stimulating Barak to heroism, he, the carpenter, spoke in his own house to a congregation of five persons, of the grace and truth of Him of whom they said of old, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" This was the first Methodist sermon ever preached in America. The five who composed the congregation were the first Methodist Society, and the germ of one of the grandest associated developments of Christianity which the world has ever seen. Captain Webb, then lieutenant in the British army, heard, on coming into quarters at Albany, of the little flock of New York Methodists. He "assayed to join himself to them," though at first an object of suspicion, and under his preaching the congregations increased so rapidly that the room became too small. A rigging-loft was taken, and in turn deserted; two years afterward the first American Methodist chapel was built, and in 1769 Mr. Wesley sent, from "one of the most loving Conferences ever held," Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor "to help our brethren in America." "We

determined," says Wesley, "to send them fifty pounds as a token of our brotherly love;" let it stand as an everlasting memorial to the Churches! Surely it is worthy of a record, that the first Methodist missionary collection was made among themselves *by the Methodist preachers*, who out of their poverty showed the abundance of their liberality, and sent it to the infant Church across the ocean "by the hands of Barnabas and Saul." On the arrival of these pioneer missionaries they were surprised to find a Society of a hundred members, great teachableness, and a hunger of heart for the word "the like of which they never saw before." In the following year, the year of Whitefield's death—such is the divine law of compensation—Francis Asbury landed on the American continent, the "rex atque sacerdos" of American Methodism, its most affluent benefactor, and its most historic name. The record of this remarkable man will be drawn by another hand, but it is impossible to refrain, in passing, from a tribute of exceeding reverence to that master-spirit, so firm, so unselfish, so devoted, so grandly proportioned in differing elements of character; so full of light, because he brought down the glory of the mount on which he often lingered; so full of love, because, like John, his favorite resting-place was where he could feel the beating of the Saviour's heart. The Churches of all lands, and of all time, ought to glorify God in him.

The sky grew dark shortly after Asbury's arrival; the portents of the tempest gathered, and the struggle began which issued in the dismemberment of the Colonies from England, and the recognition of their independence as the United States of America. These political changes, and the distraction to which they gave rise, had a notable influence upon the religious life of the country, and many controversies which had arisen were summarily settled by the stern logic of events.

Mr. Wesley, as is well known, expressed himself strongly in the "Calm Address to the Colonists" in opposition to the Revolutionary movement; and the English preachers in America, most of whom were in sympathy with his views, became objects of popular odium, and were regarded as tools of a despotic power. Hence, as the feeling intensified, they were obliged, being in peril of their lives, to retreat to England. Asbury alone remained, "single, but undismayed." If he had fled with the others, or if he had been a less skillful pilot, or, rather, we

ought to say, a less single-eyed and spiritual man, Methodism might have perished in the hour of storm. But there was an eye over it which never slumbered; and so by the Lord's inspiration he was like Caleb, of "another spirit" than his brethren. At last the War of the Revolution was over, and the great American Republic took its place among the powers of the world. There was something royal in the confession of King George III., as he received the credentials of the newly-appointed Minister of the United States, "I was the last man in my kingdom to acknowledge your independence, and I will be the last to violate it." The war had not swept over the continent without disastrous results to those who were successful. These results were seen not only in desolated hearths and an impoverished exchequer, but in scattered Churches and ruined altars, and as one collateral result the "Church of England in America had virtually ceased to be." The Methodist Societies, which had now become numerous, were deprived by the flight of the clergy of the sacraments of the Church. There were no Episcopalian clergymen to administer them, and they could only enter the Presbyterian communion by forsaking their own. Who can wonder, then, that the people became impatient of the restraints which, out of deference to Mr. Wesley and Mr. Asbury, they had long submitted to? Prejudice melted in the presence of distress, and sacerdotalism, when there was hunger for the refreshing ordinances of the Lord's house, was regarded as a mediæval folly. Hence arose the problem of Church government which Wesley had foreseen and pondered, and which he was now to essay to solve.

The Founder of Methodism had no new views to promulgate. The convictions which he was now to embody in daring spiritual action had been his cherished principles for years. "Lord King's Account of the Primitive Church convinced me many years ago that bishops and presbyters are the same order, and consequently have the same right to ordain." In this terse sentence he justified the action which, in the exigency, he deemed it right to take in order to supply the famine of a nation which cried aloud for the bread and for the "cup of blessing," as well as for the consolidation of church order in their midst. Any hesitation which he might feel arose from the gravity of the occasion, from questions of religious expediency, and from his habitual practice to seek counsel and guidance in prayer. The lawful-

ness of separation from the Church of England in America was not in question, for that Church had no existence; and hence the simple inquiry was, whether there were to be scattered Societies with no bond of cohesion, or a church polity which should be rooted and should endure. All Wesleyan convictions as well as traditions were in favor of a government which should be episcopal in essence if not in name. In Dr. Coke he thought he had found one likely to become a true scriptural episcopos, and slowly but surely arrived at the conviction that it was his duty to ordain him Superintendent of the Churches in America.

In February, 1784, Coke was startled in the little study at City Road, which so many American pilgrims have visited, by the divulging of the determined purpose. Wesley gave his reasons and asked Coke to ponder them. He reviewed the Revolution and its results, the abolition of the Established Church in America, the anxious and suffering Societies as "sheep having no shepherd," their desire for the sacraments, the appeals which had reached him both from preachers and people to provide for this acknowledged need, his own conviction that a presbyter, being analogous to a bishop, had an equal right to ordain, (the practice of the Church at Alexandria for two hundred years,) and then asked Dr. Coke to accept ordination at his hands. Certain uncandid writers have stated that the request for ordination came from Coke, and have censured his ambition pretty freely. This is not the fact. Coke was bewildered, almost dismayed, at the proposal, and it was not until after two months' study of the Bible, and those records of the Primitive Church which can be gathered from the writings of the Fathers, that he intimated his conviction of the soundness of the argument, and his willingness to accept the office of "overseer and ruler." At the Conference, which was held in Leeds, the matter was brought forward and referred to a select committee, every man of whom was in the beginning opposed to it; but Fletcher indorsed it heartily, and it ultimately received unanimous approval.

Quietly, without ostentation, but with sober and earnest realization of the divine presence and blessing, was the ceremony performed. The Rev. Mr. Creighton, an ordained clergyman, who was one of Mr. Wesley's helpers, joined Dr. Coke and Mr. Wesley in the setting apart of Messrs. Whatcoat and Vasey as presbyters for America; and then, in

the very room in which Asbury had offered for service in America, Mr. Wesley ordained Dr. Coke for the office of Superintendent "by the imposition of hands and prayer." Three weeks afterward Dr. Coke was on the ocean, with his companions, on the way to his new diocese of a continent. The record of his voyage is extant in a Journal which he diligently kept, and which shows how assiduously he improved his time, both in personal improvement and in efforts for the good of others. He landed in New York on the 3d of November, and on the 14th, when preaching somewhere in the State of Delaware, a plain, robust man stepped up to him in the pulpit after the sermon, and kissed him. This he thought "could be no other than Asbury," and on this wise was the first meeting of these two men—a meeting grander in its issues than when, amid waving banners and martial music, monarchs greeted each other on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Coke was furnished with two documents: 1. Letters of Ordination; and, 2. A Circular Letter from Mr. Wesley to the Societies in the United States. A conference was hastily summoned in the City of Baltimore; sixty out of the eighty-three preachers attended, to whom the whole plan was submitted, and who indorsed it by unanimous vote. Asbury, who had at first hesitated and been "shocked" at the proposal, was brought, by thought and prayer, to believe that it was of God. He was, therefore, ordained by Dr. Coke to the office of Superintendent, having been previously ordained deacon and elder. Twelve other preachers received elders' ordination, and thus the organization of that vast community was completed. The effect of that day's doings upon the social and religious life of a new world only eternity can adequately unfold.

While it was beyond doubt Mr. Wesley's intention to establish episcopacy in America, and while he had no scruples as to the scriptural lawfulness of his course, he did not authorize the assumption of the title of bishop; but as the office existed, the name could not long be withheld, and although Dr. Coke, in sanctioning its use, may have exceeded his powers, and perhaps been influenced by unconscious ambition or forecasting wisdom, it was rendered necessary by the progress of events; and as we review all these incidents of a long-past age we mark how wonderfully men were led in a way they knew not to work for and with God. Time has given to their work its magnificent

attestation, and the years have confirmed it with the visible benediction of Heaven.

Coke's Journal tells artlessly of the nature, variety, and extent of the missionary bishop's labors. When he was expected in the country, Asbury had arranged for him "a little tour of eight hundred miles," and during the five months of his stay on this first visit he had an experience of incessant and romantic toil. Narrow escapes by freshet and flood, now nearly carried away by a swollen torrent, now wandering helplessly for hours amid a pathless wilderness of trees; wet to the skin full oft, and his saddle-bags drenched with rain; riding through morasses; sleeping at way-side shanties, sometimes three in a bed; in peril because of his denunciations of slavery, "a high-headed lady," as he calls her, having offered fifty pounds to the rowdies if they would flog the little doctor as he left the barn; preaching every-where, at all hours, and in all sorts of places; presiding at conferences, administering the sacraments, delivering a funeral sermon in a part of the country where such things were so popular that a funeral sermon was preached over every one who died, "except the blacks," who, being chattels, were without benefit of clergy; begging money for literary institutions, such as Cokesbury College; appealing to men in print; codifying and publishing the first Book of Discipline—it is a wonderful and stimulating story of episcopal travel.

The doctor returned to England in the month of June. He says he had not for many years felt himself so effeminate as in parting from the preachers; to which Asbury's Journal gives the counterpart record, "We parted with heavy hearts." He took farewell of the Conference on the 3d of the month, and a vessel with the well-omened name of the "Olive Branch" bore him swiftly to his native shores.

While the results of the great experiment were being so successfully worked out in the United States, there were those in England who gathered up the garments of their Churchmanship and refused to look cordially on any movement which did good to men in an irregular way. There was a misgiving in many minds that there might be a renewal of the experiment of separate organization in England; and hence, though Dr. Coke had the comfort of John Wesley's approval and support, he had to contend with the opposition of his warm-hearted, sacramentarian, but gloriously inconsistent brother. Charles Wesley

lacked his brother's prescience and "ecumenical grandeur of mind." No man among the early Methodists was so rigid a Churchman in theory, and so arrant a Dissenter in practice. He systematically violated the canons, the obligation of which he upheld with forceful emphasis of pen and tongue. He would argue and suffer for "apostolical succession," but lampooned the "licensed servants of the State" without mercy, speaking of them as

> "Eager each the whole to engross,
> As Churchmen never satisfied,
> First they nail Him to the cross,
> And then the spoils divide."

When he learned that his brother had ordained Coke a bishop he broke out into the wailing, "I have lived on earth too long, who have lived to see this evil day." On Coke's return to England he was assailed privately by Charles Wesley's sarcastic wit, and publicly by "Strictures" on his ordination sermon at Baltimore, from Charles Wesley's pen. To this public assault the doctor deemed it necessary to make a public answer. The main charges of Charles Wesley's pamphlet were four. There was an allusion in the sermon to alleged disadvantages in a union of Church and State. On this was founded an accusation that he condemned the Constitution of his country. He indignantly denies the charge, but takes occasion to observe that the Constitution would be more perfect in its kind if there were the dissociation of that equivocal alliance. A second accusation was, that he vilified his brethren with the names of parasites and hirelings. To this he rejoined, that the persons he described never were his brethren, and that in general, with noticeable exceptions, "at whose feet I should think it an honor to sit," "they were about as wretched a set as perhaps ever disgraced the Church of God." The "Strictures" complain, also, that Dr. Coke contradicted the uniform declaration of the brothers Wesley respecting their adherence to the Church of England for near fifty years. The easy answer to this is that he had done nothing, save in the exercise of a power which had been directly delegated by John Wesley himself. His censor finally alleges that he had "charged the preachers with gross duplicity and hypocrisy, by saying that they did in general constantly exhort the people to attend the service of the

Church of England, from a full persuasion, drawn from experience, that there was no other alternative to preserve the Society but an adherence to that Church, or the formation of ourselves into an independent one." Coke explains that he was speaking only of the Methodists of America; vindicates his action by a reference to the state of feeling there, of which Charles Wesley was profoundly ignorant; and of the further fact, that not five thousand out of at least a hundred thousand composing Methodist congregations in that part of the globe, had ever attended any ministry but that of the Methodists. These were the main points of the dispute, which even drew the brothers Wesley into brief polemic antagonism. John sums up his estimate of the merits in a characteristic sentence, "I believe Dr. Coke is as free from ambition as from covetousness. He has *done* nothing rashly, that I know; but he has *spoken* rashly, which he retracted the moment I spoke to him of it. . . . If you will not or cannot help me yourself, do not hinder those who can and will. I must and will save as many souls as I can while I live, without being careful about what may possibly be when I die."

In justice to Charles Wesley let it be stated, that his objections were to the expediency, rather than to the lawfulness, of this particular act, because, in their correspondence, he admits that his brother was a bishop in the New Testament sense of that title; and although he maintained his rigid churchmanship to the last, and would not even think of being interred in "unconsecrated" ground, as he drew near the close of life he became less hostile to his brother's ordinations, and within twelve months of his death, writing to his brother, he says: "Stand to your own proposals. Let us agree to differ. I leave America and Scotland to your latest thoughts and recognitions. Keep your authority while you live, and after your death, *detur dignioribus*."

In 1786 Dr. Coke was again in America, having gone thither by way of the West Indies, a providential deviation to which more special reference may hereafter be made. He traveled through Georgia, South Carolina, and Virginia, "visiting and confirming the Churches," and attended the third Conference in Baltimore in the following April. There was at this time a feeling among the preachers that he was disposed to exceed his legitimate powers; and it was instanced (mistakenly, however, for the thing was done by Mr. Wesley) that he

had altered, on his own authority, the time and place for the meeting of Conference after these matters had been determined by the Conference itself. He listened to these complaints with respectful attention, and drew up and signed a definite pledge by which he bound himself to "exercise no government whatever" over the Church in America during his absence, nor any privilege when present but that of ordination according to rule, of presiding by virtue of his office, and of traveling at large. This curious document, given under his hand "on the 2d day of May, 1787," while it indicates the vigilance with which the preachers guarded what they deemed their rights—unconsciously intensified, perhaps, by the thought that the supposed infractor of them was not a citizen of the republic—indicates also the inherent greatness of the Bishop's soul, the spirit of Christian love in which he lived and moved, and that infallible criterion of superiority, the disposition to be frank in the acknowledgment of even unwitting error, and prompt in the offer of reparation for the wrong which had been unconsciously done. At this Conference two notable things were done. The term "bishop" first appears in the printed Minutes, and the declaration that "during the lifetime of Mr. Wesley they were ready to obey his commands in matters belonging to Church government," was for the first time omitted therefrom. However Mr. Wesley may have thought that both these things had come about with unseemly speed, he was too shrewd to be astonished at the inevitable logical sequence from his own act, and too much of a statesman to believe that his *ipse dixit* could permanently control an organization three thousand miles away.

Dr. Coke's third landing in America was in February, 1789. At the ensuing Conference, as certain changes amounting to a new Constitution had been given to the United States, and had been confirmed at a Congress in New York, in which city the Conference was assembled, it was resolved to deliver a congratulatory address to General Washington, who had been elected President, and which the two Bishops were appointed to deliver. It was considered that this address which, after expressed congratulations on the General's appointment to the presidency, went on to eulogize "the most excellent Constitution of the United States," the present admiration and future exemplar of the world, could not, with propriety, be presented by Dr. Coke, although the senior Bishop, because he was not an American citizen.

He, however, signed it in behalf of the Church, and the difficult position into which his dual character as an American Bishop and an English subject plunged him became a source of complication and embarrassment. He pleased, in fact, neither side of the water, although there can be no manner of doubt that he had the best intentions toward both. He was charged with duplicity in the American newspapers, and suspected of disloyalty by some of his brethren at home. Hence, on his arrival at the British Conference, he felt that the countenances of his brethren were changed toward him; and when the question of character was before the Conference there was a pause at the name of Thomas Coke, and the Bishop-doctor, the Anglo-American, was put upon his defense. The Conference was unanimous in its judgment that he had sinned against prudence in appending his signature to the address; that its phraseology, in several parts, was such as no loyal British subject could lawfully use; that it cast, by implication, reflections upon the Government to which he had sworn allegiance; and especially, that from the prominent position which he occupied, no utterance from his lips could be regarded as purely individual, and that, therefore, he had been betrayed into an act which might compromise the whole Methodist body in England, and subject them to be suspected of disaffection to the Crown. The doctor heard the allegations in respectful silence. He saw, that from an English stand-point he had erred, and was not disposed to deny his indiscretion, though he was conscious that only regard for official propriety as senior Bishop of the American Church had prompted him to the action which was questioned. The Conference, indeed, though it deemed it a duty to visit him with some mark of disapproval, was alive to the difficulties of his position, and more concerned to vindicate itself than to brand or punish him. They knew the man and loved him, and the proceedings of the Conference, after this matter had been decided, showed that their affection and confidence were not a whit withdrawn. As we in later times, now that the haze has cleared away, review the occurrence, we are more disposed to pity his perplexity than to sit in judgment on his course.

The omission of a sentence or two in the address would have solved all the difficulty. If it had been as carefully worded as the General's reply—than which nothing could be more skillful, catholic, and happy—

there need have been no embarrassment. On the one hand, it would have been discourteous and unbecoming if the address from the Methodist Society of the United States to the chief officer of the Government had lacked the signature of the senior bishop: on the other hand, the Conference, having regard to the delicate position of Dr. Coke in his dual relationships, should have framed the address so that he could have signed it without reserve or misgiving, dwelling only upon those general topics to which the illustrious Washington confines his reply. But in such matters it is easy to be wise after the event. If in endeavoring to avoid the perils of Scylla he fell into those of Charybdis, it is for us to be thankful that neither the rocks nor the whirlpool did either him or Methodism any grievous harm.

In October, 1790, Dr. Coke was again on the ocean, bound for the West Indies and America. There were by this time seven Annual Conferences, embracing a territorial area of two thousand miles, and he had to preside at them all. He was in the midst of this vast visitation, having already been refreshed in spirit at the South Carolina, Georgia, North Carolina, and two Virginia Conferences, when he saw in a Philadelphia paper an account of the death of Mr. Wesley, and at once deemed it his duty to shape his course for England. After a tolerably pleasant voyage they came in sight of the Cornish coast, and the doctor, not wishing to be delayed while the ship crept round to the Thames, bargained with some outlying fishing-boats, made haste to land at Redruth, and traveled by coach to London. In Cornwall he met with a minister who apprised him of what had been done by the leading preachers since the death of Mr. Wesley. He learned that the idea which found most favor among them was, that the kingdom should be divided into districts, each composed of a group of neighboring circuits, and placed under the supervision of a chairman, who, like the President of the Conference, should be elected for one year only. He was told that the virtual autocracy which had been tacitly conceded to Mr. Wesley during his life-time would die with him, nay, had already died, beyond hope of a resurrection. While this information was being communicated, it is left on record that Dr. Coke *thought aloud*, and the thought found expression in the significant words, "It is a weight too great to attempt to wield." It is not for us to affirm or deny that there had been in the doctor's mind a half-confessed ambition to suc-

ceed Mr. Wesley, which had quickened his steps homeward. Certainly, there was a suspicion among the preachers to that effect. If it was so, however, he showed, as has been said, "both wisdom and grace" in dismissing the aspiration forever. Unlimited power is too great a peril for any man. Nothing but the peculiar circumstances of Mr. Wesley's position, and the transparent singleness of aim which characterized him, and redeemed him, even in his mistakes, from the suspicion of intentional injustice, could have justified the absoluteness of the authority which he wielded. Now that he had gone to his reward there must be no Czar in Methodism. So determined were the brethren on this point, that at the Irish Conference, over which Dr. Coke had always presided by Mr. Wesley's appointment, they declined to allow him the presidential chair; and in the ensuing English Conference, the first after Wesley's death, they designedly passed over the men whom Wesley had ordained, and elected neither Coke nor Mather, but good, prudent, zealous William Thompson to preside over them. Having thus vindicated their principles, they showed their esteem for Dr. Coke by making him the secretary of the Conference, an office which he filled with some efficiency for a series of years.

Some years afterward Coke seems to have been drawn again toward America, where the work was becoming too arduous for Asbury's failing strength, and at the Baltimore Conference of 1796 he offered himself as Asbury's colleague "wholly for America." This, however, was an impulse, and there were many considerations which placed him "in a strait betwixt two." He had by this time become to some extent identified with the missionary work, and the British Conference was startled at the idea of losing him entirely. On his seventh voyage to the new world he was sent to negotiate with the American Churches as to his future place of abode. His administrative skill, his persuasive preaching, his unmistakable earnestness, and the heart which he threw into all he undertook, had endeared him to American Methodists. Perhaps, also, they were attracted in spite of themselves by his episcopal predilections, and because they regarded him as a living, winsome, intelligent bond of connection between them and the mother Church. The Lord reigneth, however, and his wisdom overruled all deliberations and preferences, that his servant might be set free for the work which he had yet to do. At this Conference they consented to his "partial"

continuance with the British Conference, to which they "lent him for a season." The growing infirmities of Asbury, however, and the increasing magnitude of the work, necessitated a more constant supervision than was consistent with even partial absence, and by the ordination of Whatcoat as Bishop they prepared the way for the final severance in ecclesiastical relations, although he was one with them in heart unto the end.

Dr. Coke would have been a greater statesman if he had had fewer "devices," and had cogitated longer upon those which his brain conceived. He damaged his own reputation, and gave occasion for suspicion that he was actuated by meaner motives than the noble ones from which he habitually acted, by hasty and injudicious proposals. Thus he dreamed of a consolidation between the Methodist and Anglican Churches, both at home and in America, and supposed, in his innocence, that this could be accomplished without any abnegation of ministerial *status* or surrender of connectional usage, although he declared his readiness to submit to re-ordination if that were imposed as a preliminary condition. In this spirit he opened correspondence with Bishop White, in America, and with Bishop Porteus, in England. Of course, the negotiations failed; of course, also, they were disclosed to the public. Such things, as if by a law, always become public property, and the disclosure did not enhance among the doctor's friends his reputation for sagacity, while it furnished those who, like wizards, "peep and mutter," with choice morsels of scandal and derision. In later life, when he had set his heart upon the establishment of a mission in India, and was, perhaps, depressed because his brethren were not as enthusiastic in the project as himself, he learned that the government had some thought of establishing a bishopric in India, and wrote at once to Lord Liverpool, offering himself as a candidate, and promising, if appointed, "to return most fully into the bosom of the Established Church." This step will be variously estimated according to the predilections, or it may be, prejudices, of those who judge of it. That it was inconsiderate and utopian no one can deny. But he was one of those men

> "Who think what others only dream about,
> And *do* what others think, and *glory in*
> What others dare but do."

But far down in the region of motive who shall say that there was any thing unworthy? There might be a mingling of selfishness with simplicity—both infantile, and, therefore, harmless; or there might be a superb integrity of intention which lost sight both of the embarrassment to others and the honor to self in the prospect of coveted spiritual good. At any rate let him have the benefit of stating, in his own words, his estimate of the labor which such an office involved. In one of his latest charges to the American Conference, speaking of himself and Bishop Asbury, he says: "We lay no claim to the episcopal state of the Latin, Greek, English, or Lutheran Churches. It will be easily seen that we are so unlike each other that we are not even third cousins. Will their bishops ride from five to six thousand miles in nine months for eighty dollars a year, making arrangements for seven hundred preachers, and ordain one hundred men annually; ride through all kinds of weather and roads at our time of life, the one fifty-six, and the other sixty-nine years of age?" Noble ambitions these! If he desired "the office of a bishop," he desired "a good work," in the most laborious and self-denying sense that can be applied to that word. He was covetous of the responsibility, of the unremitting toil, of the untrammeled opportunities for doing good which the bishopric would bring him, rather than of the lawn, the miter, and the palace—those post-apostolic appendages to the office, which tend only to weight the wings of the "angels" who have "the everlasting gospel to preach" in their flight through the "midst of heaven."

Coke was not a man of extensive literary labor or renown. How could he be? The men who make history have no time to write it. He "gained the loss" of a considerable sum of money by his publications, and achieved but scanty reputation in return. His Commentary, prepared at the request of the Conference, is a fair compilation. He "gutted" many folios, as Father Sutcliffe said in reference to his own commentary, and his selections are skillfully made. He also published a few sermons, letters, pamphlets, journals, accounts of various missions, a "History of the West Indies," the "Cottager's Bible," and, jointly with Henry Moore, a "Life of Wesley." He "thought he could do some good through the press;" but God had other work for him, and he wrought cheerfully in God's way, "charmed to confess the voice divine."

Dr. Coke was identified with so many of the *notabilia* of Methodism that to write of his life is to write a Methodist history. His connection with the "Deed of Declaration" has been already referred to. Chosen President of the English Conference in 1797, he appended his signature to the famous Plan of Pacification—the magna charta of our Church—by which the controversies about the sacrament were ended, and the mutual privileges and liberties of preachers and people consolidated in some good measure. Of Irish Methodism he was for many years an attached friend and an honored presiding officer. The missions into Wales, his own country, awoke all the enthusiasm of his soul, and were astonishingly successful. He was close upon the heels of Brackenbury in the Channel Isles, and organized the first Society there, avowedly regarding them as a "point d'avantage" from which to make a merciful swoop into France.

He was the inspiration of the first missionary attack upon Gibraltar, which, with a sublime unity of purpose, he regarded as the key to Spain, and from this the army and navy work began. To him belongs, in large measure, the honor of having initiated the Home Mission, which is now so energetically conducted by the British Conference. At the Conference of 1805, when he was elected President for the second time, he made an urgent appeal for the setting apart of an "extra circuit ministry," specially to do the work of evangelists, and was soon able to mark out eight missionary districts, which were so successfully worked that they became, in a few years, incorporated with the ordinary circuits of the Connection. To this principle Methodism has of late years reverted, as absolutely needful to supplement existing pastorates if there is to be any chance of raising the rural populations into Christian life, or of overtaking that worst of all paganism—the paganism of forgotten Christianity among the seething masses of large cities and towns. Meanwhile, all things conspired to intensify the flame already kindled, and which impelled him to "the regions beyond." It is to his connection with foreign missions that we must look for the crowning sublimity of his hero-life. The great missionary organizations of the present were not in existence. The missionary spirit had struggled fitfully to show itself and approve its doings ever since the Reformation. Let the Church of Rome have its due. She had her missionaries, some of them, like Xavier, "worthies in

whom an apostle might have gloried;" and in 1622 Pope Urban instituted the "*Congregatio de Propagandâ Fide*," whose machinery has become cosmopolitan, whose presses have types in all the languages of human literature, and whose messengers are found in all parts of the habitable world. We have rasped off the errors of Rome. It is well that we have not rasped off all the substantial features of her piety. The papal missionaries, however, while they have been zealous agents of popery, have been for most part poor preachers of the truth as it is in Jesus. They have but baptized heathenism with a Christian name, and there has been no laver of regeneration at the ceremony. Wholesale baptisms have multiplied converts, but the old man has flaunted in the new garment, and the worse in some respects for the change. Nine years after the death of Luther, the Genevan Church pitied the North American Indians, and sent fourteen missionaries to teach them the better way. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was shortly afterward established. Eliot and others had gone out under Nonconformist auspices, and he had not only become "an apostle to the Indians," but had translated the Scriptures into their language, giving them to "see in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God." The Moravian Church, to their eternal honor be it written, is the only Church which has been missionary from its beginning. Scarcely were they settled as a Communion, when they sent messengers among the heathen to "testify the gospel of the grace of God." Indeed, so ardently burned the missionary flame in their hearts that at one time one member in every fifty was a missionary; and they have preferred, in their Samaritanism of charity, those on the verge—the outcasts—of humanity, whom ordinary philanthropy had passed by.

This was the condition of missionary enterprise when Dr. Coke became fired with the holy impulse: and it is hardly too much to say, that if it is now a fact that missions have come to be regarded as essentials of Church life—if the Church that is not a missionary Church gets hardly credit for being a living Church—if every important evangelical communion has its organizations to carry on its missions to the heathen—then of all this Dr. Coke was the pioneer, and, to a large extent, the inspiration. None ever entered more truly into the apostolic experience, "that I should be the minister of Jesus Christ to the Gen-

tiles, ministering the gospel of God, that the offering up of the Gentiles might be acceptable, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost." Drifted, as it seemed by an unfriendly tempest, to the West Indies, when his destination was Nova Scotia, he took up the work which had been begun by Gilbert and Baxter, until the whole archipelago had heard the glad sound of grace and freedom. Persecution arose: the negroes were flogged, sometimes to death, for their religion; some of the missionaries suffered personal violence, others were cast into prison, "but the word of God grew mightily, and prevailed." Flourishing Churches were formed on almost every island, and the West Indian missions, as they are among the oldest, have not been the least remunerative of the missions of the Methodist Church. The heart of the Missionary Bishop yearned, also, toward Africa. The Foulah Mission, which was first begun, was a failure; but success the most glorious attended subsequent endeavors; and although Sierre Leone was so fatal to European life as to make it a costly experiment, and laborers fell so rapidly at their posts that it became known as the Missionary's Grave, there were never wanting those who aspired to be "baptized for the dead," and there has been a plenteous harvest to reward the sowers' toil.

From the year 1786 Coke had the principal management of the foreign missions. He was designated General Superintendent; and he did superintend, both by personal visitation where practicable, and by attention to every minute detail of their financial management. The British Conference gave him a *carte-blanche* to obtain funds where he could, and besides giving of his own substance, he almost literally begged from door to door. As early as 1784 he published a circular headed, "A Plan of the Society for the Establishment of Missions among the Heathen," and on the second page is a list of subscriptions amounting to £66 3*s*, including two guineas from himself, and two more from the Rev. Mr. Simpson, the clergyman of Macclesfield. He was proof against insult and denial, and succeeded in quarters where it seemed almost like the repetition of the miracle at Meribah. "Do you know any thing," said a naval captain to his friend, "of a little fellow called Coke, who goes about begging for money to send missionaries to the heathen? He seems to be a heavenly-minded little devil; he coaxed me out of two guineas this morning." He was in earnest, and his earnestness became contagious, and awakened, even in

hearts unused to feel so strongly, a kindred enthusiasm. "Go on," he writes to the committee in London, as he incloses a remittance, "I will beg hard for you." "I could not satisfy myself," he says further, "till I had resolved to sacrifice all my literary labors, and to be nothing but a preacher and a beggar." The possession of the soul by one heroic passion will make it stoop to any drudgery, and will bring the refined to mingle with the coarse-minded, that they may be lifted above the common clay. Coke's passion was to win the world for Christ; and if he thought any effort, or sacrifice, or apparent humiliation, would contribute to this, he was willing to be abased, if only his Master was exalted and extolled.

Within the space of three years Dr. Coke had been much purified in the furnace of affliction. To his fifty-eighth year he had remained a celibate. In that year he married, and lived happily for six years following, when he "mourned his dead." He remarried after some time, but when little more than a year had elapsed, was again a widower. Then he felt that his domestic history had closed, and with renewed consecration married his work, chose the world for his home, and made it "his meat and drink," as necessary and as pleasant to him as his daily sustenance, "to do the will" of his Father in heaven. Henceforward the great thought of his closing work became familiar to him. He turned his face to the Orient, and longed to see those vast countries of the morning radiant with the true light of life. His soul had long coveted India for Christ, and after the failure of his negotiations about the bishopric, he had correspondence with Sir Alexander Johnston, a pious judge from Ceylon, who urged that the Methodist missions should be established in that beautiful isle. This was the opening of Providence, and as such he regarded it. The continent of India, under the sway of the East India Company, was hermetically sealed to any organized missionary operations. But Ceylon, the Taprobana of the ancients, was under the freer policy of the king's ministers. Some of the European languages, moreover, had currency there, —notably the Dutch and Portuguese. Claudius Buchanan, and other gentlemen of Indian experience, strongly encouraged the selection of Ceylon as a field of likely labor, and Coke's mind became possessed with the idea. His friends remonstrated that he was wanted in England, that it was now autumn-time with him, when it behooved him to

seek well-earned repose; that it was his province now rather to sit on the mount controlling, while younger warriors fought the foe in the plain. He had but one answer: "God himself has said to me, Go to Ceylon. I had rather be set naked on the coast without clothes and without a friend, than not go there." The Conference met, and there was strong opposition to the plan. The discussion was so protracted that it was adjourned to the following day. Dr. Coke was so depressed that he wept in the street. There was a change in the temper of the Conference next morning. Much of the night had been spent by the doctor on the floor of his chamber in prayer for India. How far these two sentences sustain to each other the relations of cause and effect who shall tell? The doctor addressed the Conference in the morning, strongly urging the commencement of the mission, and ended by saying, that if the Conference could not furnish the expense, he would be prepared to defray the expenditure necessary to the outfit and commencement of the work to the extent of £6,000. This was the spirit which conquered the Conference, and won for the ardent-hearted the greatest moral victory of his life. The Conference authorized and appointed Dr. Coke to undertake a mission to Ceylon and Java, and allowed him to take six missionaries, exclusive of one for the Cape of Good Hope.

Thus fortified, he went to work to prepare for departure. He had long been communicating with the men whom he designed to accompany him. He had never doubted that the scheme would be approved. Hence his recruits were ready. *William Ault*, who had been five years in the ministry at home, and who, after a brief but useful career, was the first to "fall on sleep" in the island, his bones, like those of Joseph, taking possession of the land in the name of the God of Israel. *James Lynch*, who had also been five years in the ministry, a shrewd, witty, earnest-hearted Irishman, who died in Leeds at a very advanced age. *George Erskine*, who had just completed his probation, who afterwards went to Australia, and died peacefully in Sydney. *William Martin Harvard*, a handsome, gentlemanly, refined, and blameless man, who, after a course of honor in the East, served reputably in the ranks of the ministry at home, and left to the Methodist Connection a legacy of three worthy sons. *Thomas Hall Squance*, a full-souled, honest, energetic spirit, whose long life was a record of unbroken faith and labor, and whose many converts have ere now welcomed him at

heaven's gate with singing; and *Benjamin Clough*, youngest and dearest, both to the doctor and his present biographer, a ripe Oriental scholar, whose Singhalese Dictionary has been the basis of all others, and whose Pali Grammar is unrivaled in its sphere yet; to whom was given the honor of being instrumental in the conversion of the first Buddhist priest who was made Christian, who remained at his post for twenty-five years, a cheerful, manly, brotherly, brave spirit, whose faith, like fire, transmuted every thing around it into its own substance, and sent all upward in a bright offering of praise.

Benjamin Clough, with whom the writer enjoyed the intimacy of a relative, and from whom he received the kindness of a son, was spoken of to Dr. Coke as one who was likely to make him a suitable traveling companion. Clough has recorded the interview: "How soon could you be ready?" asked the Doctor. "As soon as you please," was the reply. "What, could you be ready by to-morrow morning?" "Yes, if necessary." So in five minutes the business was settled. The young man soon found himself "in a missionary atmosphere," and was led on insensibly to be a partaker of the Doctor's enthusiasm. He relates how amazed he was at the composure of Dr. Coke as they passed out of London to Portsmouth on their way for embarkation. He seemed to have no lingering regret, and uttered no farewells, Clough said, as they were rolling through the suburbs of the city in the carriage: "It will be a long while, Doctor, before we see these scenes again." The only answer was, "Excuse me, brother, I am dead to all things but India." Clough thought, "Well, I am here in a peculiar situation. I have been brought into this position by no seeking of my own, and though I feel some regret at parting from friends and native land, I must look forward and upward. At that moment that note in the gospel narrative struck me, 'They left all, and followed him.' This raised my almost sinking spirits, and I began singing

> "'Gladly the toys of earth we leave—
> Wealth, pleasure, fame—for Thee alone;
> To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
> O take, O seal them for thine own!
> Thou art the God; thou art the Lord:
> Be thou by all thy works adored.'

in which the doctor joined with great cheerfulness and spirit."

This is very fine! One knows not in which to most glorify the grace of God: the veteran of Christ, in whom the ardor and the wisdom of manhood blended with venerable age, possessed with one purpose so strongly that the city was a solitude, and he could leave home and friends without regret or faltering; or the devoted youth of tender heart and quick susceptibility, amazed at his emotionless companion, yielding to a momentary sorrow, and then casting himself upon divine fidelity, and driving away the evil spirit from his soul, as David from the melancholy Saul, with a burst of sacred song.

After the decision of the Conference, all the days and many of the nights of the doctor were crowded with the cares of preparation. He drew up a plan for the general sustentation of the missions, which, after his death, ripened into the Wesleyan Missionary Society. He settled his own temporal affairs, leaving his property, with the noble generosity which distinguished him, to assist the provision for the aged and disabled ministers. He assembled his little band, and set them to work to study the languages with which they needed to be familiar. He could not meet with a professor either of Singhalese or Tamul in London, but a master instructed them in Dutch, and a Portuguese priest in a classical Portuguese, which was very different from the patois spoken by the natives in Ceylon. He also provided letters of introduction for his party from Earl Bathurst to the Governor of Ceylon, and from other notable personages to their friends in India. The outfit, which he took care should be of the best, occupied much time and thought, and at last the missionaries were ordained, the passage taken for himself, with Messrs. Harvard and Clough, in the "Cabalva," commanded by Captain Birch; for the rest, in the "Lady Melville," commanded by Captain Lochner; the London valedictory services held, and the party were in Portsmouth, awaiting the departure of the fleet with which they were to voyage. A Sabbath or two intervened before they set sail, and on one of these days Dr. Coke preached for the last time his grand missionary sermon from the text, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." Toward the close of this sermon he thus triumphed in his victorious faith, and flung his soul into a prophecy:—

"This is, perhaps, the last time I shall ever have an opportunity of addressing you. Within a few days we shall bid adieu to England,

and, probably, forever. . . . I am perfectly convinced that God will bless our labors, though to what extent and in what manner, may be unknown. We are in the hands of Omnipotence, and under the Divine protection; and here we repose in safety and peace. It is of little consequence whether we take our flight to glory from the land of our nativity, from the trackless ocean, or from the shores of Ceylon.

"'I cannot go
Where universal Love shines not around:
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.' . . .

"We can appeal to Heaven for the purity of our motives, and we look into eternity for our final reward. Full of this conviction, we trust that God, having made us instrumental in turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, will give us part in the first resurrection, that on us the second death may have no power."

Thus spoke the veteran evangelist, as full of hope and faith as in his youthful prime, while, though he knew it not, the sun was sloping quickly to the horizon, and in heaven his welcome was being made ready, and the horses were being harnessed into the chariot of fire.

For the first few months the voyage proceeded with the usual monotony, the doctor's chief study being his Portuguese Bible. He says: "I have loved the word of God since I came into this ship more than ever I did before.

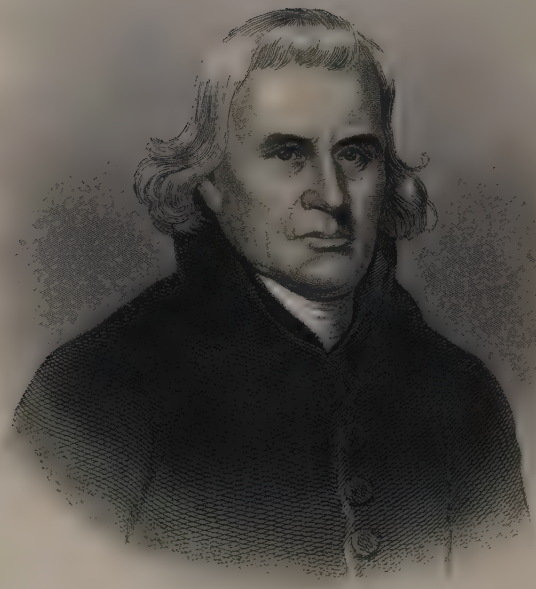
"'Jesus gives me in his word
Food and medicine, shield and sword.'"

In the comparative inactivity of ship-board there was room for the testing of principles, and for the examination of the grounds on which they rested. But he never wavered, and while he rejoiced in comparative leisure, and felt more than ever the value of retirement and silence, he had not a regret for the hours of "glorious drudgery" which he had spent in the mission cause. Mrs. Ault's death and Mr. Squance's sickness were the first sad incidents which depressed the party, and aroused the doctor's sympathy. But the greater mystery was at hand. In the neighborhood of the equator Dr. Coke's health showed symptoms of declension which aroused the apprehensions of his

friends. Mr. Clough privately consulted the ship's surgeon, who shared his convictions that incessant application to study was sapping his strength, and that it was impossible for a man in his seventh decade of life to follow his accustomed pursuits in all climates with equal assiduity. It was but rarely, however, that even affectionate remonstrance could prevail on him to suspend his labors. Clough's winsome ingenuity was taxed incessantly to devise expedients to lure the doctor out of his cabin. If a whale appeared, or the dorsal fin of some villainous shark—if a dolphin chased a shoal of flying-fish, or a ship came within hail—Clough would hasten to the cabin, and constrain the doctor from his books to the deck, but the vital energy was innerly wasting away. On May 2d, 1814, the venerable countenance seemed shaded with unusual languor. It was a premonition of a startling change. It was, in fact, as the voice of warning which the sons of the prophets spake unto Elisha, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" Dr. Coke was found the next morning lifeless in his cabin. Eighteen times had he crossed the Atlantic in his Master's service; he had spent a fortune in furthering the cause of missions; he had gathered up his remaining life for one magnificent achievement; he had been permitted to conduct his party within the limits of Asia; the brave THOUGHT of his heart was accepted for the accomplished deed; and then the Lord said, "It is enough," and the large heart became still. The mansion was ready. The fire-chariot came silently, and in the still night, amid the pomp of watching stars, the spirit which God loved went home.

It was impossible to delay the funeral, nor, although private feelings wished it, would it have been fitting. He had desired that in the event of his death measures might be adopted for the transmission of his remains to England for interment in the family vault at Brecon.

But God wanted a world-famed monument reared on the "silent highway," and so, the sea became his grander sepulcher, as if so large a heart could not rest in a narrower grave.



Francis Asbury.

BY REV. C. H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.

THIS name represents a character whose shortest axis was always perpendicular to the plane of *obligation*. Therefore all his motion was along the line of *duty*. Perhaps no man in modern times more fully than he embodied the *eternal grip of oughtness*. In him the gospel typed for a wilderness campaign. Like the great apostle to the Gentiles, this great apostle of American Methodism has left a double personal image or representation of himself in the mind of the Church he founded. Measured by his oft infirmities he is too feeble to be imposing: his bodily presence seems weak. Measured by the magnitude of his labors, he towers up alone, the one colossal form of the first half century of the Church. His words and works are most weighty. He seems like the idea of duty in work-day clothes. His life was a simple problem in multiplication—given so much ability, and so much opportunity to find the product. In him Methodism went down into the vineyard *to work*.

A monograph, to recapitulate his deeds, would be a history of American Methodism for the fifty years in which she was making history, and would swell up into a quarto, which every body would be glad to *own*, and which nobody might be willing to read. It is a good thing for a boy to have a father, and be up in his census history, but it is far better for him to be familiar with his greatness and virtue. So it is a good thing for a Church to have a founder, and to be up in his census history, but it is far better for her to understand the great moral currents that flowed through his years, and comprehend the soul-convulsions that lifted his work above the waters into everlasting remembrance. A wise government erects its public buildings to stand for a thousand years. Patiently it chisels them out of granite. The style may grow old and odd, but the walls defy fire and frost. Among building materials Asbury was granite. The prudent banker puts his treasures behind chilled-steel. Asbury was chilled-steel. The belated

stranger searches the heavens for the polar star, and with his eye on that he makes his way in safety. Asbury was the North star, not transcendently brilliant, but clear, steady, and always in the same place. Any stranger or bewildered mariner could safely follow his light. His plans required centuries for their consummation. He seemed like one sowing the desert with acorns to be harvested by another generation. He worked like one seeing the invisible and believing the impossible.

Great men and great events are God's ordained and anointed teachers of the race. Such men stand nearest to the Infinite. They catch the secret of his working. They form a league with events. When they come into the world humanity goes down on her knees to receive them and the message they are sent to deliver. The bulk of history is only biography—writings about lives. We call it history—his-story—the story of the man who caused the things to come to pass.

Francis Asbury grew in the saint-bearing soil of the world, in that social formation where there is too much poverty for idleness, and too much wealth for dishonesty. At the top, (in our way of seeing, God may reverse the order,) indolence begets crime. At the bottom, (or top?) helplessness issues letters of marque and reprisal. Asbury was saved from both extremes. In Staffordshire, near "the foot of Hempstead Bridge," (so says the old chronicle, without pausing to explain where the head of the Bridge could be,) hard by Birmingham, he was born and endowed with English sense. It was on the 20th day of August, 1745. His parents' names were Joseph and Elizabeth; good Bible names, and they were "amiable and respectable" people. Francis accomplished the feats of other English children, and nothing more, if we except two factors that entered into and modified his whole life. One was the death of his only sister, a sweet and most lovable spirit, whose departure left Francis the only child in the family, and turned his sorrowing heart toward heaven. The other was the persistent life of his only teacher, one Arthur Taylor, of Sneal's Green. This creature's cruelty, and not dying, drove young Asbury from his chance for early training. Doubtless this was overruled for good. But that did not rob it of its essential guilt and meanness. Taken from school to prevent his being taken from the world, he shortly after became an inmate of a wealthy family, where he was tested in another

way. The family was fashionable, but not religious. Spiritually, the young believer suffered more from this worldly treatment than he had from Master Taylor's fiendish treatment. It is the old story over again: the captive's pit is safer than the prince's palace.

At the early age of seven he was devoted and sober and thoughtful. But, seven years later, by forming the acquaintance of a pious man, he was set on more careful self-scrutiny. Hearing of the Methodists, he asked his mother who they were and what manner of people they were. She spoke well of them. He went to Wednesbury to hear them "pray without reading, and preach without writing." The Divine Spirit awakened him. Shortly after, while earnestly praying in his father's barn, his soul was filled with joy in believing, and he had the witness of the Spirit to his pardon and adoption. Immediately he began to exercise his gifts in exhortation and preaching. Five years later he joined the Wesleyan Conference. From this hour forward he knew nothing but this one work.

His preaching in England was marked by great success; multitudes thronged to hear the "boy preacher." There was a ruggedness and directness, accompanied with youthful fire, that made all the shire-world wonder. His work grew on his hands, and he grew on the hands of the Conference.

In August of 1771, after about nine years of successful labor, he went up to the British Conference with his heart set on America. It was not a dream. He was no dreamer. It was a call as certain as Abraham's. It was a voice as clear as that of Joan of Arc. If the way opened he would go to America. The way opened in Mr. Wesley's call for volunteers. Asbury offered, was accepted, adjusted his matters, gained the consent of his parents, and in the summer of 1771 he sailed for America.

Ease did not ship with him. Fame did not call him by his given name. Wealth did not beckon to him. In that day America was a wilderness. Methodism was the newest thing in the New World. The few scattered members had no powerful and well-salaried pulpits. He expected "to work hard, fare hard, and be used hard," and he was not disappointed. He heard only the voice of duty. The infant Church furnishes few, if any, better specimens of sacrifice. He that will lose his life shall find it.

The period from his landing in Philadelphia, October, 1771, *till the Christmas Conference of* 1784, forms a long and peculiar chapter in his life. He received his appointments from the Conference with the other preachers. At first *they were changed every three months.* If Methodism were not of God it could not survive its poor treatment. He was now in a new land, built on such a vast scale that its very magnificence was wearisome. The rivers, plains, and mountains of his far-away native land seemed only pocket-models compared with those over whose greatness he was to journey and grow great. He came on a mission, and waited only opportunity to begin his work. He was not seeking a cathedral, nor waiting for a throng. Wherever, in city or wilderness, in church or hamlet, he found room on which to stand, there he had a pulpit; and wherever he found an open ear, there he had an audience. With such a spirit, and with such a gospel, such a man could not be idle. On the evening of the day he landed he attended service in the old St. George's Church, in Philadelphia, and heard a good sermon from Rev. Joseph Pilmoor. The next day he enjoyed the same privilege, intensified by the opportunity to labor personally with inquirers. Immediately he began visiting from house to house, talking and praying with the people. Soon he preached his first sermon, and "felt his mind opened, and his tongue unloosed." On the 6th of November he preached, for this ten-days' visit, his last sermon in Philadelphia. The church in that city felt the inspiration of a master workman.

From Philadelphia he went to Burlington, and preached in the Court-house. Next he preached on Staten Island for a few days. Then he made his first appearance in New York, and, in the old John-street Methodist Episcopal Church, preached his first sermon on Tuesday, November 13, 1771, from the text, "I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Here he met Richard Boardman. Together they cultivated New York and Philadelphia, usually changing every three months. Asbury did not confine his labors to the cities. He traversed all the accessible regions, preaching in Westchester and *other "back settlements."*

Francis Asbury initiated the first regular circuit work in America. I had rather have such a productive idea truthfully mentioned on my tomb than the celebrated epitaph dictated by Thomas Jefferson,

"Thomas Jefferson, the Author of the Declaration of Independence, and the Founder of the University of Virginia." Asbury saw that the preachers preferred the cities, and he resolved to be an itinerant in deed and in truth, and "go where the people wanted [needed] him the most."

While he and Boardman were working in New York he wrote in his Journal: "I remain in New York, though unsatisfied with our being both in town together. I have not yet the thing which I seek, *a circulation of the preachers to avoid partiality and popularity.* However, I am *fixed* to the Methodist plan, and do what I do faithfully as unto God. I expect trouble is at hand. This I expected when I left England, and I am willing to suffer, yea, to die, rather than betray so good a cause by any means. It will be a hard matter to stand against all opposition

> 'As an iron pillar strong,
> And steadfast as a wall of brass,'

but, through Christ strengthening me, I can do all things. My brethren seem unwilling to leave the cities, but I will show them the way. I have nothing to seek but the glory of God; nothing to fear but his displeasure. I have come to this country with an upright intention, and through the grace of God I will make it appear. I am determined that no man shall bias me with soft words and fair speeches; nor will I ever fear the face of man, or know any man after the flesh, if I beg my bread from door to door; but, whomsoever I please or displease, I will be faithful to God, to the people, and to my own soul." This is the germ of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Given this initial impulse, and the conquest of the continent is only a question of time. These words, dictated by the Holy Ghost, no less than those other memorable words, "I count all things but loss,"—nor less than those yet other words, "I come to do thy will, O God,"—these words give us the spirit, the power, the government, and the organization of Methodism in America.

The little city of New York, with twenty-five thousand inhabitants scattered between the Battery and Beekman-street, could not contain a man with such a purpose, impelled by such an inspiration.

Stationed a part of the next year in Philadelphia, he visited Bur-

lington, Wilmington, Greenwich, Trenton, Gloucester, and other points. He was a born itinerant. With the sign in his legs, he must go.

Mr. Wesley created Methodism, and held, by common consent, the directing power. His word was law. On the 10th of October, 1772, Mr. Asbury received a letter from Mr. Wesley appointing him Superintendent of the Societies in America. He bore this responsibility for about two years. He traveled frequently from New York to Baltimore, visiting and preaching from point to point. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Newcastle, Wilmington, Trenton, and Burlington, were the principal centers from which he radiated into the rural districts. There were with him six or seven assistants, with definite appointments.

The chief difficulty in administering upon the interests of the Church was, *then as now*, in the general tendency to laxness of living. Any thing can swim down stream. Only *live* fish can swim up stream. The members chafed under the rule concerning class-meetings, and the preachers dreaded the long circuits. In 1772 Mr. Wesley re-enforced the work in America by sending Thomas Rankin and George Shadford. Some little time after this, in accordance with the custom of Methodism, Mr. Rankin, being older than Mr. Asbury, was appointed Superintendent in America, and during his five-years' stay in the country discharged the duties of the office. Mr. Asbury received his appointments from the Conference with the other preachers.

Mr. Asbury felt thankful to be relieved from the responsibility of caring for the Church, and hoped Mr. Rankin would prove all that the Church needed. After hearing him preach, he thought Mr. Rankin would never be very popular as a preacher, but would be useful as a disciplinarian. The order of Providence and the constitution of their minds separated these men farther than either wished. Both sought the same ends, the establishment of Methodism in America, and the enforcement of the rules of English Methodism, but by different processes. Rankin was English. Asbury was English Americanized. Rankin acted on *asserted* authority. Asbury veiled his authority by persuasion. "He was firm, yet conciliatory; efficient, yet unassuming; decided, yet not dictatorial; strict, yet mild." Thus there grew up an estrangement between them.

In 1774 Mr. Asbury suffered much from poor health, and asked

Mr. Rankin not to send him to the "*low country*." Rankin differed from him in judgment, and suggested that it would be vain for him to try to be stationed in Baltimore. "This," Asbury says, "is somewhat grievous, that he should prevent my going to Baltimore, after being acquainted *with my engagements, and the importunities of my friends there*." I am glad to meet this passage. Physicians often dislike their own prescriptions, yet it is sometimes a good thing for them to swallow them, regardless of preferences. The dictatorship of Rankin closed with his flight from the Colonies, whose cause he could not espouse, but it had instructed Asbury in the secret of power. The superintendency falling again upon him, was handled with the utmost wisdom and discretion.

His time was occupied by the habit of his life, and by the pressure of his work. While the number of the preachers was small and the Conferences few, yet the times were most troubled, and the Church needed both creating and sustaining. His health giving way under the pressure of care and work, he visited the Warm Sulphur Springs in Virginia for rest. That his time might not be wholly lost during this, he adopted the following rule: "To read one hundred pages a day, to pray in public five times a day, to preach in the open air every other day, and to lecture in prayer-meeting every other evening." This was recreation at a watering-place, toned down to suit a worn-out worker! But the strangest thing is to come. He says, "The size of the house in which we live is twenty feet by sixteen, and there are seven beds and sixteen persons, besides some noisy children." With this treatment for the sick, it would be interesting to know what the well did and endured. After five weeks of this "*rest*," he left the Springs disgusted, calling them "the best and worst place I was ever in—good for health, but most injurious for religion."

His relations to the Colonies were embarrassed by his relations to English Methodism. This gave him one of the sorest trials of his entire life. Early in his experiences in America he became convinced that the Methodism of this country could not always be appended to the Methodism of Great Britain. Slowly he worked his way up through the many questions that entangled his path. The spirit of the Colonies rose higher and higher as the years of the war passed by. Every man was scrutinized. And these English preachers, trav-

eling up and down the land, needed to give good account of themselves or suffer the consequences. All the missionaries sent over by Wesley left the country except Asbury. Rankin urged upon him the necessity of their all leaving while they had a chance. Asbury declined. His associates might go if they pleased, but he would stand by the souls who looked to him for care whatever the consequences might be.

He told Mr. Rankin that the Americans would never be satisfied with any thing short of independence, that he felt a *presentiment* that God Almighty designed America to be free and independent, and that a great American Methodist people would be gathered in this country. On this conviction he determined to stand by the Colonies and American Methodism. This view, doing such credit to his statesmanship, maintained with such courage in spite of the desertion of all his countrymen, and in spite of his veneration for Wesley, ought to have made him friends among the Colonists. It is exactly in this line that we recall his personal friendship for Washington, which was cordially returned by that leader. It is told in his utterances on the occasion of Washington's death, "Washington, the calm, intrepid chief, *the disinterested friend*, first father and temporal saviour of his country. . . . I am disposed to lose sight of all but Washington—matchless man!" In spite of these views, so loyal to the Colonies and so honorable to the man, he was misrepresented and misunderstood. Having a horror for war, and feeling daily the embarrassment of the Church and the peril of the cause of Christ, he went quietly about the work of preaching the gospel, never referring to the questions at issue, seeking only to do what he could to save sinners. But he was an Englishman, and those unacquainted with his heart felt sure he must be a Tory. His steps were followed, and his field of usefulness narrowed. He was preaching in Baltimore when he was required to take the oath of allegiance. There were some things in the State oath to which he could not subscribe, and so he conscientiously refused, because it was "preposterously rigid" and "unreasonable." He could then preach no more in Maryland. He retired to Delaware, where a State oath was not required of clergymen. "He could have taken," he says, "with a good conscience, the Delaware oath, had it been required." He retired to an asylum at the residence of Thomas White, Esq., in Delaware. He rested in this family about one month, when

circumstances made it necessary for him to leave for a season. He went forth, not knowing where he should find shelter. He came upon a house of mourning, and acted as minister to comfort the sorrowing; then journeyed on with no objective point, wishing simply to go from, not to. The way was winding, lonely, and depressing. Late at night, weary and sick, he found a shelter. The next day he felt constrained by other events to move on again. He went out into a dark and dismal swamp and remained till night, when a friend took him in and protected him. In this swamp he drank the dregs of his cup, and sank lower in his feelings than ever before. But his motives were pure. He trusted in Providence, and so waited for deliverance. At this point news reached him that Rev. Joseph Hartley had been imprisoned, and that the amiable Freeborn Garrettson had been mobbed and nearly killed. The patriotism of the ignorant was often made to accomplish the purposes of bigots, who could not endure the rebuke of righteousness.

After a month he returned to Judge White's, where he remained till the troubles were passed. He preached about in the neighborhood as he could find opportunity. But Delaware was too small for him, and he was depressed till he was again about his great work. It was not a home, nor a few friends, nor quiet, nor rest he wanted; but he must be about his Master's business, and nothing less than the continent could satisfy him.

Threatened separation of the Church in the South from the Church in the North claimed Mr. Asbury's earliest attention after leaving his retreat. Having become a citizen of Delaware, he went to Baltimore with recommendations from the Governor of Delaware that opened his way to work in Maryland without restraint. It was high time he was in the field. Troubles were rife on all the hard questions of Church polity. The Methodist Church in England had always been regarded as a part of the English Church. They were only Societies in the body of the Church. The Wesleys were clergymen of the English Church, and did not understand that they were actually creating a gigantic Church. This same idea came to the Colonies with Methodism. Methodism, therefore, had no ordained ministers, and no sacraments. The people and preachers went alike to the clergy of the English Church for the sacraments. These men were neither numerous

nor often eminent for piety. The people began to ask, Why cannot our preachers, who teach us, and in whose piety we have confidence, administer the sacraments as well as these wine-drinking, ease-seeking ministers, or as well as the Presbyterian and Baptist ministers?

This unnatural relation could not endure the shock of revolution. In the South, where Methodism found congenial soil, and where native preachers were more abundant, and English influence less marked, the preachers and people became restless. By and by it culminated. The Virginia preachers indicated resistance to the unnatural practice. The Conference of Northern preachers, in 1779, sent a judicious and conciliatory letter to their Southern brethren. It accomplished nothing. At the Conference, held in Virginia a few weeks later, the preachers resolved to proceed with the necessary work upon which they had entered. They appointed a committee of the most respectable and elderly men among them to ordain the preachers. The committee first ordained themselves, and then the other members of the Conference. Then they administered the ordinances among the people.

Soon this reached Asbury and troubled him exceedingly. It was not Methodistic. He forgot that Methodism means always doing the best thing possible to-day. He set himself with all his might to reclaim them. He wrote both arguments and love. But they answered, "The people will not go to the clergy of the Episcopal Church." Just before the session of the Northern Conference, in 1780, Asbury received an encouraging letter from one of the Virginia preachers. This renewed his efforts. The Southern Conference refused to adopt Asbury's plan, which offered union on condition that the dissentients should ordain no more, that they should not presume to administer the ordinances where there was a decent Episcopal minister, and that they would hold with the North a Union Conference. Failing in this, Asbury offered a resolution that a committee be appointed to proceed to the Southern Conference, and to propose the suspension of all proceedings respecting the ordinances for one year. This prevailed. Asbury, William Watters, the oldest native preacher, and the loving and able Freeborn Garrettson, were appointed the committee. In fear they went to Virginia.

The Conference met and asked Asbury to open the case. He read Wesley's "Thoughts against Separation" from the Church, exhibited

his own private instructions from Wesley, and explained the views of the Conferences held at Delaware and at Baltimore. He then preached to the Conference a prudent gospel sermon. The prospect seemed good. But the intermission at noon undid all that had been done. In the afternoon he explained mildly the conditions of union, and left them to act. Shortly a committee from the Conference come to notify him that the Conference could not accept the terms. This decision overwhelmed Asbury and his associates. Methodism must henceforth be divided in America, and the different sections must war upon each other. The picture was too dark. He burst into tears, and the other brethren wept with him. All hope of union and peace was gone. Almost broken-hearted, Asbury went to his room and poured out his soul to God, asking for deliverance. Then he went round to the Conference to take his leave of them. It is impossible to describe his joy on being told, at the Conference door, that the Conference had reversed its decision, and concurred in the plan of union. Who shall say that Asbury's tears and prayers did not prevail? This is evident, that his management of this most difficult case—so prudent, so gentle, so tearful, so firm, so manly—demonstrated his ability. Where such a man sits, there must be the head of the table.

His work for the next four years was riding, preaching, swimming, shivering, holding Conferences, raising money for the Church, as it had been in the past.

The Christmas Conference deserves liberal space. This session of the Conference, in 1784, is, without doubt, the most important meeting of Methodist preachers ever held on this continent. It was the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. The form of government, the constitution, and the character of the Church were fixed by this session. It was no accidental gathering. It was the culmination of years of preparation. The time had fully come. The war of the Revolution had settled the relations between England and the United States. The Churches this side of the Atlantic must be separate from those in England. After mature deliberation Mr. Wesley resolved upon establishing the Methodists of America as a Church distinct from the Episcopal Church of this country, and for this purpose ordained Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey as Elders for the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. He then appointed

Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury joint Superintendents over the Methodists in America, and he ordained Coke as bishop. Coke, Whatcoat, and Vasey arrived in America in the autumn of 1784. They communicated the object of their mission to Mr. Asbury and others. A Conference of all the preachers was called to meet in Baltimore, on Christmas-day, 1784. They met, read Mr. Wesley's letter, adopted his plan of government. But, true to the practice of his life and the instincts of his nature, Mr. Asbury refused to accept the office as Mr. Wesley's appointee. He referred it to the preachers to elect. Thus the office of bishop was to be filled by election. On the motion of John Dickins, the new Church was named the Methodist Episcopal Church. Then Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury were unanimously elected bishops. Mr. Asbury was ordained deacon, December 25, elder, December 26, and consecrated bishop, December 27, and Dr. Coke gave him one parchment covering the three ceremonies. That is the shortest time on record in which any one ever passed from the laity to the episcopacy. This could not have been done had not there been a vast amount of episcopal material in the subject.

It is worthy of note, that *the very first thing done* by the new Church after its organization was to establish a seminary of learning for the education of youth.

The history of Bishop Asbury after the Christmas Conference is a story of long journeys through dangerous forests, many cares, much exposure, frequent distresses, often infirmities, perpetual poverty, and great usefulness. As we recall the varied scenes of his life, enough will appear to fill out this vast outline of character.

St. Paul thought it good for the Church to have a few glances at *the difficulties* that he encountered in his work. So it may encourage our faith to glance over the difficulties met and vanquished by this pioneer bishop. His first and constant difficulty was poverty. Working for $64 a year and traveling expenses could not secure a speedy fortune: yet there were not wanting men who charged him with making a fortune out of his office. An appeal to Mr. Dickins, Book Agent, who audited his accounts, developed a clear account of Asbury's business habits. He took his salary, $64 per year, and made the most of it. Not another cent came to him from any other source. Every thing above this was credited to the Church and accounted for.

He gives us a graphic picture of a ride he took with Bishop M'Kendree, in Georgia. He says, "We are riding in a poor $30 chaise, in partnership, two bishops of us. But it must be confessed it tallies well with the weight of our purses. What bishops! Well, but we have great times. Each Western, Southern, and Virginia Conference will have a thousand souls truly converted to God. And is not this an equivalent for a light purse? Are we not well paid for starving and toil?" In 1804 he says, "The superintendent bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, being reduced to *two dollars*, was obliged to make his wants known." Another window through which we can look for revelations is found in 1806, while he was attending the Western Conference. He says, "The brethren were in want, and could not suit themselves, so I parted with my watch, my cloak, and my shirt." The bishop of five hundred preachers and of one hundred and thirty thousand members selling his watch, cloak, and shirt, to help the preachers that were even poorer than himself! Nothing is impossible under such a leader. The old story of the military commander pouring out a little water rather than drink it when his soldiers were famishing is outdone, and need not seek corroboration.

The untamed character of the country was a constant enemy to his ease. The roads were rough or only bridle paths. He crossed wide districts with no guide but the sun and stars; clambered over mountains with no path but the trail of the savage or the track of wild animals; swam rivers filled with floating ice; slept on the ground in the rain; crowded into the cabins of the settlers; endured all things, and hoped all things. There seems to remain no form of peril or exposure which he did not encounter. In May, 1782, during the two weeks following the Baltimore Conference, Asbury traveled through Maryland and Pennsylvania, a distance of more than two hundred miles, crossing the mountain on foot, and preaching seventeen times in the huts and cabins. We soon became accustomed to see this man ride forty or fifty miles a day, preach once or twice, and swim the rivers in his pathway. Search the records of civilized nations and of barbarians, and you shall find no form of exposure to which you cannot find a duplicate in the life of Asbury.

In 1795 he spent January and February in Charleston, S. C., to

secure the help of a mild climate for his delicate health. But the wickedness of the city shocked him beyond endurance. He says, "I was insulted on the pavement with some as horrible sayings as could come out of the mouth of a creature this side of hell. When I pray in my room with a few poor old women, those who walk the streets will shout at me." If he went to the plantations he encountered sin in other and equally horrid forms. He says, "If a man-of-war be a floating hell, the Southern rice plantations are *standing ones*."

The intensity of these trials was increased by the fact that they had to be borne alone. The membership of the Church was small, and the members were scattered far and wide. They were poor, in little cabins on the border, and scattered along the streams. Asbury was not solicited by wealthy and cultivated Church committees to come to large and opulent congregations. He had no attentive committee to put an elegant home richly furnished in order for his reception. He had no treasurer to take full charge of his bills and see that no worldly care be allowed to disturb his studies and meditation. His work was of a different character. He mounted his horse, and rode forty or fifty miles daily through the mud and rain, swam the streams, often slept on the ground in the rain, went without his food, searching among the cabins for sinners to save, and for room in which to plant the Redeemer's kingdom. Frequently wandering in the wilderness, weary, wet, hungry, he would make his way to some solitary light to be greeted by curses, and to have the dog hissed after him, or receive such a cold greeting that he felt he was not welcome, when he invariably went out, regardless of the rain, or darkness, or hunger, or even the exhaustion of his horse, and sought more hospitable quarters under the shelter of some forest tree. Often when received into the privations of border life he found his greatest need, in his own sharp language, to be "*a brimstone shirt*." It would require volumes to repeat, in the simplest way, his experiences of this character. Not only was he without members on whom to rely, but, of course, he had no places in which to preach except as he created them for the hour. Visiting Yorktown, he writes, "York, lately the seat of war! Here Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the combined armies of America and France. The inhabitants are desolate and careless. I preached to a few women, and then *lodged in the poor-house*." A little later, visiting

Bath Springs, Va., he "preached in the theater, and lodged under the same roof with the play-actors." Not having churches, he transformed the whole land into a vast cathedral, and preached up and down each aisle, and at each pew-door. There is hardly a rock or mountain or brooklet, from New York to the Gulf, between the sea and the summit of the Alleghanies, that did not hear his voice or echo his cry of life.

But even his destitutions and hardships did not shield him from abuse. He could not become too poor to be robbed, nor sink too low to be slandered. To enemies he says, "The Methodists acknowledge no superiority but what is founded on seniority, election, and long and faithful services. For myself, I pity those who cannot distinguish between a pope of Rome and an old worn man of about sixty years, who has *the powers* given him of riding five thousand miles a year at a salary of eighty dollars, through summer's heat and winter's cold; traveling in all weathers; preaching in all places; his best covering from rains often a blanket; the surest sharpener of his wit, hunger, from fasts voluntary and involuntary; his best fare for six months in the year, coarse kindness; and his reward from too many, suspicion, murmurings, and envy all the year round."

Prejudice and bigotry and ignorance combined to load him down with difficulties and disabilities. Once in Kent County, Maryland, an officious Episcopal preacher demanded by what authority he preached, ordered him to desist, and threatened to proceed against him according to law. Asbury disregarded him and his assumptions. Somewhat discomfited the preacher said, "You will create a schism." Asbury replied, "Do not horse-races hinder the people?" He insolently asked, "What is your work?" "To turn sinners to God," said Asbury. The parson laughed and said, "You are a fine fellow, indeed." Soon he got angry. But Asbury went calmly on, as he was wont to do, meeting all manner of abuse from saints and sinners, ordained and unordained. These human wolves were soon forgotten amid the howling of forest and wilderness wolves.

Outside perils proved no mean tests of courage. Do you doubt it? Go with him to yonder Dismal Swamp, in South Carolina. He was "every-where surrounded with a wide sweep of waters and deep morasses." Yet how jollily he takes it for such a grim and resolute soul. He says, "Three miles on the water and three more on roads

under water made our *jaunt unpleasant.*" Overtaken by a terrific storm in the mountains, he says, "*We were spoken to* on our way by most awful thunder and lightning, accompanied by heavy rain." Once traveling all day in a chilly rain, while suffering with a blinding headache and fever, he crossed the Wautawga, swimming his horse behind a canoe, and was overtaken in the mountains by night. He says, "I was ready to faint. The mountain was steep on both sides. I prayed to the Lord for help. Presently a profuse sweat broke out upon me, and my fever entirely subsided." When every thing else failed he prayed things through. In a few days we find him again crossing the Alleghanies "at a bad passage." He writes, "We came to an old, forsaken habitation in Tygart's Valley, where our horses browsed and we cooked our lunch. Midnight brought us to J.'s. The old man awoke us at four next morning. We journeyed on through devious, lonely wilds, where no food might be found except what grew in the woods or was carried with us. Near midnight we stopped at A.'s, who hissed his dogs at us. So we journeyed on. . . That night our poor horses got no corn, and next morning they had to swim across the Monongahela. Man and beast were so outdone that it took ten hours to accomplish the next twenty miles." Once in crossing the Catawba, at Howe's Ford, he came near losing his life. He entered the river at the wrong place, and was soon among the rocks and whirlpools. His head swam, and his horse was affrighted. In the good order of Providence he was delivered from that bear into the lion's mouth—darkness. Night came. It rained. He lost his way. Wandered till past midnight. Found a house; called. The settler answered, asking, "Who is there?" Asbury replied, "It is raining too powerfully for talk." The door opened, and "dear old Father Harper" cried out in astonishment, "*God bless your soul! Is it Brother Asbury? Wife, get up.*" This experience is varied only by greater emphasis. Hear him say, "My dear M'Kendree had to lift me up and down from my horse like a helpless child." Still he went on. No wonder that he was often compelled to sit while preaching. I only wonder that he did not preach habitually in his coffin. See him hurrying through the wilds of Kentucky, three hundred miles over mountains and through vast stretches of unbroken reeds, threatened and harassed by hostile savages, protected only by ten men, and making the entire

journey in six days. The strangeness of the scene, the danger to himself and company, and the disordered condition of his health, all conspired to rob him of his sleep. Between care and picket-duty he slept less than one hour in twenty-four. This soon brought on delirium. Surely such work was a full measure of his endurance. The record of his journeys demonstrates that even such fatigue and disease could not long hinder him. From January, 1785, to January, 1790, he made twenty visits to Virginia, ten to North Carolina, seven to South Carolina, nineteen to Maryland, seven to Pennsylvania, ten to New Jersey, seven to Delaware, five to New York, and two to Georgia.

He gives us a glance at one year's work, 1791. Traveled a circuit embracing thirteen States, over which were scattered two hundred and fifty preachers and sixty-three thousand members; attended seventeen Conferences, and superintended the complicated and multiplied interests of the Church; traveled from thirty to fifty miles every day; preached from one to five times a day; talked and prayed in every house at which he called; examined, received, stationed, and changed the preachers; provided means for sustaining a college in Maryland, and for founding schools in other places. Having his years filled in this manner is what enabled him to say, in 1814: "I have crossed the Alleghanies more than sixty times." This gives the grand aggregate of his travel at more than three hundred thousand miles. Add now the preaching of twenty-five thousand sermons, and the writing of fifty thousand letters, and you crowd his life with such plans and work that all this travel is *an unnoticed incident.* As the standing of the orator during the delivery of a great oration is lost to his consciousness in the mighty work of his brain, so all this wide traveling and sacrifice and exposure were unheeded in the care of all the Churches that came upon him daily. It must also be remembered that these journeys were not made in a palace car, but on horseback and on foot, through mud and rain, over trackless mountains and fordless rivers. He walked, wandered, waded, swam, browsed, starved, dripped, shivered, and died daily. It must also be remembered that these journeys were not inspired by love of money, or of ease, or of pleasure, or by ambition; but were *endured* in the hope of saving sinners and establishing the kingdom of Christ. Seen from this stand-point *Asbury takes his place by the side of Paul.*

The creative part of his work makes a most remarkable element in

his character. Watching is shared by the cat; traveling by birds of passage; expressing ideas by all animate nature; going through routine, by all instinct; but *creating* distinguishes from the animal, exalts among the human, and allies to the divine. *Asbury created American Methodism.* He did not sit down and *think it out* at once, evolve it from his internal consciousness, as the German philosopher did the camel. But he fashioned the living materials, and caused them to grow into shape under his hand.

He began at the beginning, and went through in the order of growth. Almost every distinctive feature can be traced to him. To him we are indebted for the initiation in America of the circuit system. It grew out of the necessities of calling an unsaved and scattered people, and was framed into law by this great statesman. He actualized the itinerancy in this country. From the same organizing brain we received the first copy of our Discipline, in 1785. He gave shape and character to the Christmas Conference, making the Bishops elective, the superintendency general, and the Conference supreme. Five years before the Christmas Conference he prepared a subscription for a Methodist school, and to him belongs the honor of instituting district denominational schools, perpetuated in Conference Seminaries.

We trace the Methodist Book Concern, from its present palatial quarters on Broadway, New York, and Fourth-street, Cincinnati, back to Mulberry-street, Crosby-street, Chatham-square, back to John-street in 1804, to Philadelphia, then up into Asbury's brain. It is worthy of mention, that in his earliest reference to this great enterprise, as early as 1787, the first object specified by him as the recipient of the profits was "the college." Methodist missions were born of his zeal. "The Chartered Fund" came from his foresight. The Preachers' Fund was first known as "The Asbury Mite Fund." There is hardly a benevolence in the Church which he did not create and fashion. It is honor enough for him, or for any man, to have brought forth these great productive, self-projecting ideas. Above all, be it forever remembered, HE WAS THE FIRST MAN ON THE CONTINENT TO INTRODUCE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

In 1786, five years before any one else moved in the matter, he organized a Sabbath-school in Hanover County, Virginia, in the house of Thomas Crenshaw.

He devoted much time and thought to "the schools for charity boys" in Georgia. He seems to have been created with special gifts for creating and preparing great enterprises. Study the great societies of Methodism, Educational, Missionary, Bible, Preachers' Relief, Tract and Sunday-School Societies, and Camp-meetings, borrowed from the Presbyterians, but adopted and adapted to our uses; also the Delegated General Conference, with the Restrictive Rules, the Charter of the Church, harmonizing all the peculiarities of the denomination; moreover, Methodism itself, in all its history and developments; study all these, and you have demonstration of greatness in Asbury rarely given to mortals. Surely we have found one of God's great workers.

The progress of such a man in his work is marked by a trail of light. When he enters a State or city a light above the brightness of the noon-day sun shines into and in it. The first years of his ministry in this country were devoted to the coast between New York city and Charleston. Attacking this continent of sin, he opened fire all along the Atlantic coast. With his cause well intrenched he pushed forward *toward* the interior. In 1781 he pushed up the south branch of the Potomac to the foot of the Alleghany Mountains. And not until 1786 was he permitted to stand on the summit of the Alleghanies and look down upon the site of the nation of the future. In 1788, from the Baltimore Conference, he went out through the Western counties of North Carolina, and shoved on up into the mountains. He crossed three ranges which, on account of their ruggedness, he called steel, stone, and iron. This journey tried the temper of the man. He was overtaken and almost overwhelmed in one of the dark valleys with a terrific thunder storm. Late at night he reached the solitary cabin of a settler. The next night also found him in the mountains. By a helpful Providence at a late hour he found another shelter. On the third day, from the summit of the third range, he looked down into the valley of the Holston river. After many hours of hard riding he reached the river and crossed over to his destination. This was his first entrance into Tennessee. Two years earlier he had sent two preachers into this wild region, and that took him into this wilderness. He must go anywhere he would send his preachers. In 1790 he made a most perilous journey over the mountains, through the wilderness,

and got his first sight of Kentucky. In 1791 he first visited New England. Jesse Lee had been two years spreading terror among the hosts of sin, and awakening hope in the bosoms of sinners. This was one of his most memorable journeys. The advanced state of civilization, attested by the neat houses and frequent school-houses and churches, contrasted sharply with the wilderness and cabins with which he was familiar in most of his journeys. This was not the only contrast. The coldness and assumption of the people made him wish for the heartiness and candor of his border friends. Among other places he visited New Haven, and got a view of the college and of their hospitality. He preached. He says "every thing was quiet." He had one Stiles, incumbent of the college presidency at that time, and some collegians and a few students to hear his sermon. When he had finished no man spoke to him. He visited the college chapel at the hour of prayer, wishing to look through the building, but no one invited him. He says: "Should Cokesbury ever furnish the opportunity, I, in my turn, will requite their behavior by treating them as friends, brethren, and gentlemen." It is strange how things come round. It may not be impossible that this name of Stiles, like that of Malchus, in the New Testament, will find its immortality by being mentioned by this apostle, to whom he would not speak. Asbury left New Haven without finding a place therein in which to eat or sleep. He also visited Middletown, and preached to a large and attentive audience in the Congregational Church. But no one invited him home. Should he walk through the streets of Middletown to-day the very pavements would sink beneath his feet, like the waves of the sea, and unnumbered multitudes, accepting his faith, would pronounce him blessed.

On this same journey he also visited Boston. There was no Methodist Church there, and he had an appointment to preach in Dr. Murray's church, where he found twenty hearers in a very large room. Preached again the next night, and, *by preaching very loud, drummed up a larger congregation*. He admired their public buildings more than their hospitality; no man invited him home. In 1794 he entered Vermont for the first time, and in 1798 he entered Maine. This consecrated to Methodism and righteousness all the United States and Territories.

Asbury was permitted to see the cause he so dearly cherished, and the Church he so bravely and widely extended over these vast regions, prosper even beyond his fondest hope. When he came to America there were six hundred members and seven preachers. Before he left it for heaven there were two hundred thousand members and seven hundred preachers. Surely this was good seed, well planted, well watered, and divinely multiplied.

Asbury's administration needs no vindication. American Methodism created, molded, vitalized, is sufficient. He had all the elements necessary to a great executive. He seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of men. He read them like an open page. He carried scales into which he put all his colaborers, and marked them with their gross and net weight. It is remarkable how many very good-sized men are nearly all packages. This gift of a well-poised and quick judgment was of incalculable value to a bishop whose work must be left in the care of men with whom his acquaintance must often be very limited. Distant fields, filled with undeveloped difficulties, could not be successfully handled by chance experimenting. Men must be sent who would secure success on the first attempt, who would jump ashore at one jump. Asbury's gift in penetrating the fiber of men's minds and character often made him seem severe, but it saved the struggling cause from many rebuffs.

In one of the Western Conferences, after a sweeping revival, two young men of note, one of them the son of a distinguished, learned teacher, the other the son of a distinguished and wealthy general, were presented with recommendations to the traveling connection. The Conference discussed them, with the evident conviction that they were doing a great business and making Methodism respectable. By and by Asbury, after studying the candidates carefully, broke his long silence, saying, "Yes, yes, in all probability they both will disgrace you and themselves before the year is out." In nine months both were out of the Church. This insight is the gift of all commanders who are compelled to intrust their interests in critical moments to the care of others. Once in an inn in Virginia he was interrupted by the coming of a company of young men, returning from a duel. He soon saw they were cultivated men, and he understood their business. In the free conversation in which he engaged with them, he gave them a

parable of a wounded buck, which presented the enormity of their crime, and caused them all simultaneously to arise and take their carriage and drive where their secret was unknown.

His knowledge of men rested upon his close observation, and this extended to every department of life. Perhaps no man was ever more familiar with the Atlantic States than Bishop Asbury. His estimates of the value and character of different sections were pre-statements of history. Of New Hampshire, he says, "The soil, though barren, exhibits in the abundant productions of grass, oats, barley, rye, and potatoes what the arm of labor and the habits of economy and industry will do. Out of doors there is a well-kept stock of cattle, sheep, and hogs; in-doors you see plenty of cheese, butter, milk, and of fish from the mill-ponds, which are wonderfully frequent, producing the finest trout and pike. The people are the pictures of health." Of the women, he said, "The simplicity and frugality of New England is desirable. You see the woman a mother, mistress, maid, and wife, and in all these characters a conversable woman. She sees to her own house, parlor, kitchen, and dairy. Here are no noisy negroes running and lounging. If you wish breakfast at six or seven o'clock there is no setting the table an hour before the provisions can be produced." These peculiarities of thrift must have struck him with great force in contrast with large portions of the South. He also notes the things that seem offensive in Yankee character. He was greatly amused with a "congregation that sold their priest to another congregation in Boston for $1,000, and hired out the money at the unlawful interest of twenty-five or thirty per cent. How will it do to tell the South that priests are among the notions of Yankee traffic?"

The work of stationing the preachers never ceased to be a great care on his mind. The later years of his administration there were five hundred and upward. These he had to comprehend and adjust to the work. Success vindicated his judgment.

His life as bishop was one of constant watchfulness. He was seldom, if ever, without new enterprises which he was pushing for the advancement of the Church. Begging money for the schools and for the benevolent causes, he seemed a living embodiment of tenderness and strength and wisdom.

In the spring of 1814 Bishop Asbury's health, long precarious, be-

gan rapidly to decline. His constitution gave way. In reviewing his life at that date he says, "I look back on a martyr's life of toil and privation and pain, and I am ready for a martyr's death. The purity of my intentions, my diligence in the labors to which God has been pleased to call me, the unknown sufferings I have endured, what are all these? The merit and atonement and righteousness of Christ alone make my plea."

In feebleness and pain he made his way to Cincinnati to meet the Ohio Conference. But he was too feeble to preside. Thence he went to the Tennessee Conference, held in Logan County, Ky. Thence toward Milledgeville, Ga., to meet the South Carolina Conference. He preached as he went, sitting in his wagon, often interrupted by seasons of coughing and hemorrhage. Thence to Albany, N. Y., in May, 1815. Thence to New Hampshire, to meet the New England Conference. Health declining, he abandoned his long journey through New England, and returned to Philadelphia. He spent some time in New York correcting his Journal, saying, "If truth and I have been wronged, we have both witnessed our day of triumph." From New York he journeyed on to meet the Ohio Conference, at Lebanon. Here he had a long talk with Bishop M'Kendree. Next he went to the Tennessee Conference, where for the first time he relinquished the business of stationing the preachers. He notes, in spite of feeble health, "My mind enjoys great peace and divine consolation." Thence he turned South, traveling and preaching. One day he traveled forty miles, but said of it, "This will not do; I must halt or order my *grave*." He reached South Carolina on the first of December, and was attacked by influenza about three weeks later. Consumption pushed the assault against his strength. Asbury turned toward Baltimore to meet the General Conference in May, 1816. *He reached Richmond, March* 24, *where he preached his last sermon.* He was carried from the carriage to the church, and placed on a table. Sitting as easily as he could, he preached nearly an hour. He resumed his journey toward Baltimore. When he reached the house of his old friend, George Arnold, about twenty miles south of Fredericksburgh, in Virginia, he was not able to proceed. He was taken from his carriage on Friday, March 29, for the last time, and on Sunday morning, March 31, during the hour of family worship, he was very calm and

peaceful. Shortly after the service, as he was sitting in his chair, his head resting on the hand of his beloved attendant, Rev. J. W. Bond, he fell asleep in Jesus. It was a quiet stepping from one world into another. Nothing could be more peaceful. This aged apostle, who had no home but in the bosom of the Church, did not lack a home in which to die, and the last words that fell on his ears as he went up from earth to God were the words of family worship. Though he had no children, except in the gospel, yet he was permitted to be cared for by most tender affection. The change from the love of holy men on earth to the love of holy angels in heaven was so slight that the ascending and adoring soul felt, perhaps, no shock of inexperienced joys.

He was buried in Mr. Arnold's family burying-ground. But the General Conference, meeting in a few weeks, ordered his body placed beneath the pulpit of the Eutaw-street Church. His body belonged to the General Conference. His reinterment was a most solemn and imposing event. Bishop M'Kendree led the procession, followed by the members of the General Conference, and the vast concourse of weeping people. M'Kendree pronounced the oration. Over the vault is inscribed the following epitaph:

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

REV. FRANCIS ASBURY,

BISHOP OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

HE WAS BORN IN ENGLAND, AUG. 20, 1745;
ENTERED THE MINISTRY AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN;
CAME A MISSIONARY TO AMERICA 1771;
WAS ORDAINED BISHOP IN THIS CITY DEC. 27, 1784;
ANNUALLY VISITED THE CONFERENCES IN THE UNITED STATES;
WITH MUCH ZEAL CONTINUED TO "PREACH THE WORD"

FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY;

AND

LITERALLY ENDED HIS LABORS WITH HIS LIFE,

NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA,
IN THE FULL TRIUMPH OF FAITH, ON THE 31ST OF MARCH, 1816,
AGED 70 YEARS, 7 MONTHS, AND 11 DAYS.

HIS REMAINS WERE DEPOSITED IN THIS VAULT MAY 10, 1816,
BY THE GENERAL CONFERENCE THEN SITTING IN THIS CITY.

HIS JOURNALS WILL EXHIBIT TO POSTERITY HIS LABORS,
HIS DIFFICULTIES, HIS SUFFERINGS,
HIS PATIENCE, HIS PERSEVERANCE, HIS LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

The *character* of this great man is not so difficult to analyze as it is to present and impress. It is like a sphere, largest seen from every stand-point. The three points through which his greatest circle is described are common sense, conscience, and industry. These, about equally mixed in friendly proportions, kept him remarkably free from mistakes, from sins, and from waste. Nothing left his hand too quick, or stuck to it too long. He tied up all the veins and arteries, so that no enterprise bled to death. Many men pour life enough into their undertakings to make them omnipotent, but they allow them to die for want of healing care. They waste all in the fragments. Not so with Asbury. He so organized his force that it kept itself and helped him. All his habits were close and sharp. It is interesting to note that in 1765, the year Mr. Asbury was admitted to Conference, to the question about endeavoring not to speak too long or too loud, was added "*not lolling with your elbows.*" Nothing slovenly was to pass into Conference. His sense always discovered the fitness of things, and made the most of circumstances. He preached to a regiment of soldiers just starting for the front, from the words: "And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages." Luke iii, 14. It was a practical sermon about the evils of war, and how to remedy them. At the close of the sermon the regiment filed by him. As the commander approached, the bishop placed his hands on his head and prayed for him, and so with each officer, and he shook hands with every soldier. All were bathed in tears. It seemed like the benediction of a father, and the blessing of a saint.

The supremacy of his conscience was manifest in his turning to the work of the ministry regardless of the criticisms of others concerning his parents. In a letter to his mother he writes, "As for me, I know what I am called to; it is to give up all. . . . Let others condemn me as being without natural affection, stubborn, disobedient to parents, or what they will. It does not alter the case. It is a small matter to be judged of man." His elevation to the episcopate did not inflate him. He was oppressed with its responsibility, "was not high-minded, but feared." He sought to place himself in the position of his brethren, and treat them as he would be treated. To gain that grace which was

"pure, peaceable," "without partiality," he spent many a midnight hour in agonizing prayer. This spirit made him so successful in harmonizing difficulties in the Church, and in smoothing the rough places for the trembling feet of his brethren. He wrote to O'Kelly, a popular and powerful presiding elder who was jealous of Asbury, and seeking to divide the Church, saying, "I will take my seat in counsel as another member, and in that point, at least, waive the claims of episcopacy; yea, I will lie down and be trodden upon rather than injure one soul." He says of his distribution of time, "I am impartial. . . . I know no Maryland or Delaware *after the flesh*, more than Kentucky, Cumberland, Georgia, or the Carolinas. . . . It is our duty to make particular appointments for some important charges." When he entered a house, every occupant received his attention. He instructed the slaves and the master, the poorest and the richest, in the same gospel. On one occasion he says, "I was happy last evening with the poor slaves in Brother Well's kitchen, while our *white brothers* held a sacramental service in the front parlor up stairs." Some artist will yet make himself immortal by presenting this scene.

His benevolence to his aged parents, and his devotion to the interests of the Church, manifested their power in his perpetual celibacy. He puts the case very adroitly: "If I should die in celibacy, which I think quite probable, I give the following reasons for what can scarcely be called my choice: I was called to preach in my fourteenth year; I began my public exercises between sixteen and seventeen; at twenty-one I entered the traveling connection; at twenty-six I came to America. Thus far I had reasons enough for a single life. It had been my intention to return to Europe, but the war continued, and it was ten years before we had settled, lasting peace. This was no time to marry or be given in marriage. At forty-nine I was ordained superintendent or bishop in America. Among the duties imposed upon me by my office was that of traveling extensively, and I could hardly expect to find a woman with grace enough to enable her to live but one week out of the fifty-two with her husband; besides, what right has any man to take advantage of the affections of a woman, make her his wife, and by voluntary absence subvert the whole order and economy of the marriage state, by separating those whom neither God, nature, nor the requirements of civil society permit long to be put asunder? It

is neither just nor generous. I may add to this, that I had but little money, and with this little I administered to the necessities of a beloved mother till I was fifty-seven. If I have done wrong, I hope God and the sex will forgive me. It is my duty now to bestow the pittance I have to spare upon the widows and fatherless girls and poor married men." This is the grimmest passage in Asbury's writings. If it were not for his solemn character and advanced bachelorhood, I should call this his model joke. It has not the ring of earnestness. His devotion to the Church and lack of time and lack of money doubtless were the determining elements in this problem. *Filial love*, so strong in his heart, was also involved. He cared for his parents most tenderly. He writes his father, saying, "I last evening made arrangements for a remittance to you; . . . my salary is sixty-four dollars; I have sold my watch and library, and will sell my shirts before you should want. . . . Your son Francis is a man of honor and conscience. As my father and mother never disgraced me by an act of dishonesty, I hope to echo back the same sound of an upright man. I am well satisfied that the Lord saw fit that you should be my parents rather than the king and queen, or any of the great." In 1798 he received the sad news of his father's death, and writes, "I now feel myself an orphan." In 1802 Asbury received the intelligence of the death of his mother, and writes of her, "She was of a masculine understanding. Nevertheless, 'so kindly were all the elements mixed in her,' that her strong and quick mind felt the subduing influence of Christian sympathy. . . . As a woman, she was modest, blameless; as a mother, ardently affectionate; as a friend, generous, true, and constant." Once, in a letter to his mother, he said of his work and himself, "Hard wear and hard fare; but I am healthy and lean, gray-headed and dim-sighted." Once he wrote her, "I lay by in Virginia; when you hear that name you will love it unseen, for you will say, 'That is where my Frankie was sick.'" Thus he kept them up in his changes. And his love for them satisfied him like a child.

There was a deep current of sympathy running through his nature. It did not break over its banks, but it was deep, strong, and perpetual. He seldom wept. But a few times tears defied his control. On one occasion, calling on the sister of one of the preachers, he found her

weeping for her absent brother. Immediately he thought of his own mother, waiting in loneliness, thinking of her far-away son, and he burst into tears. His sympathy usually took a practical turn, as when at the Western Conference he gave his watch, cloak, and shirt, to the poorer preachers.

It would be inexcusable to omit particular reference to Asbury's scholarship. He was not trained in the schools, but it is a mistake to think of him as an untrained or ignorant man. He had extended practical experience. He was pre-eminently a man of affairs. We see him most of the time in this field, and, therefore, come naturally to think of him as a business man. But he is a scholar. He bears favorable comparison with most of the college graduates of his day in the mere matter of book-learning. He was a thorough scholar in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He read the Scriptures in their original languages habitually, and with great ease. It is difficult to see how he mastered them. His education was very limited when he was called to the ministry at the age of fourteen. His life was crowded with active duties. He soon had the care of a continent on his heart and hands, yet he did achieve high and close scholarship. Besides his knowledge of the dead languages, he was acquainted with several branches of polite literature. He was also always fully up with the history of his times. More than this, his literary labors far exceeded the labors of the majority of college men. His Journals required more time and thought for their preparation than is required for mastering a college course of study. They are rough in many places, but they are often elegant, and always strong. It is not necessary to make allowance for the disadvantages under which they were prepared. They were written "in log-cabins, crowded with talkative women, noisy children, and barking dogs; with cold fingers, frozen ink, impracticable pens, and rumpled paper; and suffering from headache, toothache, chills, fever, sore throat, and every other form of ill that flesh is heir to." Room may be taken for a few sentences. After his experience in New Haven, he writes, "New Haven! thou seat of science and of sin! Can thy dry bones live? O Lord, thou knowest." He describes one place in the South, saying, "They had more gold than grace;" another, "They had neither dollars nor discipline, being sadly deficient in both." "Boston is famous for poor religion and bad water." One community he dis-

tinguished for "talking about religion and stealing horses." There is a directness and strength about his writing that will bear examination.

The secret of his scholarship is found in his method. He obeyed this rule when not traveling: "Rise at four o'clock every morning, spend two hours in prayer and meditation, two hours in reading and study, and one in recreation and conversation." Ten hours out of sixteen were spent in reading the Hebrew Bible and other books. He retired to his room at eight o'clock when not in meeting, and spent an hour in prayer, then retired. This made him a scholar. We are not surprised to strike rich veins of poetry in the quartz of this rugged mind. It is natural for him to say of the Ohio on one occasion, "The great river was covered with a mist until nine o'clock, when the airy curtain rose slowly from the waters, gliding along in expanded and silent majesty."

There is no low grade of culture or shallow stream of sentiment in these words concerning one session of the New York Conference, and his return to the country: "It would require a volume to tell the restless tossings I have had, the difficulties and anxieties I have felt about the preachers and people here and elsewhere, alternate joy and sorrow; but I am done, I am gone! New York, once more farewell!" Reaching the country, he says, "How sweet to me are all the calm scenes of life which now surround me on every side! The quiet country houses, the fields and orchards bearing the promise of a fruitful year, the flocks and herds, the hills and vales and dewy meads, the gliding streams and murmuring brooks, and thou, too, Solitude, with thy attendants, Silence and Meditation, how dost thou solace my pensive mind after the tempest of fear and care and tumult and talk of the noisy, bustling city."

In reviewing such a life as this one cannot avoid the conviction that Francis Asbury was the human instrument for the creation of the Methodist episcopacy. It was a great work, and required a transcendent character. The assumptions necessary to originate and sanctify the prerogatives of the episcopacy were possible only in the presence of the actual kingship in labor and in sacrifice. When Asbury's peers saw him preaching, exhorting, praying, riding, sacrificing—more than all others—they naturally accepted his leadership. Being servant of all he came to be greatest of all. After a hundred

years of experience it remains true that greatness in the offices of the Church consists in the greatness of the service. The forces that created the Methodist episcopacy can perpetuate it. While an Asbury sits on the bench it will be revered by the Church.

This great apostle of American Methodism, this pioneer bishop of an endless circuit and continental diocese, is a worthy man to be the founder of a great Church, whether we measure him by the girth of his intellect, the clarity of his vision, the wisdom of his statesmanship, the variety and magnitude of his plans, the success of his enterprises, the productiveness of his brain, the accumulation of his study, the depths of his philosophy, the vigorous beauty of his imagination, the practicality of his sense, the certainty of his judgment, the elevation of his morals, the purity of his religion, the poise of his piety, the heroism of his sacrifices, the freshness of his sympathies, the warmth of his affection, the endurance of his purposes, the power of his faith, the dominance of his conscience, the regularity of his benevolence, the ubiquity of his vigilance, the tirelessness of his industry, or the creations of his genius. Measured by what he did, Francis Asbury is without a peer in the religious annals of America.

Richard Whatcoat.

BY REV. LUKE H. WISEMAN, A.M.

THE name of Richard Whatcoat is one which must ever occupy a prominent place in the annals of Methodism. He was one of the missionaries appointed by Wesley, and was elected one of the superintendents at the General Conference held May, 1800. He was the first member of the episcopate who exchanged mortality for life. With the exception of a brief autobiography, drawn up in the sixty-eighth year of his age, comparatively few memorials are left of this holy man. He kept no journal, and but few of his letters have been preserved; but his memory is precious, as that of one who "walked with God."

He was born February 23, 1736, in the Parish of Quinton, in the County of Gloucester, England.

His parents were members of the Established Church; his father died while comparatively young, leaving a widow and five children.

They enjoyed what was rare in those days, the ministry of a converted and evangelical clergyman, who, besides preaching twice on the Lord's day, frequently held meetings in his parsonage house and other places. "I believe," he writes, "my mother walked in the form and enjoyed the power of godliness more than thirty years, and died in the triumph of faith in the year 1771. The children were all brought under a wonderful work of grace about the same time of life, beginning with the eldest and so down to the youngest." At the age of thirteen Richard was apprenticed to Mr. Joseph Jones, of Birmingham, who shortly afterward removed to the neighboring town of Darlaston, in which vicinity both John and Charles Wesley were assailed by furious mobs, and were more than once in imminent danger of their lives. During the eight years of his apprenticeship "I was never heard," he relates, "to swear a vain oath, nor was ever given to lying, gaming, drunkenness, or any other presumptuous sin, but was commended for my honesty and sobriety, and from my childhood I had, at times, serious thoughts on death and eternity."

Removing at the age of twenty-one to the neighboring town of Wednesbury, he was placed in a family "where nothing was wanting but the fear of God," and where he found himself "in continual danger of losing the little religion he had." From this abode of worldly plenty and spiritual apathy he soon removed; "A kind providence directed me to a family that feared God and wrought righteousness." With them he attended the services of the Methodists, and after five months "the word was made light and power" to his soul.

"When the preacher was describing the fall of man, I think he spoke as if he had known every thing that was in my heart. When he described the nature and fruits of faith, I was conscious I had it not; and though I believed all the Scripture to be of God, yet I had not the marks of a Christian believer, and I was convinced that if I died in the state wherein I then was, I should be miserable forever. Yet I could not conceive how I, who had lived so sober a life, could be the chief of sinners. But this was not long; for I no sooner discovered the spirituality of the law, and the enmity that was in my heart against God, than I could heartily agree to it. The thoughts of death and judgment now struck me with terrible fear. I had a keen apprehension of the wrath of God, and of the fiery indignation due to sinners; so that I could have wished myself to be annihilated, or to be the vilest creature, if I could but escape judgment.

"In this state I was when one told me, 'I know God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven all my sins, and his Spirit witnesseth with my spirit that I am a child of God.' This gave me a good deal of encouragement, and I determined never to rest until I had a testimony in myself that my sins also were forgiven. But in the meantime, such was the darkness I was in, such my consciousness of guilt and the just displeasure of almighty God, that I could find no rest day nor night either for soul or body; so that life was a burden, and I became regardless of all things under the sun. Now all my virtues, which I had some reliance on once, appeared as filthy, and many discouraging thoughts were put into my soul; as, 'Many are called, but few chosen;' 'Hath not the potter power over the clay?' from which it was suggested to me that I was made to dishonor, and so must inevitably perish."

After some months of this spiritual anguish, light broke in suddenly upon him. The story is best continued in his own words:

"On September 3, 1758, being overwhelmed with guilt and fear, as I was reading it was as if one whispered to me, 'Thou hadst better read no more; for the more thou readest, the more thou wilt know; and he that knoweth his Lord's will and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes.' I paused a little, and then resolved, 'Let the consequence be what it may, I will proceed.' When I came to those words, 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God;' as I fixed my eyes upon them, in a moment my darkness was removed, and the Spirit did bear witness with my spirit, that I was a child of God.

"In the same instant I was filled with unspeakable peace and joy in believing; and all fear of death, judgment, and hell suddenly vanished away. Before this I was kept awake by anguish and fear, so that I could not get an hour's sound sleep in a night. Now I wanted not sleep, being abundantly refreshed by contemplating the rich display of God's mercy in adopting so unworthy a creature as I was to be an heir of the kingdom of heaven."

The way by which this sincere and conscientious young man was conducted to spiritual light and peace, was the way by which most of Wesley's preachers were led. Weeks and months of distress were succeeded by the joy of pardon, coming suddenly as a flash of lightning, but not as suddenly disappearing. Yet the young believer soon entered again into doubt and perplexity. "This joy and peace continued about three weeks; after which it was suggested to me, 'Hast thou not deceived thyself?' This threw me into great heaviness, but it did not continue long; for as I gave myself unto prayer, and to reading and hearing the word of God at all opportunities, my evidence became clearer and clearer, my faith and love stronger and stronger." Still he saw that he was "not wholly sanctified." Evils still appeared in his heart, which hindered him in holy exercises, and he could have no peace till they were rooted out. He studied the promises of sanctification; he saw "it was the gift of God, and consequently to be received by mere faith;" and at length the joyful hour arrived. "After many sharp and painful conflicts, and many gracious visitations, on March 28, 1761, my spirit was drawn out and engaged in wrestling with God for about two hours, in a manner I never did before. Suddenly I was stripped of all but love. I was all love, and

prayer, and praise; and in this happy state, rejoicing evermore, and in every thing giving thanks, I continued for some years, wanting nothing for soul or body more than I received from day to day."

During these years Mr. Whatcoat continued in business in Wednesbury, and served the Church as band-leader, as class-leader, and as steward.

In 1766 business took him to London, where he was laid prostrate for six months with fever. Returning to Wednesbury, he "began to hold religious meetings in the country places adjacent, and exhort and preach to the people," in which work he found such encouragement that he resolved to give himself wholly to the work of the ministry. "Therefore," he writes, "about July, 1769, I informed Mr. John Pawson, the assistant preacher, of my intention to join the traveling connection, if he and the Conference thought proper." It may be inferred that Whatcoat was now a widower; for five years later the name of Charles Whatcoat appears among the boys admitted to Wesley's school for the sons of the preachers at Kingswood.*

In those days the tedious system of examinations now prescribed to candidates by the English Conference did not exist.

Mr. Pawson went to Leeds to attend the Conference, and "from Leeds he wrote to let me know that he had proposed me at the Conference, and that I was accepted as a probationer, and stationed on Oxfordshire Circuit." To his appointed station he accordingly went. The brevity of his record is instructive, and characteristic of old Methodist times. "Having settled my temporal affairs with all the expedition I could, I went into the circuit, where I traveled until about Christmas."

Mr. Whatcoat was not a novice when he received from his brethren the call to devote himself to the work of the ministry. He was thirty-three years of age; and a course of years spent in various departments of church service had prepared him, more fully than most, for the duties to which he was henceforth to be devoted.

His reception in the circuit encouraged him. "I was received," he relates, "far better than I expected, and I found that affection for the people which never since wore off." His circuit embraced the entire county of Oxford, and part of his native county of Gloucester.

* Minutes of Conference, vol. i, p. 118.

But he only remained there a few months, when he was transferred to Bedfordshire, in which circuit he remained till the Conference of 1771. Methodism had already gained a footing in that part of England; the roads were comparatively good, and the people kind and hospitable, and the period is described as one of peace and harmony.

Very different were his next two circuits, of which he thus speaks in his autobiography: "At the Conference of 1771 I was appointed for Enniskillen, in the north of Ireland. Now my trials came on; for I had a great aversion to sea voyages. But what troubled me most was, when I called to see my dear old mother, to find she was very far advanced in a dropsy. I stayed with her a fortnight, and then took my final farewell of her. She knew and loved the work I was engaged in, and therefore gave me up willingly. She lived but a few weeks after. This circuit took us eight weeks to go through it; we commonly preached two or three times a day. By this year's labors and sufferings my strength was exhausted; but what sweetened labor and made affliction tolerable was a blessed revival, for we had nearly three hundred souls turned to the Lord this year." The next year he was appointed to Armagh; but before he could reach the place he became alarmingly ill, doubtless as the result of scanty fare and constant exposure. A kind family took charge of him for three months; but his removal to his circuit proved to be premature. "Going out before I had sufficiently recovered my strength, the cold seized upon me, and caused such a humor to settle in my legs, that for some time I could not set my feet to the ground. But my mind being set upon my work, I little regarded the pain of my body, so long as I was able to sit on my horse, or stand and speak to the people." His life was despaired of; but after a few months health returned, and the self-denying missionary was again upon his rounds.

He came to London to attend the Conference of 1773, when "an easy, agreeable, and profitable station" was found for him, Pembroke, in Wales, where the difference of language prevented him from addressing any but the few English who at that day were settled there. Two more years were spent in another Welsh circuit, where English was understood by only a small portion of the people; "some fruit appeared here," he states, "but nothing great."

These were years of comparatively easy work, and a life which

might otherwise have been sacrificed, was spared to render invaluable services through a long series of subsequent years.

In 1776 he received an appointment to Cornwall West—a wide circuit where all his powers would be brought into requisition. He had to traverse almost the entire county; but "the congregations and Societies were large and lively." The following year was spent in the same county, where his "heart was almost broke" on account of the conduct of some disorderly members. Two years of labor in the Wiltshire Circuit followed. In addition to the chalky uplands of that county, the circuit extended a hundred miles southward, and included the Isle of Wight. Here there was an extensive revival of religion; Captain Webb and Mr. Robert Carr Brackenbury, a gentleman of large property who also shared the toils of an itinerant, being united with Whatcoat in these happy services. The historian of Methodism in the Isle of Wight, remarking on Whatcoat, says that "he was sent to the Church as a sample, to show to what a life of peace and holiness Christians may attain on earth, where sincerity, privation, love of divine communion, and humble and active faith, do meet and center."* In 1780 his appointment was to Northampton, which had formed part of the Bedfordshire Circuit, in which he had traveled ten years before, where his heart was refreshed at witnessing the progress which had been made in the interval.

After a year at Canterbury he spent a year in Norfolk. Here the poverty of the people was extreme, so that he sold his horse and walked the Circuit; but he had his reward in witnessing, as was likely with such an example of self-denial, "great harmony and some increase." His last English circuit was Norwich, where Adam Clarke was one of his colleagues. The distinguished commentator has left on record a brief characteristic note, in the following terms: "Whatcoat was a very holy man of God, a good and sound preacher, but not of splendid abilities. He was diligent and orderly in his work, and a fine example of practical piety in all his conduct."†

The Norwich Society had given Mr. Wesley more trouble and anxiety than almost any other. More than once he had expressed his determination "either to mend them or end them;" but the year

* Dyson's "Methodism in the Isle of Wight," pp. 91, 95.

† Life of "Adam Clarke," vol. i, p. 197.

spent in that city by Mr. Whatcoat was passed in peace. He does not appear to have perceived the pre-eminent ability of his young colleague, Adam Clarke, merely mentioning him with another as "two young men of promising abilities." The writer of this sketch well remembers William Lorkin, an old class-leader of Norwich, and the historian of Methodism in that city, who was accustomed to speak in enthusiastic terms of the year which "Mr. Whatcoat and young Mr. Clarke" spent in that ancient city. His admiration of the former had not abated, although nearly half a century had passed away. In his "history" the following passage occurs. "In August, 1783, Mr. Richard Whatcoat was appointed to the Norwich Circuit, and was made a special blessing to many. He was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. Such profound and amiable piety I remembered never to have witnessed in any man."*

Such a testimony forms an appropriate conclusion to the record, necessarily very brief, of fifteen years spent in the Methodist circuits of England. On leaving Norwich and the English circuit work, he left on record the following meditation:—

"July 28th, 1784. Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? My God, thou hast been very gracious to me, thy servant, through every period of my life. I bless thee for that salvation thou hast made known to me, and for the dispensation of the gospel thou hast committed to me, and for that success given to my small endeavors; for that perfect resignation thou hast given me to every dispensation of thy providence."

In the Minutes of the British Conference of 1784 "America" reappears as one of the stations, after having been unmentioned for several years. At that Conference Mr. Wesley declared his intention of sending Dr. Coke and some other preachers to that country. Whatcoat, who was present, thus describes the mental process which ended in his becoming a volunteer for the service: "At first it appeared to me as though I was not concerned in the matter. But soon my mind was drawn to meditate on the subject: the power of God came upon me, and my heart was remarkably melted with love to God and man. A prospect of some troubles I was like to go through, if I engaged in that part of the Lord's work, appeared to me, upon which I set apart

* LORKIN'S "Methodism in Norwich," p. 25.

a day for fasting and prayer; after which, seeing nothing in my way but the cross and my own inability for so great a work, I offered myself, if my dear aged father, John Wesley, and my brethren thought proper." His offer, together with that of Mr. Thomas Vasey, was accepted, and the two proceeded together from Leeds to London and Bristol on horseback, an enchanting ride at that season of the year, of three hundred miles. They visited the Societies as they passed along. Friends abounded in kindness; so that when they embarked nothing was wanting to make their voyage "as comfortable as the nature of things would admit."

At Bristol they were met by Mr. Wesley and Dr. Coke, and received ordination as presbyters. In vindication of this act, which, to this day, English Churchmen regard as grossly irregular, Wesley published a letter, in which he pleaded, that America being now politically severed from England, he was at liberty to do what in England would be a violation of law. As to the scriptural validity of the orders conferred by him on the two brethren, he felt no doubt whatever; having been convinced for many years that "bishops and presbyters are the same order, and consequently have the same right to ordain." He objected to the proposal that his American preachers should be ordained by Anglican bishops, because, "if they would ordain them now, they would also expect to govern them;" adding, "As our American brethren are now totally disentangled both from the State and from the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again either with the one or the other." * Acting on these convictions, Wesley, assisted by one or two other clergymen, on the first of September ordained the brethren Whatcoat and Vasey "to act as elders by baptizing and administering the Lord's Supper." Wesley furnished them with letters of introduction; he also prepared at this time an abridgment of the Book of Common Prayer for the use of the congregations in America, and further ordained or set apart his copresbyter, Dr. Coke, to be a "joint superintendent with Mr. Asbury over the brethren in North America." Their embarkation did not take place till the 18th, when Coke, Whatcoat, and Vasey, sailed from King Road, Bristol. A voyage to America was then a very different thing from what it is in these days of rapid and easy transit. In Coke's Journal there is a minute

* WESLEY'S "Works," Am. 8vo. edit., vol. vii, p. 219.

account of the incidents of the passage, which occupied six weeks, passed, after the first few days of sea-sickness, "on the whole very agreeably." On the 3d of November they landed at New York, and on the following day, Friday, they set out for Philadelphia in the stage-wagon, reaching that city on Saturday evening. Dr. Coke preached; Whatcoat and Vasey exercised their newly given authority by assisting to administer the sacrament to some hundreds. This was succeeded by a love-feast, "and a more comfortable time," says Whatcoat, "I had not enjoyed for some years."

At the time of his landing in America Mr. Whatcoat had reached, if he had not passed, his prime. There is a portrait of him, "aged forty-six," in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1781, which Father Boehm has pronounced a correct likeness, allowing for difference of years. The face is roundish, the eyes dark and brilliant; the dark hair is allowed to grow long behind, but cut straight across the forehead, after the fashion of those days. Dr. Laban Clark describes him as "Something above the middle size, but not corpulent. His manly form, plain attire, and dignified manners, gave him a venerable appearance. His countenance told of a well-disciplined mind, and a heart habitually kept in contact with the gracious influences of the gospel."* The plain attire thus referred to is more particularly described by Father Boehm as "in the Methodist-minister style, a shad-belly coat, and vest buttoned snug up to the neck." He further relates that "a few years before death Bishop Whatcoat lost his hair, so that he became entirely bald; some time after, it began to grow, and came out thick and beautiful, so that when he died he had a fine head of dark hair, not even sprinkled with gray."† When he arrived in America his preaching powers were at their best. "He could melt and move an audience," says Boehm, "as few men ever did." His saintliness of character, in which he resembled Fletcher, shone in the kindling expression of his countenance as he expatiated on the great themes of his ministry. "With such force of argument and all-subduing pathos did he urge holiness of heart and life," says Dr. Clark, "that the whole congregation were moved as the leaves of a forest by the power of a mighty wind."‡ "His preaching," remarks Dr. Bangs,

* SPRAGUE'S "Annals of the American Pulpit," p. 107.
† BOEHM'S "Reminiscences," p. 142. ‡ SPRAGUE, p. 101.

"is said to have been generally attended with remarkable unction from the Holy One. The softness of his persuasions won upon the affections of the heart, while the rich flow of gospel truth which dropped from his lips enlightened the understanding." * Such was his acquaintance with the Scriptures that he was called a living concordance; and when he attended service as a hearer, he usually arrived half an hour before time, and occupied himself in reading his pocket Testament. Another witness testifies, "Of all who preached sanctification, Whatcoat was pre-eminent. He did, indeed, walk in the light of God's countenance, enjoying the blessing of perfect love more than forty years." † "The distinguishing trait of his character," says Dr. Bangs, "was a meekness and modesty of spirit which, united with simplicity of intention and gravity of deportment, commended him as a pattern worthy of imitation. So dear is he in the recollection of those who, from personal intercourse, best knew and appreciated his worth, that I have heard many such say, that they would give much could they possess themselves of a correct resemblance of him upon canvas." ‡ Such was the man who landed upon our shores in company with Dr. Coke—a living embodiment of the qualities which St. Paul declares it to be necessary that a bishop should have.

His strength lay not in intellectual greatness, or in acquired learning, but in the meekness of an utterly unworldly spirit, in holy self-denial, in habitual purity of heart. Under the guise of a modest and unassuming manner he also possessed, like his old friend and classmate, Asbury, though in an inferior degree, the gift and faculty of authority; and, doubtless, it was the perception of this which, added to the recommendation of Mr. Wesley, led to his being elected to the episcopal office.

That election did not take place, however, until Mr. Whatcoat had been more than fifteen years in the country. At the General Conference of 1784, just before his arrival, it had been enacted that no person should be elected superintendent or elder without the consent of a majority of the Conference; and, although the brethren might not have objected to Whatcoat as an elder, they were not prepared to sanction Wesley's recommendation of him in 1786 to the episcopal office.

* BANGS'S "History," vol. ii, pp. 188, 189. † "Life of James Quinn," p. 262.
‡ BANGS'S "History," vol. ii, p. 189.

"The chief reason," says Dr. Abel Stevens, "for declining the election of Whatcoat was the apprehension of the Conference that if he were elected Wesley would recall Asbury to England." Coke, who was present, reminded the Conference that they had promised, during Mr. Wesley's lifetime, as his sons in the gospel, to obey his commands." The reply was, in substance, that the pledge was unfortunate, and that they who gave it could revoke it. To this reply Asbury, who had never approved of the pledge being given, offered no objection, and Whatcoat himself concurred.

On Christmas-eve, 1784, a few weeks only after his arrival at New York, a Conference, hastily summoned by Coke and Asbury, opened its sittings in Baltimore. Several days had been spent in preparation by Asbury and the three brethren whom Wesley had just sent from England; and the result may be given in Whatcoat's own words: "We began our Conference, in which we agreed to form a Methodist Episcopal Church, in which the liturgy (as presented by the Rev. John Wesley) should be read, sacraments to be administered by a superintendent, elders, deacons, who shall be ordained by a presbytery, according to the episcopal form, as prescribed in the Rev. J. Wesley's prayer-book." Accordingly on Christmas-day Asbury was ordained deacon, on the next day elder, and on the day following superintendent, or bishop. On subsequent days fourteen were ordained deacons or elders; Whatcoat's ordination in England seems to have been considered sufficient.

From this time till the year 1800 this holy and laborious servant of the Church was occupied partly in circuit duty, but chiefly in discharging the functions of presiding elder, in the various districts to which he was successively appointed. "Preaching almost every day," he writes, "and sometimes twice a day, with the administering of the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper, kept me in full employ." On one day he baptized thirty-six children at morning service, and fifty at another place in the afternoon. In September, 1786, he received an appointment to Philadelphia Circuit, and in the May following to Baltimore; but in a few weeks circuit duties were exchanged for those of the eldership.

During the summer of 1789 he traveled with Asbury to New York, returning by New Jersey and Philadelphia—a journey which,

with daily preaching, occupied about four months, and was succeeded by another journey of similar length, in the same company, through Virginia and North Carolina to Charleston. In February, 1790, a Conference was held in Baltimore, "where the Lord was present in power; the saints were glad, and the wicked were offended." In March they held Conference in Georgia, traveling afterward through Kentucky, where they were in danger from Indians, so that watch had to be kept all night. "We traveled in jeopardy," says Whatcoat; "but I think I never traveled with more solemn awe and serenity of mind. As we fed our horses three times a day, so we had prayer three times." On one occasion, "suspecting danger from the savages, we traveled one night and two days without lying down to rest." Similar journeys occupied the time till May, 1791, when Conference was held in New York, and Mr. Whatcoat was appointed to labor in that city. There he remained till September of the following year, and for two years subsequently in the city of Baltimore. In both these cities they had "many refreshing times, and were much united."

In the fall of 1794 he was appointed presiding elder in Maryland, and during the next two years many of the circuits were visited in an extraordinary manner. "Many were suddenly struck with convictions, and fell to the ground in a state of insensibility, after awhile standing up and praising God as though heaven had come into their souls; others were as much concerned for a clean heart, and as fully delivered."

After the Baltimore General Conference of 1796 Mr. Whatcoat accompanied Coke and Asbury through Virginia, where he received an appointment as presiding elder over a district which embraced thirty counties. Great revivals occurred. "But," says the diary, "the slave-trade seems to hinder the progress of Christianity in these regions."

In the autumn of 1798 he had an equally extensive district in North Carolina, and found "a few precious souls even here also." "I filled up my time," he writes, "with a good degree of peace and consolation." With Jesse Lee and William M'Kendree he attended Conference in Maryland, on the 1st of May, 1800; and during the next week, at the General Conference held in Baltimore, he was elected bishop.

The entry in his diary is characteristic of his self-forgetfulness and humility. During that Conference a great awakening took place in Baltimore, and the new bishop appears to have thought much more of the great work of God then in progress than of the dignity with which he had himself been invested. "At our General Conference held at Baltimore, in Maryland, May 6, 1800, I was elected and ordained to the episcopal office. We had a most blessed time and much preaching, fervent prayers, and strong exhortations through the city, while the high praises of a glorious God reverberated from street to street, and from house to house, which greatly alarmed the citizens. It was thought that not less than two hundred were converted during the sitting of our Conference."

Asbury's account of the Conference is much more business-like. "We had much talk but little work: two days were spent in considering about Dr. Coke's return to Europe; part of two days more on Richard Whatcoat, for a bishop; and one day in raising the salaries of itinerant preachers from sixty-four to eighty dollars per year. We had one hundred and sixteen members present. On the 18th of May, 1800, Elder Whatcoat was ordained to the office of a bishop, after being elected by a majority of four votes more than Jesse Lee." *

The narrowness of the majority, and the two days spent in deliberation, are indications of the keenness with which this election was contested. Asbury's declining health rendered a new election necessary; and there can be no doubt that Lee had entertained the expectation of being chosen; moreover, his disappointment at the result was no secret. Nor was such an expectation unnatural. He was one of the foremost spirits of his time, full of vivacity and humor, laborious and self-denying. A stanch supporter of the primitive simplicity of Methodism, and a pioneer to whose zealous tenacity of purpose and fearless energy New England Methodism owes, under God, its existence, it is not surprising that while Whatcoat was elected by a ballot of fifty-nine votes, Lee should have received as many as fifty-five. It was further debated whether the new bishop should be only an assistant to Asbury, and in the absence of his principal should have power to station the preachers only with the advice and concurrence of a committee appointed by an Annual Conference. The decision

* ASBURY'S "Journal," vol. ii, p. 451.

was, that they should be in all respects equal; and on the 18th of May the new bishop was consecrated as a joint superintendent with Asbury by prayer and the imposition of the hands of Bishops Coke and Asbury, assisted by some elders.*

Within a fortnight of his election to the episcopal office Bishop Whatcoat was engaged in holding his first Conference, at Duck Creek Cross Roads, in Delaware. "This," he writes, "was a glorious time; such a spirit of faith, prayer, and zeal rested on the preachers and people, that it exceeded any thing of the kind I ever saw before. O the strong cries, groans, and agonies of the mourners! enough to pierce the hardest heart; but when the Deliverer set their souls at liberty, their ecstasies of joy were inexpressibly great, so that the high praises of the Redeemer's name sounded through the town, until solemnity appeared on every countenance; the effect of which was, that on the Thursday following one hundred and fifteen persons joined the Society in that town, while the divine flame spread greatly through the adjacent Societies." After this congenial commencement we find him at the New York Conference in three weeks, where "a few souls were converted;" thence five hundred and ninety miles by a circuitous route to Lynn, Mass., where Conference opened on the 18th of July, and revealed "a promising appearance of a good work in these Eastern States." "From thence," continues the bishop, "we passed through Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and Tennessee, to Bethel, in Kentucky, a course of one thousand three hundred miles. Here we held a little Conference on the sixth and seventh of October." On the 19th of the same month, with Asbury and M'Kendree, he was preaching at Nashville, and on the following day "we attended the Presbyterian sacramental meeting, which continued four days and nights." The three Methodist ministers were requested to address the communicants; "the power of the Lord was present to wound and to heal; several found peace that evening." A ride of two hundred and twenty miles through drenching rain brought the two bishops to Knoxville, Tennessee; but, says Whatcoat, "it was trying to our delicate constitutions to encamp on the wet ground in the night, the wind and rain beating hard upon us." A similar ride of three hundred and forty miles brought them to

* BANGS'S "History M. E. Church," vol. ii, p. 93.

Augusta. "But O!" exclaims our diarist, "what mountains and rocks we passed over." However, as they preached here and there to small companies in their solitary way, they were "comforted on seeing and hearing of the prosperity of Zion," and a farther journey of three hundred miles brought them in safety, preaching every day on their route, to Camden in South Carolina, where Conference was opened "in Smith's house" on the first of January, 1801.

On his eastward ride thence Bishop Whatcoat makes one of the very few entries respecting his reading. It is characteristic of the man, of his singleness of aim and purpose, and of (it may be said without offense) the limited range of his studies. "I read a part of Prince's 'Christian History,' containing accounts of the revivals and propagation of religion in Great Britain and America for the year 1743. Its features, tendencies, and effects were similar to what has appeared in our day." He further alludes to some observations of Jonathan Edwards, in his well-known sermon on the Distinguishing Marks of the Spirit of God, pointing out resemblances between the effects produced in 1625 during revivals in Scotland, and those which had occurred in New England in his own time. Bishop Whatcoat was remarkable for the intense concentration of all his powers on one object—the salvation of souls and the sanctification of believers, according to the type and pattern with which his own experience had happily rendered him familiar.

The year 1801 was spent principally in company with Asbury, in traveling through the Southern States. On the 8th of May they reached Baltimore, he having traveled in the twelve months since his consecration to the episcopal office, according to his own computation—and he was remarkably exact in computing and registering distances—not less than four thousand one hundred and eighty-four miles. Their stay in Baltimore was brief indeed. After three days we find the indefatigable servants of the Church again in the saddle, passing through Delaware and Pennsylvania, and recording "a most glorious revival of religion on this peninsula; on two circuits, not less than a thousand on each circuit joined the Society in one year, and most of them found peace with God." After the Philadelphia Conference, in June, Asbury being ill, Whatcoat proceeded alone, holding Conferences at New York, and at Lynn, Mass.; thence along the shores of Lakes

Erie and Ontario, and returning in company with Sylvester Hutchinson, to Frederick, Md., where Asbury rejoined them. "We formed a plan," says Asbury, "for our future journeyings and labors; they to visit Maryland, by the way of Baltimore and Annapolis, and thence on to Richmond and the towns on the route to Camden, in South Carolina, and southward to Georgia: I, in company with Nicholas Snethen, go out to the Western Conference." * This plan was carried out, and at the close of October Whatcoat and Hutchinson again met Asbury in Georgia, where a further campaign was planned. Before starting, Whatcoat preached in the new and elegant church at Augusta; but, says Asbury, "I heard of no conversions; the time for these has not yet come." † The arrangement was, that Whatcoat should go through eastern, and Asbury through western, Georgia.

The eastern part of the State was very thinly settled; in some parts the people had not heard a sermon for twelve months; in other places fever prevailed, and great depression. At Savannah he was greatly afflicted by seeing, in utter ruin, the Orphan House, built by Whitefield sixty years before! And riding on through a lone country, much of which was under water, and inhabited by negroes who worked in the rice-fields, he came to Charleston, and thence to Camden, where Conference was opened on the 1st of January, 1803. Up to this time, or nearly so, the two bishops had pursued their journeys together, and even when not traveling exactly the same road, their meetings were frequent. The work extended so rapidly, however, that it became necessary to divide their labors. "We shall not be able to meet all the Conferences if we keep together," Asbury wrote to Coke, "though our bones were brass and our flesh iron. The Conferences are extended near one thousand three hundred miles along our world, besides the Western Conference, which will call our attention every year, from seven to eight or nine hundred miles from the coast." ‡ What would he have said could he have foreseen the ninety-three Conferences of the present time! Yet, notwithstanding the geographical extension of the work, the advance of practical science renders its supervision a much easier matter now, so far as the mere

* ASBURY'S "Journal," vol. iii, p. 32. † Ibid., p. 40.

‡ "Methodist Magazine," 1802, p. 217.

distances are concerned, than at any former period. But how monotonous and dull is our present mode of being whirled through the country, compared with the romance of the days of the rifle, the ax, and the saddle-bags!

Bishop Whatcoat now began to feel the infirmities of age. A constitution naturally robust had been debilitated by hardships and exposures in Ireland, and being now in his sixty-seventh year, a continuance of such journeys as he had recently undertaken was impossible. Yet during the first six months of 1803 his journeys were of considerable length, although frequently taken in great bodily pain. Conferences were held—in March, at Petersburgh, where a service which began at eleven and ended at nine at night was held in the woods, and many were converted; and in April, at Baltimore. On April 6th this entry occurs: "In the last twelve months I have traveled about three thousand seven hundred and seven miles, and in the sixty-seventh year of my age, though I have had considerable afflictions which have greatly shaken this house of clay." Notwithstanding, we find him starting on the 11th with Asbury on a three-weeks' journey to a Conference in Delaware, "where we had a very large gathering of preachers and people, and were indulged with the privilege of holding our Conference in the Friends' Meeting-house;" and from thence to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, where Conference was opened on the 9th of June.

Acting on Asbury's advice the venerable man now entered into a period of comparative rest. His symptoms were serious, and riding on horseback was all but impossible. Yet his preaching was attended with extraordinary power. In May of this year, as he was preaching at Dover from the words, "Be clothed with humility," such was the effect of the sermon that the people were unable or unwilling to leave the building for hours after its conclusion; and an eye-witness remarks, "The recollection of such days of power and glory is enough to make an old man renew his youth." * Traveling slowly, as he was able, he reached Baltimore in the month of August, and continued in that city, preaching usually once on the Lord's day, till July, 1804. In May of that year the General Conference was held in Baltimore, but he was able to be present only during part of the session. "It closed," he

* BOEHM'S "Reminiscences," p. 86.

writes, "in great peace and much love." On July 17th he set out, riding slowly, for Greene County, Pennsylvania, where he found his colleague prostrate with fever, and stayed in attendance upon him for an entire month. The two then started together, but when they had proceeded about ninety miles Asbury's weakness compelled him to return, while Whatcoat "took the wilderness," and preached, visited the Societies, and encouraged the brethren in Tennessee and South Carolina. His ride of twelve hundred miles terminated at Charleston, where a Conference was arranged to open on the first day of 1805. Asbury had contrived to reach the Conference, and afterward the two bishops traveled together for many weeks, preaching daily on their route, until they reached Chestertown, Maryland, where they held a Conference commencing on the 1st of May. "We had great searchings of heart, strict discipline, good order, much preaching to large congregations, and very comfortable times."

Still traveling northward they held a conference in June at Ashgrove, New York. "Then Bishop Asbury and I parted; he went to the New England Conference, and I returned to the West." His journey was continued to Wheeling, where, after mentioning that he had crossed the Ohio, his autobiography abruptly terminates, just twelve months before he was called to rest from his labors.

In the absence of this invaluable guide it becomes difficult to trace, with precision, the course of Bishop Whatcoat's official journeys. That his labors, notwithstanding the physical torture incident to his malady, were continued almost without abatement to the end may be inferred from Asbury's statement, that during the last year of his life he traveled three thousand miles. Wherever he appeared he was regarded with veneration, even in New England. Notwithstanding that he had been the competitor of Lee, their favorite candidate for the episcopal office, he was always received with a heartfelt regard, which ripened, on the occasion of his later visits, into reverence. In April, 1806, after attending the Philadelphia Conference, he undertook a journey on horseback of several hundred miles. On his way he was seized with a severe attack of gravel, causing intense agony. "We did not know," says Asbury, "but he would die on the road." At Dover, Delaware, he was obliged to make a halt, which proved to be his last. The illness was of several weeks' duration. So unworldly was his spirit,

and so inadequate was the maintenance then provided for a bishop, that he had no means of defraying the expenses of his sickness. But He who feeds the fowls of the air and clothes the lilies of the field, did not permit His faithful servant to remain destitute of those loving attentions which smooth the dying pillow. At the house of Mr. Basset, who had previously been governor of the State, he was kindly entertained until the moment arrived when he could dispense with all earthly succors. A few weeks before his decease, in a letter to Dr. Coke, he stated that his eyes were very weak and his nerves so much shaken that he could seldom write; but after reporting various particulars connected with his work, he concluded by expressing the fullness of his gratitude and hope. "I have filled up seventy years among the living, and now bless God that ever I was born, and especially that I was born again. My soul is looking out for a happy eternity." On the 4th of July he was called home, and his mortal remains were deposited in the Wesley Church, in Dover. Four days afterward his friend and companion, Bishop Asbury, who had manifested the most touching grief, wrote as follows in his Journal: "That father in Israel, and my faithful friend for forty years; a man of solid parts, a self-denying man of God! Whoever heard him speak an idle word? When was guile found in his mouth? He had been thirty-eight years in the ministry; sixteen years in England and twenty-two years in America; twelve years as presiding elder, and six years in the superintendency. A man so uniformly good I have not known in Europe or America. He had long been afflicted with gravel and stone, in which affliction, nevertheless, he traveled a great deal, three thousand miles the last year. He bore in the last three months excessively painful illness with the most exemplary patience. At his taking leave of the South Carolina Conference I thought his time was short. I changed my route to visit him, but only reached within one hundred and thirty miles; death was too quick for me."* In the funeral sermon, preached sometime afterward, his old companion and survivor further remarked: "I have known him intimately for nearly fifty years, and tried him most accurately in respect to the soundness of his faith. I have known the holy manner of his life; his attention to duty at all times, in all places, as a Christian and as a minister; his

* ASBURY'S "Journal," vol. iii, p. 280.

long-suffering and endurance in great affliction of body and of mind, having been exercised with severe diseases and great labors. But these did not abate his charity—his love of God and man. He bore with resignation and patience great temptations, bodily labors, and inexpressible pain. In life or death he was placid and calm; as he lived, so he died."

"We do not claim for him," says Dr. Bangs, "deep erudition nor extensive science; but he was profoundly learned in the sacred Scriptures, thoroughly acquainted with Wesleyan theology, and well versed in all the varying systems of divinity with which the Christian Church has been loaded. For gravity of deportment, meekness of spirit, deadness to the world, and deep devotion to God, perhaps he was not excelled, if, indeed, equaled, by any of his contemporaries or successors."*

Three weeks after Bishop Whatcoat's death an article was published in the "Federal Gazette," a daily journal of Baltimore, speaking of him as "a man of deep humility and solid piety, and a lively, experimental, and practical preacher of the Gospel."† "Sober without sadness," says the official record of his death, "and cheerful without levity, he was equally removed from the severe austerity of the gloomy monk and likeness of the facetious and empty-brained witling. His words were weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, and when uttered, even in the way of rebuke, admonition, or instruction, they were calculated to minister grace to the hearer."

So lived and died Richard Whatcoat, a man eminently fitted by natural gravity and solidity of character, and by the abounding grace of God leading him into the enjoyment of that perfect love which casteth out fear, for the duties which he was called upon to fulfill in the Church of Christ. Though possessing comparatively little of the "knowledge that puffeth up," there was given to him in abundance the charity that edifieth; and while prophecy may fail, and tongues may cease, and knowledge may vanish away, this charity that never faileth must ever remain the highest gift, the gift most to be desired, in the shepherd of souls.

* BANGS, vol. ii, p. 187. † Methodist "Magazine," 1807, p. 190.

William M'Kendree.

BY REV. T. O. SUMMERS, D.D.

WILLIAM M'KENDREE was born in King William County, Virginia, July 6, 1757. He was the oldest child of John and Mary M'Kendree, who were Virginians by birth. When William was about seven years of age his parents removed to James City County, near Williamsburgh, the seat of William and Mary College. A few years after they settled in Greenville County, on the Meherrin River.

John M'Kendree was a planter, and brought up his son in his own vocation. Besides William he had seven other children, to wit: Lucinda, Dorotha, Frances, John, Thomas, James, and Nancy; of these, three became somewhat noted in the annals of Methodism.

Frances became the wife of the Rev. Nathaniel Moore, to whom she was married by Bishop Asbury. She died without issue, in holy triumph, near Columbia, Tennessee, January 3, 1835.

James, the seventh child, became the father of a large family. His house was the bishop's center. There his father died, and there he ended his life.

Nancy, the eighth child, survived them all. She was never married. Her father, her sister Frances, and the Bishop, died in her arms; and when she passed away she was buried at the head of the Bishop's grave.

The M'Kendree family removed from Virginia to Tennessee in 1810. The venerable patriarch, and his sons James and William, and his daughter Nancy, ended their days near Fountain Head, in Sumner County, and there they sleep together in their rural sepulcher. They were a loving family, the domestic affections being strong in all the members.

When the War of the Revolution broke out William M'Kendree was about twenty years of age. He was at that time in Virginia. He responded to the call of his country, and joined a company of volunteers. He was an adjutant in the service, and for some time he

was in the commissary department. He displayed great energy in procuring supplies to sustain the allied armies of Washington and Rochambeau. He was at the battle of Yorktown when Cornwallis was taken—which virtually closed the war. He bravely and faithfully discharged the duties of a patriot soldier; but after the struggle was over he had not the vanity to fight his battles over again, nor the cupidity to seek a pension for his services. He did his duty, and thought no more about it. This was characteristic of the man during his whole life.

As might be supposed, his advantages in the way of education were very limited. But he improved such as fell in his way; and by application, industry, and perseverance, acquired a sufficient amount of knowledge to qualify him to teach school before he entered the ministry. He had strong common sense, an indomitable will, and a retentive memory, so that he acquired a large store of information, and the capacity to turn it to profitable account. I have examined many of his papers—they evince the characteristics of an *auto didaskalos*—one who had not been much indebted to "tutors and governors" for his education, but who had made good use of the faculties with which he was endowed, and the opportunities of acquiring knowledge and wisdom with which he was favored. No doubt he experienced great embarrassment from his lack of early culture; but then this lack was not altogether a misfortune, as he was thus thrown upon his own resources, and a spirit of independence was developed which made him the man for the times and for the work to which he was called.

The parents of William M'Kendree belonged to the old colonial Church in Virginia, in which, of course, he was baptized and trained. His early life was moral. He says that he never but once swore an oath, and he abstained from the vices of the age; but he remained for years a stranger to the life and power of godliness.

When about nineteen years of age the Methodist preachers came into his neighborhood, and he was awakened by their ministry. He "joined the Society," and remained "in connection" for several years, without realizing renewing grace. "I then," says he, "peacefully retired from the Society, while my conduct continued to secure their friendship."

He remained in this condition till the year 1787, when he was about thirty years of age. At that time a great revival took place in Brunswick Circuit, under the ministry of that extraordinary man, the Rev. John Easter. William M'Kendree became a subject of converting grace at that time. He passed through most painful processes of repentance, which, however, soon resulted in all joy and peace in believing. The description of his conversion, in a letter which he wrote to Bishop Asbury some sixteen years after, is exceedingly graphic, and shows how pungent were his convictions of sin; how earnest his struggles for deliverance; how painful were his temptations, and doubts, and fears; and how glorious was the change which took place when he was turned "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

He was immediately filled with great concern for the unconverted, and manifested much zeal for their salvation. Still, he did not imagine that he was called to preach, till one day, as he sat at table, his father said to him: "William, has not the Lord called you to preach the gospel?" William answered: "I cannot tell; I do not know what a call to preach the gospel implies." The old gentleman responded: "I believe he has; and I charge you not to quench the Spirit." He continued undecided till he was laid on a bed of affliction, and was visited by Mr. Easter, who prayed with peculiar fervor for his recovery, and that he might be thrust into the ministry. Recovering his health, he spoke more freely and frequently in public. Shortly after, Bishop Asbury, at a District Conference, held in Petersburgh, appointed him to Mecklenburgh Circuit, as the colleague of Philip Cox. This was in 1788. The appointment was like an electric shock! But being encouraged by Mr. Easter and others, and feeling "the burden of the Lord" resting upon him, he obeyed the call. He went to the circuit fully expecting that the experiment would prove a failure. But the preachers and people thought otherwise; and the result shows that they were right.

The next year, 1789, he was appointed to Cumberland Circuit; but after traveling on it a part of the year he was transferred to Mecklenburgh, his first circuit. During this year his doubts subsided, and he settled down on the conviction that he was really called of God to the sacred office.

On June 15, 1790, at the Conference held in Petersburgh, Bishop Asbury ordained him deacon. He spent the ensuing Conference year partly on Portsmouth, and partly on Surrey Circuit; and he was happy and successful in his work.

At the Conference held in Petersburgh, April, 1791, he was appointed to Amelia Circuit. Bishops Coke and Asbury were both in attendance at that Conference, the former being just about to return to England on account of the recent death of Mr. Wesley.

M'Kendree was ordained elder at a Conference held by Bishop Asbury at Lane's Chapel, December 25, 1791, and was appointed to Greenville Circuit. This embraced his old home, and he was apprehensive that the old proverb would be realized in his case: "No prophet is accepted in his own country." But in this he was agreeably disappointed. He says, "I believe I never went through the business of a circuit with more ease." He makes this suggestive remark: "Although many were turned out, there were no fixed prejudices in consequence of the administration that I know of." He appears to have been a rather rigid disciplinarian at that time—as, indeed, were most of the early preachers.

At the "General Conference," in November, 1792, he fell in with certain preachers who prejudiced him against Bishop Asbury and "his creatures," who were charged with dark and ambitious designs, popery, etc. They were determined to have a Church of their own —a glorious Church! He was so far influenced by them that he left the Conference without taking an appointment. But a few days after he providentially met the bishop and presiding elder, and received an appointment to Norfolk station, went to his work, looked more closely into the system, was satisfied with regard to its scriptural character and the purity and integrity of the bishop, and went on his way rejoicing. His old presiding elder, James O'Kelly, was the cause of all this disaffection. He died shortly after, and the secession of which he was the originator came to naught.

The severe ordeal through which M'Kendree passed at this early period of his ministry made him more devoted to the system of Episcopal Methodism, and prepared him in his mature life to take the lead in its healthful development and successful defense.

At the Conference held in Petersburgh, November, 1793, he was

appointed to Union Circuit, in South Carolina, Philip Bruce being his presiding elder. He spent three months, however, in traveling with Bishop Asbury—a circumstance which had an important bearing on his future life.

At the next Conference he was appointed to Botetourt Circuit, Virginia.

The next three years he presided over a district which extended from the Chesapeake Bay over the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, to a vast region of territory upon the western waters.

In 1798 he was appointed to a district within the bounds of the Baltimore Conference; and in the spring of 1800 he was returned to his former district.

In October, 1800, he accompanied Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat to the Western Conference, at Bethel, Kentucky.

He then took charge of a district which embraced the present States of Ohio and Kentucky, and large tracts in Western Virginia, Illinois, Tennessee, and Mississippi. It was fifteen hundred miles in compass.

He was the very man for this work. The hand of Providence was manifestly seen in this appointment. He spent eight years in this frontier pioneer work, and he always considered them as the most laborious and successful years of his life. There were perils in the wilderness, exposure, fatigue, privation; but there was a fascinating romance in this pioneering work which relieved it of much of its repulsiveness; and the conviction that he was laying deep and broad the foundations of the Church in those vast solitudes, with the blessing of Heaven, sustained him amid all his sacrifices and toils. His own graphic account of his work at that period will be read with interest. He says:—

"While on the way through these frontier settlements, if we came to a creek or river we had the privilege of swimming it; and when safely landed on the other bank it was a consolation to reflect we had left that obstruction behind, and that the way to the next lay open and plain before us. If night overtook us before we could reach a house, it was our privilege to gather wood where we could find it, make a fire, eat our morsel, and supplicate a throne of grace with as free access as in a palace or a church. Being weary, we rested sweetly and securely under the divine protection; and when we

arrived at our destination, if the accommodations were of the humblest kind we had the inexpressible satisfaction of being received with a hearty welcome, and accommodated with the best the family could afford; and though very inferior in the estimation of the delicate, and those accustomed to sumptuous fare, yet all the real wants of nature were supplied. We ate heartily, slept sweetly, and rejoiced with the pious and affectionate people, who received and treated the ministers of the gospel as angels of God; and, above all, when the time arrived for us to deliver our message the people flocked together, and seemed to want to hear what God the Lord would say. The prayers of the pious ascended the hill of the Lord; divine power attended the preaching of the word; sinners were convicted, many were converted to God, and the Church was enlarged and built up in the faith once delivered to the saints. My appointment required much riding. I preached often, and sustained a great charge; and yet I esteem these among the happiest days of my life. Strange as it may seem, there, in the midst of exposure and many privations, my impaired constitution was restored, and my general health greatly improved. I enjoyed peace and consolation through faith, and was enabled to walk with God."

It is astonishing on what small pittances the preachers subsisted in those days. During M'Kendree's first year's service as presiding elder in the West he received only $20; the second year, $43 67; and so of other years. This embraced all his perquisites, which, according to the rule at that time, had to be reported! But we hear of no complaint of "hard times!"

It was fortunate for the cause of Methodism and a pure Christianity that M'Kendree labored those eight years in that region. "The great revival," as it was called, took place in Kentucky and Tennessee at that time. The Methodists labored in union with a part of the Presbyterian Church. But it was not long before difficulties arose. The *old* Presbyterians would not sanction the employment of men as ministers who had not received a liberal education; and they required a strict adherence to the Confession of Faith. But many who labored in this revival would not be so restricted. They were determined to employ men whom they considered called to the ministry, whether liberally educated or not; and they repudiated the dogma of absolute

and unconditional election and reprobation, and cognate points, as inconsistent with the offer of salvation to all men.

This led to the organization of a new sect called "Cumberland Presbyterians," from the Cumberland country, in which they originated. Then there was an invasion by the Shakers, who led off some of the Presbyterian ministers into their insane delusion. Then "Stoneites," "New Lights," and other erratic sects were developed. Jerking, jumping, barking, and the like, disgraced the revival scenes, and brought them into disrepute.

Fanaticism, the work of man and of the devil, got mixed up with the work of God, and the cause was greatly imperiled. It required a cool brain and a sound judgment, a steady hand and constant vigilance, to direct the movement in such circumstances. M'Kendree was the man for the occasion. He brought the Methodists through without any entangling alliance, and with comparatively little defection. There were times when, for the sake of catholicity and compromise, the temptation was strong to keep particular doctrines in abeyance, and to forego certain rules of the Discipline. But M'Kendree was equal to the trial. He was friendly to all who sincerely labored to promote the work of God; but he knew the mission of Methodism too well to give up any part of its glorious system.

It is proper to say that his colaborers were men of like spirit with himself. Since the apostolic age a nobler *corps* of evangelists has not, perhaps, been seen than that composed of such men as Burke, Blackman, Walker, Sale, Wilkinson, Henry Smith, Gibson, Jacob Young, Lewis Garrett, James Gwyn, Page, Watson, and others, with M'Kendree as their trusty and honored leader.

M'Kendree speaks of a great camp-meeting which they held west of the Mississippi, in what is now the State of Missouri—the first of the sort ever held in that region. On the last day of the meeting one hundred joined the Church.

As neither Asbury nor Whatcoat was able to attend the Western Conference, and Coke was absent in Europe, M'Kendree presided at the session of 1804. He did this so well that when a new bishop was needed—as Whatcoat died in 1806—attention was directed to M'Kendree as the proper man. He continued on the Cumberland District till the General Conference, which was held in Baltimore, May, 1808.

On the Sunday before the Conference opened its session M'Kendree was appointed to preach in Light-street Church. He entered the pulpit in coarse attire, such as he wore in the backwoods. Dr. Bangs says he looked at him with distrust, saying to himself, "I wonder what awkward backwoodsman they have put in the pulpit this morning, to disgrace us with his mawkish and uncouth phraseology?" He faltered in his speech, clipped some of his words at the end, hesitated and stumbled, till he got fairly into his subject, then he bore down all before him. The congregation was overwhelmed; there were sudden shrieks of distress, and then shouts of joy; many were bathed in tears; some were prostrated in their pews; a large athletic preacher fell upon his seat as if pierced by a bullet. Dr. Bangs says: "I felt my heart melting under emotions which I could not resist. When the preacher descended from the pulpit all were filled with admiration of his talents, and were ready to 'magnify the grace of God in him,' as a chosen messenger of good tidings to the lost, saying in their hearts, 'This is the man whom God delights to honor.'" Bishop Asbury, who was present, said, "That sermon will make him a bishop."

M'Kendree was elected bishop May 12th, and consecrated by Bishop Asbury May 18, 1808. He was the first native American that ever filled that office in the Methodist Episcopal Church. His credentials are still preserved among his papers. They were written by Bishop Asbury's own hand, and as they are somewhat of a curiosity, they are here reproduced *verbatim et literatim*:—

"Know all men by these presents, that I, Francis Asbury, originally of Great Britain, in great Barr, Staffordshire, the Parish of Handsworth, for some years a member of the Methodist Society, and a local preacher; afterwards a member of the British Conference. In the year 1771 I came a Missionary to the British Provinces in America; afterwards General Assistant, and I had the oversight of the Methodist Society's. On the 27th day of December, 1784, at a General Conference in Baltimore, after being ordained Deacon and Elder, I was elected to the office of Superintendent or Bishop, by the unanimous voice of the General Conference held in Baltimore, December 24, 1784. The following persons assisted in my ordination, viz., Thomas Coke, Doctor of Civil Law of Jesus College in the University of Oxford, Presbyter of the Church of England, Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, by the ordination and appointment of Mr. John Wesley, and other clergymen of the Church of England; also assisted in the ordination, William Otterbine, Minister of the German Presbyterian

Church, and Richard Whatcoat with Thomas Vasey, regularly ordained Elders by John Wesley: these four solemnly set me apart for a Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. AND now be it known to all whom it may concern, that WILLIAM MCKENDREE was ordained Deacon in the year 1790, and I did set him apart to the office of an Elder by my hands, in December of the year 1791. I HAVE, this eighteenth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and eight, set apart William McKendree,* by the laying on of hands and prayer, assisted by Freeborn Garrettson, Philip Bruce, Jesse Lee, and Thomas Ware, all of them Elders in the Church; to the office and rank of a Superintendent or Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, (after he had been elected by a majority—*i. e.*, 95 out of 128 members of General Conference,) as a man whom we judge well qualified for the office of a Superintendent, and one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and fit to preside over and Feed the Flock of Christ, so long as his spirit, practice, and doctrine is such as becometh the Gospel of Christ, and he shall submit to the Discipline and order of the said Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

"And I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this eighteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eight.

"FRANCIS ASBURY, [SEAL.]
"JESSE LEE,
[Seal.] "FREEBORN GARRETTSON,
"THOMAS WARE,
"PHILIP BRUCE.

"Done in Light-Street Church, BALTIMORE, State of MARYLAND."

"*Born in King William County, State of Virginia, July 6, 1757."

A clumsy, anacoluthic document, it must be confessed! But its simplicity and subjective detail invest it with great historic interest. M'Kendree's episcopal credentials are more prized by us in this homely English than they would have been in sonorous Latin.

M'Kendree shrank from the responsibility of the episcopal office. "Deeply conscious," said he, "that I did not possess qualifications adequate to the important station, yet confident of support from my brethren, and relying on divine aid, I reluctantly and tremblingly submitted."

Bishop Asbury was rejoiced at his appointment. "The burden," said he, "is now borne by two pairs of shoulders instead of one—the care is cast upon two hearts and heads."

He said *two*, because Bishop Coke had virtually retired from the episcopal work in America, as he was inaugurating Methodist mis-

sions in other parts of the world. But he was deeply concerned for the welfare of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, and wrote to Bishop M'Kendree from Wales, October 5, 1808:

"TO BISHOP M'KENDREE:—I write to you, my very dear brother and friend, not to congratulate you on your election to the office of a bishop, (for I believe you regard not office nor honor any further than you may serve God thereby,) but to express my regard for you, and the pleasure I feel (notwithstanding what I have written above) at your being united to my old and venerable Brother Asbury, in the great work in which he is engaged. I am persuaded God has chosen you to help my dear brother, and that you will go with him in perfect union in blessing the American continent under divine grace.

"You are mild, you are moderately and properly reserved, and do not aim at an overbearing exercise of power. I have not had a large acquaintance with you, but your person and your voice are fresh to me, as if you were now with me in the same room, and I greatly mistake if I do not taste your spirit. Go on, brother, walking with God and united to him. Your field of action is great. You have, perhaps, ten thousand pulpits open to you. But the grand point, which must be engraven continually on your forehead, as it were, and *on your heart*, is the harmony and union of the Methodist Connection in America. God bless you! My dearest wife joins me in love to you. Pray for us.

"I am, very dear brother and friend, yours affectionately and faithfully,

"T. COKE."

"P. S.—Please write to me."

What a beautiful spirit of devoted friendship and fervent piety pervades that letter! What a debt the world owes that self-sacrificing and apostolic man!

M'Kendree's first episcopal tour of fifteen hundred miles on horseback took him through large portions of Virginia, Tennessee, Illinois, and Missouri. He astonished and delighted the people on the frontier with the simplicity of his manners, the plainness of his attire, his affability in social life, and his rare pulpit talents.

The first Conference that he held was the Western, at Liberty Hill, Tennessee, October 1, 1808, and admirably did he conduct its business, vindicating the wisdom of his appointment to the episcopal office.

He continued in the performance of his arduous duties, riding through the connection every year, attending camp-meetings and other great occasions, preaching and presiding in Conferences, with unquenchable zeal, universal acceptance, and wonderful success.

M'Kendree was the first bishop who conducted the business of an Annual Conference according to parliamentary rules. Bishop Asbury cared but little about rules of order; but M'Kendree knew their importance. Asbury was a patriarch—a man of sound judgment and large experience; so that the preachers would defer to his method of proceeding in the Conferences, whatever it might have been; but M'Kendree sustained a different relation to those over whom he was called to preside. Hence he wisely induced the Conferences to adopt rules of order; and he made himself master of them, and rigidly but mildly enforced them. Competent judges said, that as a moderator he was unsurpassed in Church or State. He was very rarely, if ever, known to make an episcopal decision from which a majority dissented. He was prompt, impartial, courteous, firm—a model president.

Bishop Paine, who was much with him—and who trod in his footsteps, being a capital presiding officer himself—says that he is decidedly of the opinion that he has never seen any man who so impressed and controlled a body of men as Bishop M'Kendree did in his palmy days. There were always quietness, order, and a respectful manner among all the members of Conference when he presided.

His adherence to recognized rules of order was of vast importance in conducting the business of the General Conference. When that body met in New York, in 1812, Bishop M'Kendree submitted to it an address in writing, in which he called attention to this subject, and introduced the custom, which has been perpetuated, of laying out the business of the session and transacting it in regular order. In allusion to this the late venerable Henry Smith, in a letter to Bishop Paine, says:—

"Previous to the first delegated General Conference, May 1, 1812, Bishop M'Kendree drew up a plan of business to be brought before the General Conference. His address was read in the Conference; but as it was a new thing, the aged bishop (Asbury) rose to his feet immediately after the paper was read, and addressed the junior bishop to the following effect: 'I have something to say to you before the Conference.' The junior also rose to his feet, and they stood face to face. Bishop Asbury went on to say, 'This is a new thing. I never did business in this way, and why is this new thing introduced?'

The junior bishop promptly replied, 'You are our *father*, we are your sons; you never had need of it. I am only a *brother*, and I have need of it.' Bishop Asbury said no more, but sat down with a smile on his face. The scene is now before me. I believe the bishops have pursued the plan ever since."

Indeed, Bishop Asbury was so impressed with the superior manner in which M'Kendree conducted Conference business that he seldom afterward presided, leaving the chair to his colleague.

In the summer of 1814 Bishop M'Kendree was much injured by a fall from a horse, which laid him aside for awhile from his work.

In the spring of 1816 he was laid up with rheumatism at the house of D. Wilkins, in Baltimore. To add to his afflictions, on March 31, 1816, his venerable colleague, Bishop Asbury, died, leaving him the sole surviving bishop of the Church.

When the second delegated General Conference met in Baltimore, May, 1816, he delivered an address to the Conference on the general state of the work, and the necessity of strengthening the episcopacy.

Agreeably to his suggestion the Conference gave him two colleagues, Bishops George and Roberts.

In 1818, while on his way to the Mississippi Conference, he experienced what he called "a very uncommon shock." It affected his head, and, indeed, his whole system, so that for a time he could not move.

The Conference was held at a private house near a camp-meeting. It consisted of only ten members. On the second day of the session they met in his room—he being in bed. On Sunday he was taken to the camp-ground, and lay in a bed during the sermon; after which, being held up by two preachers, he performed the ordination service.

Being unable to travel on horseback, Judge M'Gehee—one of God's noblemen, who still resides at Woodville, Mississippi—gave him a light Jersey wagon, in which he traveled to Tennessee, camping out eight nights, and reaching his brother's house, at Fountain Head, in improved health.

When the General Conference met in Baltimore, May, 1820, Bishop M'Kendree submitted an address to the Conference, in which he indicated the wants of the connection, especially calling attention to the importance of "strengthening the episcopacy," in view of his increasing infirmities.

The Conference approved of his administration and that of his colleagues, requested him to take such work as he might feel able to accomplish, and proceeded to elect another bishop. Their choice fell upon the very man for the office—Joshua Soule.

But after they had elected him they passed certain resolutions declaring that in future presiding elders should be nominated by the bishops, and elected by the Annual Conference; and that they should constitute a council with the bishop for the appointment of the preachers. If these measures had been adopted by the delegated General Conference they would have been a serious infringement of the constitution—they would have overthrown the government of the Church. Bishop George, who was presiding at the time, seems to have had no fixed principles on the subject; and Bishop Roberts, though admitting the unconstitutionality of the measures, was disposed, with Bishop George, because a majority favored the innovations, to submit to them.

Not so Bishop M'Kendree, who, as soon as he was informed of the proposed change, (being sick at the time,) declared that he would not submit to it. Joshua Soule, who had framed the Restrictive Rules which were thus to be impinged upon, declared that he would not receive consecration if these measures were not rescinded.

By the firmness of these two men the government of the Church was saved, and transmitted intact to our times. Bishop M'Kendree should be held in everlasting remembrance for the determined resistance which he made to these unconstitutional measures.

After the session of the General Conference he addressed an elaborate paper to the Annual Conferences, setting forth his objections to the revolutionary scheme. This document evinces great wisdom, and a perfect acquaintance with Methodist economy and the philosophy of its peculiar polity. It is preserved in Bishop Paine's "Life of Bishop M'Kendree."

The resolutions were suspended, and never more saw the light. At the next General Conference (1824) Joshua Soule and Elijah Hedding were elected and consecrated Bishops on the old constitutional basis.

During the next *quadrennium* Bishop M'Kendree labored incessantly, as far as his infirmities would allow. He took a special interest in the organization of missions to the Indians and negroes,

for whose salvation he was deeply concerned. In November, 1823, he attended a session of the Tennessee Conference at Huntsville, Alabama; but while presiding he had an attack of vertigo, which admonished him that his work was drawing within restricted limits.

Early in March, however, in company with Thomas L. Douglass and Robert Paine, he started in his barouche to Baltimore, to attend the session of the General Conference. The journey was accomplished with great difficulty, the bishop being nearly exhausted on the route. In passing through Virginia he would frequently say to Mr. Paine, "Robert, I must stop awhile here. I knew the old folks, and must look after the children." What an affecting manifestation of apostolic devotion and zeal!

Bishop M'Kendree was very desirous that the bishops should be invested with the power of vetoing any action of the General Conference which, in their judgment, impinged upon the constitution. The General Conference of 1824 adopted a resolution favoring this "constitutional test," as it was called, much to the joy of Bishop M'Kendree. In his address to the Conference at its close—reported by John Summerfield and Robert Paine—he said: "I was pleased with an adjustment which is calculated to heal the past by the peace-measure proposed, and to guard against a recurrence by the constitutional test."

After that General Conference he made an episcopal visitation to the north-west, including the national council of the Wyandottes, with whom he had a most interesting interview. He remained some time among the Indians, visiting them from house to house, and communicating with them through an interpreter. He ever after spoke with delight of that visit.

He then returned to his friends in Tennessee, with whom he spent the winter, and witnessed the triumphant death of his sister Frances.

He wrote to his colleagues from Nashville, December 12, 1824, that he could no longer perform active episcopal service. He urged the establishment of a mission at Liberia, the better instruction of the Indians, and a greater devotion to pastoral work.

But he did not desist from traveling; he visited all parts of the connection, and preached and presided at Conferences, till the next session of the General Conference, which was in 1828, at Pittsburgh.

Having received an affecting letter from the Wyandottes, thanking him for his fatherly care, and expressing a strong desire that he should visit them again, he did so in June, 1827, much to their gratification and his own.

After the General Conference of 1828 he returned to Tennessee, attended the Kentucky Conference and other important meetings; visited the Cherokee Indians in their national council, and went to Athens, in Georgia, and ordained Stephen Olin, who was then professor in Franklin College; itinerated largely through Georgia and South Carolina; presided at the South Carolina Conference, in Charleston; proceeded through North Carolina and Virginia, attending the Virginia Conference at Lynchburgh; thence to Baltimore, attending the Conference; thence through Pennsylvania and New Jersey, attending the Philadelphia Conference; thence to Urbana, where he attended the Ohio Conference; thence to Lexington, attending the Kentucky Conference; thence to Nashville, where he spent the winter of 1829–30.

Feeble as he was he preached at camp-meetings, sometimes to six thousand people, so as to be distinctly heard by all.

In the early part of 1830, accompanied by his attached friend Alexander L. P. Green, he visited Mississippi and Louisiana, purposing to extend his tour through the West, South, and East; but he was unable to do so.

He, however, attended the Kentucky Conference, in Russellville, and then crossed the mountains for the sixtieth time, to attend the Holston Conference at Ebenezer, Greene County, Tennessee, November 4. But he had to be carried in the arms of his attendants, and could visit the Conference but once, and then but for a few minutes. He still purposed to continue his tour, but his friends remonstrated with him, and he yielded, saying with tears, "I approve your judgment, and submit."

After spending the winter with his friends in Tennessee, he attended the General Conference, in Philadelphia, May, 1832; but was not able to be present at many of its sessions. He, however, preached an impressive sermon, and presided at the ordination of Bishops Andrew and Emory.

The Conference continued his superannuated relation, allowing him

two hundred and fifty dollars a year for extra traveling expenses, besides one hundred dollars for his traveling companion.

The day before the Conference adjourned, leaning on his staff, his eyes suffused with tears, and his voice trembling with emotion, the whole assembly rising to their feet, he said:—

"Let all things be done without strife or vainglory, and try to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace. My brethren and children, love one another." Then, spreading forth his hands and raising his eyes to heaven, he pronounced in faltering accents the apostolic benediction. He then left the assembly to return no more.

After spending a few weeks in Baltimore, he took final leave of his friends east of the mountains and returned to Tennessee. He lay in a bed in his carriage a great part of the way, being unable to sit up.

But he so far rallied as to be able to travel extensively in 1833. He attended the session of the Tennessee Conference at Pulaski, though he was not able to preside, being confined to his bed most of the time.

On the first Sunday in December he preached in Nashville, and administered the Lord's Supper. He preached there also on Christmas-day. He held a watch-meeting there on the last night of the year, and the next day left for Mississippi and Louisiana, preaching at various points. He then returned to Tennessee and attended the session of the Conference at Lebanon, November 5, 1834—the last he ever attended. The Tennessee Conference requested him to write an autobiography, and he promised to do what he could, which he feared would be *very little*, and so it proved. After the session he returned to Nashville, and was prevailed upon to preach, November 23, 1834, in the church which bears his name. The house was filled to overflowing. Rev. Dr. Green, who was present, says:—

"I can, in my imagination, see him this moment, as he last stood on the walls of Zion with his sickle in his hand; the gray hairs thinly covering his forehead, his pale and withered face, his benignant countenance, his speaking eye; while a deep undercurrent of thought, scarcely veiled by the external lineaments, took form in words, and fell from his trembling lips, as, by the eye of faith, he transcended the boundaries of time and entered upon the eternal world. But he is

drawing to the close of his sermon. Now, for the last time, he bends himself and reaches his sickle forth to reap the fields ripe for the harvest. How balmy the name of Christ as he breathes it forth, standing, as it were, midway between heaven and earth, and pointing to the home of the faithful in the sky. I look up again; the sickle sways in his hand, his strength is measured out, and he closes up his ministerial labors on earth with the words, 'I add no more,' while imagination hears the response from the invisible glory, 'It is enough.'"

About December 22d, he left Nashville for his brother's residence in Sumner County, under a presentiment, as is supposed, that his end was near, and in accordance with a long-cherished wish to die at home, and be buried there. But before he started on his last trip, a little portion of the skin by the side of the nail on the forefinger of his right hand had become loosened; in pulling it off, it reached the quick, and made it sore. Presently it inflamed, and became swollen and very painful. He thought that the ink from his pen had got into it and poisoned it. The inflammation and the pain increased until his rest and sleep were much interrupted, yet he was enabled to reach his brother's before Christmas. The "incorrigible tumor" on his finger, however, continued to give him excrutiating pain, in spite of all medical aid, until his finger wasted away, while the agony seemed to involve, by sympathy, his back and head.

He continued to decline till March 5, 1835, when he closed his long life of service and suffering "with a triumphant end." He frequently repeated, during his sickness, "All is well!"

Speaking of his interment, he said: "I wish to be buried in the ancient Methodist style, like an old Christian minister." He was accordingly shrouded in black silk, put in a plain walnut coffin, and laid on the left side of his father, about forty yards from the old family mansion, where he died.

While attending a District Conference a few years since, at Fountain Head, I visited the sacred, sequestered spot. The inclosure of the tomb had been broken down by sacrilegious soldiers during the war, and the grave-stone had been removed from its place, but it was still on the ground. It bears an inscription written by an unknown hand, and unworthy of the subject. It is as follows, *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*:—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. WILLIAM McKENDREE,
Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church In the
United States of America
Born King William County Virginia July 6th 1757
Died at his Brothers Dr James McKendrees
In Sumner County Ten. March 5th 1835
He was elected and ordained Bishop
In the city of Baltimore, May 1808
He labored in the ministry of the Gospel 47 years
With uncommon zeal ability and usefulness,
And for near 27 years discharged the duties
Of the episcopal office with such wisdom
Rectitude fidelity as to secure the
Confidence respect and esteem of the
Ministers and people of his official
Oversight in travels and labors for
The advancement of the Redeemers
Kingdom and the salvation of the
Souls of men. He occupied an elevated
Position among the most eminent ministers
Of Christ and has furnished an illustrious
Example for Christian pastors and Bishops
He finished his course in peace and triumph
Proclaiming in his last moments
'All is well.'

Some unskilled friend, it would seem, drew up this uncouth epitaph, and trusted the inscription to an ignorant stone-cutter!

The Tennessee Conference wished to remove the sacred remains to Nashville, and lay them beside those of his colleague, Bishop Soule, and to place a decent, durable monument over them; but the relatives wish them to remain undisturbed till the resurrection morn, duly inclosed and protected.

From the foregoing facts in the life of Bishop M'Kendree it will be seen that he was no ordinary man. He possessed a good mind, well stored by reading and observation, a fine logical faculty, "the power of convincing speech," uncommon administrative abilities, flaming zeal, self-sacrificing devotion, and large attainments in the divine life.

His *personnel* corresponded with the inner man. He was nearly six feet in height, and at different periods of his life weighed from one hundred and forty to one hundred and eighty pounds. He was well proportioned, possessed great physical strength and personal comeliness. He had fair skin, large dark-blue eyes—to some seeming hazel,

to others* black—and dark hair. He was generally close shaved. When in full dress he appeared in a long-waisted, single-breasted coat of black cloth, waistcoat and breeches, with knee-buckles, and long, black stockings, well-polished shoes with silver buckles, a white linen stock, and broad-brimmed hat. In the latter part of his life he sometimes wore pantaloons; but he was always seen in a dignified costume. He was truly venerable in his appearance.

He was simple in his tastes. After he was troubled with dyspepsia he was very particular in his diet. He ate plain corn bread, or cold wheat bread, with very little if any butter, seldom eating meat, except a small relish of broiled bacon—unlike his friend, Bishop Soule, who would not eat swine's flesh. He sometimes took a cup of tea, but usually drank milk in water.

He was gentle, and kind, and condescending. The servants held him in great reverence, and children delighted in his society. When I was editor of the "Sunday-school Visitor," a communication addressed to children, was sent to that paper, by the late Mrs. Mabry, of Petersburgh, Virginia, daughter of Mrs. Davis, in whose house M'Kendree was ordained deacon, and where he often stayed. Among other interesting things which she says of Bishop M'Kendree, she observes:—

* It would seem that Bishop M'Kendree's eyes were as changeable in color as a chameleon. In 1861, when on a visit to Bishop Soule, he took me into his parlor, and pointed to a portrait of himself, executed in London, and to portraits of Bishops Asbury and M'Kendree, taken, I believe, by Paradise, saying, in his rotund manner of speaking: "I give you these pictures for the Southern University, at Greensborough, Ala.; and if at any time that University should go down, then they are to be given to some other Methodist institution in the Confederate States of America." He considered these two pictures fine likenesses of his "venerable friends." I have just carefully examined them. The eyes of Bishop Asbury are blue; those of Bishop M'Kendree seem to be hazel. The likeness was taken when he was in his prime. Dr. and Mrs. M'Ferrin, who knew the bishop, say that was the color—"hazel or brown." Bishop Paine says they were "dark." Mrs. Mabry says they were "black." Rev. Richard Abbey says, that the last sermon Bishop M'Kendree preached in Nashville was in his parlor; he was present, and well remembers the appearance of the bishop; he says his eyes were "black." Rev. Dr. A. L. P. Green, the bishop's intimate friend and traveling companion, and who is remarkable for his powers of observation and description, assures me again, as he has uniformly done, that the bishop's eyes were "blue." A short time before the bishop's death, John Grimes, a celebrated painter in Nashville, executed the bishop's portrait. I first saw that picture in 1842, suspended in "the bishops' room," in Harry Hill's house, Nashville. It is now made over to "the bishops' room" in the Publishing House. I examined it the other day in company with Mr. Washington Cooper, the eminent portrait painter. We both determined that the eyes were "dark blue." Blue eyes, we are told, owe their shade to the brown pigment which lines the other side of the iris; this brown or hazel hue seems to have been more observable in Bishop M'Kendree's younger days, and the blue tinge was less apparent.

"He was remarkably fond of children. He liked very much to have his hair combed, and I would stand perhaps an hour at a time, in my little chair, combing his beautiful black hair, which curled naturally, and twining it around my tiny fingers. It was all cut short, except behind, and there it was just long enough to curl. He would almost fall asleep while I was amusing myself behind him. When I came to arrange it in front he would take me on his knee; and when I was done, a very sweet kiss would be my reward, and many thanks also. I would then take my little chair and sit close by him, and count the buttons at his knees—there were five at each knee; and he wore buckles on his shoes, too. I shall never forget his appearance, for, in my opinion, he was perfectly beautiful. His eyes were bright and black, and the expression of his countenance was mild and benignant. He had a holy, happy look."

He was cautious and happy in forming his friendships; and his fidelity to his friends was very strong and affecting. He extended the sentiment to his "poor relatives"—the horses on which he depended for his transportation. Hence, he made provision in his will for his old horse "Gray"—which was nearly as well known as his master. He bequeathed to this faithful animal, on which he had repeatedly traversed the United States, sufficient to furnish him with plenty of food, a good stable, blue-grass pasture, and an honorable burial—which he duly inherited. The remains of horse and rider molder alike in the grave, and one can scarcely suppress the sentiment attributed by Pope to the Indian in regard to his dog—applying it to the good bishop and his noble steed—that

> "——— Admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful *horse* shall bear him company!"

No—not his "faithful horse," but thousands of faithful followers of the Lamb, who, through his instrumentality—directly or indirectly—have been, and shall continue to be, brought into the kingdom of grace on earth, "shall bear him company" in the kingdom of glory on high.

REV. ENOCH GEORGE.

Enoch George.

BY REV. DAVID SHERMAN, D.D.

In retracing the course of history one is often reminded of the fact that some names, which were conspicuous in their day, fade with the lapse of time, while others attain to more than their original luster. It is natural to suppose that the later estimate, made on careful review and often with the aid of fresh data, is the more correct and just; but that this is not invariably, or even generally, the case, may be clearly seen by a careful re-examination of almost any chapter of remote history. Names start into importance which had been nearly forgotten, and others, which remain living realities, require to be reduced in their proportions. Time bears upon its current not always the more solid or valuable qualities, but those most transmissible. The glow and fame of the orator may be dissipated in the passage across centuries, while the great qualities of the author who lives in his works, or of the founder or legislator who continues to speak in his laws or institutions, remain undiminished by lapse of years.

Our denominational history furnishes instances. The names of Wesley, Coke, Asbury, remain familiar to the current generation, while those of Whatcoat, George, and even that of Lee, are becoming obscured. They are seen as shadows along the lines of history—as names—and will soon be only the shades of names, faintly traced on her pages. And yet in their day they, as well as their more fortunate compeers, were potentialities; often most vividly and forcibly impressing the current generation, but not in a way to last through coming years. The former were preachers adapted to move the masses about them by their words and personal magnetism; the latter were organizers and lawgivers, who perpetuate the memory of their virtues in their deeds and the institutions they bequeathed to the future. If the one class deserves remembrance for wise counsels and broad plans, the other has an equal claim for furnishing the zeal and enthusiasm by which those plans became vital, as without these the

best plans and the most complete organizations would be juiceless theories and lifeless associations.

In the band of men in the last century who contributed to enkindle the piety and to intensify the devotion of the Church, and thereby to set the continent aflame, Enoch George holds a conspicuous and honored place. He was born in Virginia, a State memorable as the mother of bishops as well as of presidents, and a part of that great middle section where Methodism early took root, and whence proceeded many of her great apostles and evangelists on their mission of preaching and spreading "Scripture holiness" over other sections of the land. Here was the home of Ware, Losee, and Garrettson, who bore the banner toward the north star; of Burke, Wade, Poythress, Willis, and M'Kendree, who carried the torch to the South and into the interminable wilderness of the West; and of Lee, Pickering, Brush, Smith, and Roberts, who roused by the blast of their trumpets the waning piety of New England.

Lancaster County, on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, the birthplace of Mr. George, possessed a thin, light soil, and was long cursed with slave labor, which tended to reduce the people to poverty. The family of George belonged to the planter class, and thus occupied an honorable position in the community; but, from the causes named, became reduced in their material resources, and found it necessary to struggle to maintain their position among the "first families." Of his father, the bishop said, "he labored much for that which profited little." To us who look back upon "an institution" that has perished in the fierce storm of war, it seems strange that it should have been cherished by a people who so well knew that the foot of the slave scorches the soil it treads upon, and brings the curse of barrenness upon all the land. But man often most nourishes the evil which produces only bitter fruit. The planter, in view of the poverty and disgrace that must inevitably attend his course of life, clung to his "peculiar institution" even while groaning over a sterile soil, want, and general discontent.

The state of morals and religion in Virginia at this period was deplorable. The colony was settled by a few leading families and a large mass of the abandoned classes of the old world, neither of which paid any great regard to religion. The English Church, which became

legally established in the colony, maintained little more than a form of religion. The clergy were often worldly men, sometimes of loose and exceptionable morals, more given to sports than to the work of preaching the gospel; and of course the people, under such guides, could be expected to occupy only a low moral position. The picture of the state of society given by Mr. George is vivid and expressive:—

"I well remember," he says, "that among both the aged and young but few had a clear and satisfactory knowledge of the moral obligations connected with the precepts of the gospel. We went to church on the Lord's day, and when we returned the old spent their time in eating and drinking, and the young in vanity and wickedness. Our country abounded with dancing schools and dancing masters. Young ladies and gentlemen, before they could appear in the circles of polished society, had to learn systematically the arts of reveling and dissipation, and all the eccentric and odd gesticulations that they and their teachers could invent."

Among such a people he received his early training, and almost necessarily felt the infection of the evil examples by which he was surrounded, from the direct consequences of which he was saved only by wise parental counsels and the instructions of exceptionably faithful ministers. Lessons of industry and labor, usually neglected and despised in a slave-holding community, were inculcated by his father, and they secured to him that physical vigor, energy of character, and hopeful courage which became such important elements in prosecuting the duties of his itinerant career. The battle of that day was against giants, and required in the combatants robust and sturdy men, who shrank from no labor and feared no contest or struggle.

With this prudential training Mr. George received the amount and kind of religious instruction usual in a family where religion is merely a form. They attended the Church of England, rather because it was fashionable than as a means of spiritual instruction and edification. That this attendance on public worship was a mere form is evident from the fact that all religious services were absent from the household, and that the hours of recreation were spent in dancing and amusement.

The moral and religious condition here described appears the more remarkable when we remember that the community was blessed with the labors of such a minister as the Rev. Devereaux Jarratt, whose

reputation for zeal, holiness, sound doctrine, and evangelistic labors for the salvation of the people extended through all the Churches. He was a Methodist before Methodism; a voice in the wilderness earnestly preaching repentance; "a bright and shining light," unfolding the whole counsel of God in law and gospel, and by his fervid appeals to the conscience rousing many to seek a better experience.

Among those who profited by the faithful labors of this man of God was our subject, who plainly saw that within the husk of external services there was to be sought and found a germ of religious life—a personal experience—which could be produced only by the Spirit in co-operation with the individual agent. The earnest denunciations of sin produced in him deep conviction, and the view of the promises induced him to cry to God for salvation. For some months this state continued, and with suitable encouragement he would no doubt have persevered till he came into a state of religious peace and joy; but, surrounded as he was by the dead forms of Christianity, his feelings were concealed, and he relapsed into a condition of coldness and indifference.

Meantime the family removed to another locality, thus depriving them of the faithful ministrations and Christian example of Mr. Jarratt, but introducing them to a new sect, then every-where spoken against, but destined to prove influential in giving a new direction and shape to the life of young George. Methodism, then beginning to penetrate that region and to excite the opposition of the formal and decayed Churches, was a name of reproach. The preachers were mostly Englishmen, some of them designing to remain here only temporarily, and hence refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Revolutionary Government, which lent to the whole sect the suspicion of Toryism, a name in that day exceedingly odious. From a sect so suspicious no good seemed attainable, and in the services in the parish church there was still less to hope, for the clergyman, like many in the region, was so immoral that no one could repose confidence in him. Drinking, gaming, and horse-racing allowed little place to the word of God.

The situation of the family in this new condition appears deplorable in the extreme, and liable to conduct them to utter irreligion and immorality. But Providence was leading them more wisely than they knew. They were to find in the despised sect of Methodists the

messengers of God who were to open to them the hidden treasures of the gospel, and to conduct their feet into the paths of peace.

The first agent who was to bear the glad tidings to this family was John Easter, an evangelist renowned in his day, and whose memory in the Church will ever remain fresh. Young George at first heard his message with levity, but on being reproved for his conduct by his father, he gave more candid attention to the gospel. He accompanied the family to the service, and, after a plain and practical sermon by a circuit preacher, John Easter arose to give an exhortation, "and his words came with such power that the multitude trembled, and numbers began to cry aloud for mercy." As the speaker continued, growing more effective as he progressed, some began to fall down and weep. One of these persons fell so near Mr. George that he was at once frightened and convicted. He tried to leave the spot, but found himself unable. When the meeting was over, he resolved that he would never be found at a Methodist revival meeting again.*

Notwithstanding his dislike of the service, he was induced by his father on the ensuing Sabbath to go again, and as the work deepened about him in the community he found himself almost irresistibly attracted to the cross, and his soul emerged into the light and beauty of the gospel. The evidence of his acceptance was not at first clear, but he continued to pray and struggle till he realized the witness of the Spirit to the fact of his adoption. "From that day until now," he said in the latter part of his life, "I have never doubted my conversion to Christ, and my adoption into his family."

Having entered this satisfactory religious state of mind, the question of Church membership became an important one. What Church should he join? The Episcopal was the one in which he had been trained, and for which his family cherished old-time attachments; but, on the other hand, the new Methodist organization presented evidences of spiritual life in which the Episcopal Church of that day was exceedingly deficient. The clergyman of the place was not regarded as a converted man, and, of course, could not be expected to be in deep sympathy with vital religion, or to preach the deeply-spiritual truths of the gospel. These considerations formed an almost insuperable barrier

* FRY'S "Life of George," p. 17.

to his continued connection with the Church of his birth, and induced the family to cast in their lot with the disciples of Wesley.

In the new associations, from which so much good had been realized, he expected to find all the members unexceptionable in conduct and life; but, like many before him, he was doomed to be disappointed. The Church on earth is composed of fallible men who, at best, are struggling to become conformed to the divine image, and may become the refuge of those who do not seek this conformity, of which Mr. George soon found evidence. After joining the class he had set up the family altar in his father's house, and expected in all other Methodist families to find the same service. What was his surprise to find that the family where he boarded at school maintained no family worship, and that the head of the family was addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors! Religion with them was a mere show and pretense. The trial of his faith at this revelation of hypocrisy was severe, but in the end proved beneficial, in showing him the weakness of man, and in cutting him loose from human support.

In those earnest days of Methodism converts at once engaged in the public services, in prayer and exhortations; and in the exercise of these gifts the talents of young George became known to the Church, and so favorably impressed the leading men that he was at once thought to be divinely designated to the work of the ministry. The suggestion of these convictions of his brethren was the occasion of great pain and struggles to one who cherished both an exalted opinion of the responsibilities of the ministerial office, and of his own deficiencies for the work. He would have shrunk from the task, but at the instance of the whole Church, he was induced to try his gift at exhortation.

The experiment is given us in his own words: "The circuit preacher having officiated at a watch-night, they induced him to call on me for a word of exhortation. That he was intending to do this I was aware before the meeting began, and by going late and hiding myself, I expected to escape. In this fancied concealment I sat and listened to an insipid sermon, which was no sooner concluded than the preacher called for me by name. This so affrighted me that I sat down upon the floor; but he continued calling me till an acquaintance answered that I was there, and a friend led me to the table, where, with trembling and weeping, I exhorted. This was the beginning of my ministry."

This unpromising commencement proved to be the starting-point of an admirable career in the itinerancy, the record of which can here be only slightly touched. In 1789 he began to travel with Philip Cox, who was not only a traveling preacher, but also the "book steward" of the Church, and who became the theological tutor of his new colleague, and inducted him into all the mysteries of the itinerant work. He remained with Cox only until the latter had an opportunity to present him to Asbury.

"In our course," says George, "we met Bishop Asbury, and Brother Cox said to him, 'I have brought you a *boy*, and if you have any thing for him to do you may set him to work.' The bishop looked at me for some time; at length calling me to him, he laid my head upon his knee, and stroking my face with his hand, he said, 'Why, he is a beardless boy, and can do nothing.' I then thought my traveling was at an end." The result, however, was better than he anticipated, for he was assigned to the itinerant ranks, and sent to assist David Asbury on the Pamlico Circuit in North Carolina, a field peculiarly difficult to cultivate on account of the indifference and worldliness of the people, and of their prejudice against the doctrines and modes of the Methodists.

That a young man just starting out in the ministry should feel these discouragements was natural, but a few words from Asbury, his great chief and counselor, inspired in him fresh courage, and sent him on his way with a glad heart.

In 1790 he was admitted on probation in the Conference, and appointed with Henry Ledbetter to travel the Pamlico Circuit. In the course of the year, by a usage of the times to change the men in the intervals of Conference, he traveled the Caswell and Roanoke Circuits with a fair degree of success.

In 1791 he returned to the Caswell Circuit. In 1792 he enjoyed an extensive revival on Guilford Circuit, adjoining his former field, and aided, so far as he was able, to allay the troubles occasioned by the secession of James O'Kelly, a schismatic who denounced and left the Church because the appointing power was not taken from the bishop and placed in the hands of local men, a plan which would have given us several ecclesiastical fragments instead of the grand Church of Methodism of to-day.

The movement had thus far been confined mostly to the middle

States; but the great soul of Asbury longed to extend the glad tidings to the remotest sections of the land. He was often embarrassed by the localizing tendency of the preachers, who found it easier to cultivate the fields already occupied than to open new ones in the new and remote parts of the continent. At the Conference he called for recruits to go to the South. George, inspired with the missionary spirit, volunteered to go to South Carolina, where he remained until 1797.

"My labors," he says, in speaking of this field, "were of the most painful kind; in a desert land among almost impassable swamps, and under bilious diseases of every kind, which unfitted me for duty while in Charleston, or among the hospitable inhabitants of the Pine Barrens. In the midst of all this my mind was stayed upon God, and kept in perfect peace. Prospects in general were encouraging." The spiritual dearth of this region was, however, the occasion of greater pain than the labors and hardships of his itinerancy. "When God was reviving his work he was always happy, whatever might be the state of his health, and no labor was too hard if souls could be converted to God."

In 1796 he was made presiding elder of the Charleston District, and the next year of the Georgia District, where he witnessed extensive revivals of religion. In the course of the year the rupture of a blood-vessel obliged him to desist from his labors, and to return north. In 1798 he undertook to travel the Brunswick Circuit, but proved to be too feeble in health to continue to the close of the year, which induced him to ask a location.

On retiring from the itinerancy he engaged in teaching, but he was too deeply interested in the extension of the work of God to refrain from preaching. Hence we soon find him again proclaiming the gospel on the Rockingham Circuit; and in 1800 he was re-admitted, and made presiding elder of the Potomac District, where again his health soon failed, and at the Conference of 1801 he once more asked for a location, because he would not depend on his brethren when unable to labor with them.

As the hope of being able to re-enter the itinerancy was abandoned, he now retired to Winchester, and resumed his former occupation of teaching. Thoughts of a settlement for life led him to enter the marriage relation, which seemed to exclude him forever from the hope of a further participation in labors with his itinerant brethren. The

duties of his school absorbed his attention; but, at the same time, he could not be content merely to communicate secular knowledge. He labored and prayed for the conversion and spiritual elevation of his pupils, a course which resulted in an extensive and gracious revival. He was still the preacher in his school as well as out of it; and the measure of success here enjoyed inflamed anew his desire to enter a broader field. The season was one of extensive revivals in that whole region, and the labors in carrying them on were fully participated in by Mr. George. No work was to him so agreeable as that of preaching, and of leading souls to the Lord Jesus. Under its stimulus his health improved, and he came to feel an insatiable desire to be in the regular work.

In 1803 we find him uniting with the Baltimore Conference, and laboring with great zeal and success on the Frederick Circuit. His popular gifts and wise counsels induced the bishop in 1804 to place him on the Baltimore District, where he enjoyed great popularity and success; and in 1805–6 he administered, with equal wisdom, the affairs of the Alexandria District. Those were the days of great quarterly meetings, when the labors of the presiding elder were extensive and arduous; and the strain upon the physical constitution of Mr. George proved again to be too great, so that he returned the next year to a station. He filled successively the Georgetown, Frederick, Montgomery, and Baltimore charges, in all of which he enjoyed his former measure of popularity, and was allowed to witness precious fruits of his labor.

The succeeding four years (1811–1815) were spent in discharging the duties of presiding elder on the Potomac District, with many tokens of the divine favor. The quarterly meetings were occasions of great power, the multitudes in attendance being often thrilled by his ardent and eloquent words.

The season was not, however, one of unalloyed satisfaction. His popular and attractive gifts were tempered by affliction in his household. The removal of his beloved wife by death left in his care the children with which God had blessed them, a charge which was to him the occasion of no little anxiety, as he desired to train them in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and in order to do so it seemed necessary to keep them together. But how could they

remain together during his protracted and necessary absences? How could he find persons who would properly care for their habits, training, and religious culture?

The General Conference of 1816, of which he had been chosen a member, assembled in May, in the City of Baltimore, to review the interest and work of the Church. The efforts of the handful of itinerants who had been sweeping through the land, had been greatly blessed; large numbers of people had been gathered into the fold through the agency of the many precious revivals in which Mr. George had borne a conspicuous part.

But, amid all their prosperity, changes were passing over the leaders of the militant host. The venerable Asbury, who had gone in and out before them from the beginning, had just passed off the stage; and M'Kendree, the only surviving bishop, was too feeble to perform the many onerous duties of his extensive charge. This state of things rendered the strengthening of the episcopacy needful; and, in casting about for candidates, Enoch George and Robert R. Roberts were elected. Mr. George was elected on the 14th of May, by fifty-seven out of one hundred and six votes. "His commanding power and success as a preacher," observes one of his associates, "no doubt elevated him to the episcopacy."

That he felt the office to be no sinecure will be evident to the reader from the reflections he has left on the subject:

"I can truly say that my mind was 'tossed with tempest' on this occasion. I must leave my children for one and two years together, without the possibility of doing any thing personally for them, or neglect the duties of my high and responsible station. But my duty to God and the Church prevailed, and I gave myself and children to him who clothes the lilies of the field, and feeds the sparrows, and in whose eyes we are of much more value than they. I then gave myself to the work. In it all my views were realized, and I found that the office of an American superintendent or bishop is the most arduous and responsible in the Church. He who discharges the duties of this office will find no time for loitering or self-indulgence. He must diligently, regularly, steadily, and perseveringly hold on his course to the end, 'not counting his life dear unto him.'"

As here intimated, the twelve years he spent as a bishop were full

of labors and cares. Who is able in this day of railroads and steamboats to estimate the toilsome journeys he made from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the far east of Maine to the far west of the Mississippi valley? These labors were the more arduous as there was a heavy demand on him, not only for administrative services on account of the feebleness of his colleague's health, but also for preaching, which he greatly enjoyed, though it proved to be a severe tax on his strength. The election, in 1824, of Soule and Hedding, afforded him relief, as they were able to take more than their share of the burdens and responsibilities of the office. Though eased in his work, he continued to labor, as strength and opportunity allowed, to the end; so that "he ceased at once to work and live."

The closing scenes of his life were marked by Christian peace and holy triumph. At the close of the General Conference of 1828, which had been an occasion of unusual care and responsibility, he started on his southern tour to attend, among others, the Holston Conference. As was the custom of the time, he often preached on his route. On the 30th of August he preached at Harrisonville, under the pressure of a severe indisposition; but the next day, anxious to reach the seat of the Conference, he pressed forward some twenty-four miles to Staunton, Va., where an attack of dysentery obliged him to desist. Rev. Basil Barry, the preacher in charge of the circuit, visited him and learned that he had been so severely affected as to be often obliged on the way to lie down upon the ground.

Though so severely afflicted, he did not appear to be at all alarmed, as he retired to rest without calling a physician, in the hope that rest would restore him; but in this he was entirely mistaken, as the disorder continued with unabated violence, even after a physician had been called.

On Thursday, September 14th, while a number of his brethren were sitting about him, he said, "Brethren, you must excuse me, I am too weak to talk to you. All I can say is, if I die, I am going to glory! For this I have been living forty years."

The next day, he sent for Rev. Mr. Barry, and stated to him that he was very low, and requested him, in case of death, that he would bear the tidings to his friends in Baltimore. At the bishop's suggestion he then read the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of St.

John's Gospel. At the close of the reading the bishop offered some reflections on the passages, closing with saying, "What a body of divinity and valuable truth is contained in these chapters!"

Although death was near, he still cherished the hope of being able soon to pursue his journey. On the 20th of September, at his request, arrangements were made for that purpose; but he was found to be too feeble to ride. Nature was prostrated; but he endured intense pain with great patience. The next day, yielding all hope of recovery, he said to his friends, "I feel now that a change has taken place." Alarmed at this suggestion, they called in three physicians for consultation; but in this advanced stage of the disease the utmost medical skill was unavailing. To some of his brethren present he said, "Rejoice with me; I am going to glory." The expression was repeated many times during the day. The earth appeared to him to be receding, and as heaven burst upon his vision he grew rapturous in the deeper revelations of glory. As the day advanced he attained a still higher spiritual elevation, till, amid the waves of rapturous joy and holy triumph, clasping his hands, he exclaimed, "Shout glory to God! The best of all is, God is with us."

At night he requested to be left alone. On being asked if he had any business matters to arrange, he said, "Nothing of importance," and, his mind absorbed in spiritual contemplation, he added, "I am going to glory! I have been many years trying to lead others to glory, and now thither I am going. For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain. Jesus is precious!" These were his last words. As the morning of Saturday, September 23d, 1828, dawned, his happy spirit took its flight from earth. He died among strangers; but he lived in the memory of multitudes who had been led by him to the Lamb of God.

At the General Conference of 1832 Bishop M'Kendree, by request, commemorated his virtues and labors in a funeral discourse.

The humility of the bishop was such that he would never consent to have his portrait taken. He lives only in the descriptions of those who were associated with him. According to these accounts he possessed a large, well-formed person, a noble bearing, an earnest aspect. In conversation or meditation he stood erect, often with his hands crossed behind his back; but when walking he was slightly inclined, and moved with a quick, short step.

"His face was broad," says one who knew him, "his forehead prominent and well spread; his nose large and rather flat; his eyes of a blue cast and deep set in their sockets; his eyebrows dark and considerably projected; his mouth and lips were in due proportion with the other features of his face. He had a full suit of hair, dark and mixed with gray. It appeared rather neglected, yet graceful, hanging about his neck. His complexion, which was originally fair, had became sallow through excessive exposure and fatigue. Whatever impression his strongly-marked countenance might have been calculated to give had it been molded by the internal workings of corrupt and malignant passions, in the light of the holy affections which beamed in it there were charms displayed that rendered it lovely, and will impress its image indelibly on the affectionate remembrance of the numerous friends who had the pleasure of his acquaintance."

In the work of stationing the preachers he was kind and sympathetic, but firm. He had a heart to feel all the sorrows of his brethren in carrying on the itinerant work, but a clear head and firm purpose to see and sustain the true interests of the cause. The work, with him, was of vital consequence; the men, both lay and clerical, were deemed of less importance.

In one of his last years, when presiding at the New York Conference, a brother was wanted in the work in Vermont; but he wished to be appointed near his wife's friends in the vicinity of New York. The bishop sent him to a circuit in that region, probably not in the grade he expected. The preacher made an outcry:—

"I thought you was to give me an appointment to accommodate me near my wife."

The bishop replied: "We could not give you the church where your wife lives; we sent you as near as we could."

"You have not accommodated me at all," he continued; "and I cannot go to my appointment."

"Go home, then, and take care of your wife and stay with her."

"But what will the circuit do?"

"I will take care of the circuit," added the bishop. "You only take care of your wife."

In the days of struggle and labor in which George had the fortune to live, peculiar force and energy of character were required to in-

sure success. In George these traits were conspicuous to the very close of his life.

"He could not bear the tardiness of great numbers about him," one remarks, "for he thought rapidly, spoke fluently, and made his decisions with great promptness. This spirit was carried into the conference work, and on some occasions it gave cause for feelings of offense on the part of his brethren; for his disposition to press every thing rapidly forward inclined him to signify his disapprobation of any course of proceeding that retarded the progress of business, especially protracted and unimportant discussion." In this respect his good qualities were in excess. He was adapted rather to the public congregation, where great activity and zeal are in demand, than to the deliberative body, where matters move with a more measured and slower tread.

In private life the character of Bishop George shone in a clear and mellow light. In the family and social circle he was an enjoyable companion and friend. Of a hopeful and sunny temperament, disposed to view the more favorable side of things, he was prepared to contribute to the happiness of all with whom he came in intimate contact. Religion, in his case, came in to aid nature, for his religion was of a hopeful and jubilant kind. He had no love for a sour godliness, a depreciatory view of the gracious provisions of mercy in the gospel.

As might be supposed from these characteristics, his piety was deep, ardent, and permanent. The new life in him was no evanescent fire, but a pure and perpetual flame. "It was in his religious life," says Stevens, "that his characteristics shone most conspicuously. His piety was profound and tender, and glowed till he seemed at times incandescent with divine light."

His devotion was exhibited in his habits of private prayer. "He certainly exceeded," says one of his friends, who was well acquainted with him in private life, "any person I ever knew in private prayer. Wrapping his cloak about him, he would continue over half an hour, praying, groaning, wrestling, and agonizing; thus had he close and intimate communion with God. This accounts for the holy unction that generally attended his preaching."

In traveling he often found many inconveniences in attending to his duty, and on these occasions he not unfrequently resorted to the open field or to the grove early in the morning or during the twilight

of the evening, usually taking with him a friend when one was at hand. He used to say to his intimate friends, "This is the principal relief and comfort my poor soul receives in the midst of my incessant travels and constant pressure of business."

The great Wesleyan doctrine of perfect love, so prominent a feature in the preaching of the early Methodists, was embraced and cherished by Bishop George. "His theme," says Rev. A. Atwood, "was holiness, in the pulpit and out of it, because he enjoyed it himself. It burned in his soul like a fire that is unquenchable. All who heard him knew and felt that he held steady communion with God. To the praise of men and the honors of the world he appeared to be as dead as was the sainted Fletcher. In the midst of his sermon I have often seen him stop, and, lifting his eyes toward heaven, cry out, in a plaintive tone, 'O Thou who lightest the lamps of glory, save the Methodist Church from freezing up!' And amens would follow it all over the congregation, in old Methodist style: the sympathy and feeling would be so intense that the house seemed filled with praise. Bishop George used the word glory in a manner and with a tone a little different from all others."

The devotional spirit exhibited in this admirable man could not fail to give color and tone to his preaching. It led him to treat of the higher and richer features of the gospel, and to labor to secure the immediate salvation of men. As a preacher he was evangelical, searching, earnest; and at the same time warm, genial, and cheerful.

As a revivalist he possessed eminent qualities in his deep and intense zeal and devotion, in his love of souls, and in his fine gifts for convincing and persuading men. He lived in a revival period, imbibed the revival spirit, and led many souls to the Lord Jesus.

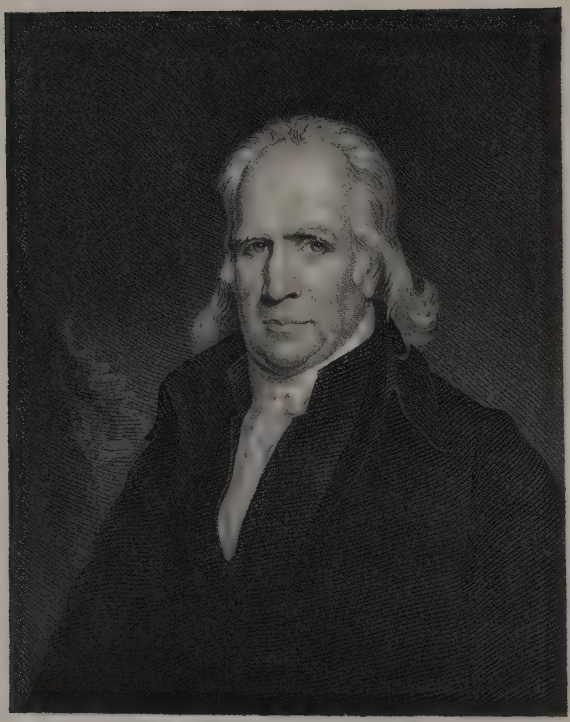
"He was," says Stevens, "among the most effective preachers of his day. An extraordinary pathos melted his audiences and himself, and he often had to pause in the midst of his sermons and ask his hearers to join him in utterances of thanksgiving, while with tears streaming down his weather-worn face he would raise his spectacles, and with uplifted eyes and hands offer praises to God, bearing aloft his thronged congregations, thrilled, weeping, and adoring. The elder Methodists throughout the country still recall him with veneration as the weeping prophet of the episcopacy."

"His sermons," says another, "were full of energy, pathos, and the Holy Ghost; they were calculated to do much good." Says another, "He was a good minister of the New Testament, great in zeal, great in energy, great in usefulness, and if he had no abiding place here, he had a home in heaven." Dr. Bangs, who knew him well, refers to him as "naturally eloquent, and his eloquence was all natural."

The pathos exhibited in his preaching is often referred to in records left by his contemporaries. "You northern men," he said after listening to a northern preacher, "are always for system; but we southern men like to wet the eyes of our congregations." "Although I have heard him many times," says one, "I never heard him preach a dry sermon."

Bishop George was a favorite preacher on special occasions, such as dedications, camp-meetings, and Conferences, when his eloquence often became overpowering on his large audiences. His commanding presence, full and sonorous voice, and personal enthusiasm seldom failed to meet the demands of the occasion. Men who heard him never failed in such times to be impressed. In one of those seasons Rev. W. C. Larrabee describes his experience thus: "I wept, whether for joy or sadness I could not tell; I wept and could not help it. I had, however, no reason to try to help it, for on looking over the congregation I perceived all others as much affected as myself, and even more so; for many of the people were laughing, crying, and shouting at the same time."

From another of his hearers I have received a similar description. "His text," says Rev. C. L. M'Curdy, who heard him in his last years, "was Matt. xxiv, 14: 'This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world.' He began by thrice repeating the text with variations of the emphasis. '*This gospel* shall be preached;' again, 'this gospel SHALL *be preached;*' and still again, 'This gospel shall be preached in *all the world*.' After this repetition, pausing with emotion as the tears fell from his uplifted eyes and were wiped away with the fingers of both hands, he shouted triumphantly, 'Glory, glory to God in the highest!' 'This gospel *will be* preached in all the world.' Thus launched into the heart of his discourse, he went on to the close amid the shouts and tears of the people."



Robert Richford Roberts.

BY REV. MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., LL.D.

SIXTH on the list of Methodist bishops stands the name of Robert Richford Roberts, a man of apostolical simplicity, purity, and labor. In his history is exemplified the providential care exercised by the Head of the Church in qualifying his laborers for their peculiar work. He was called to be the superintendent of an active and growing branch of the Christian Church in the midst of a new and rapidly increasing population. In his work he must be exposed to dangers and privations. He must thread his way through dense forests, or across the unsettled prairie. He must climb the mountain or swim the swollen river. He must lodge in the rude cabin or in the open air. He must not only face the dangers of nature, but must bear the obloquy and reproach, the taunts and persecutions, to which the early apostles of Methodism were so frequently exposed. Yet, withal, he must be kind and gentle, "in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves." He must have a loving spirit, joined with great firmness and decision, and with executive ability and tact. He must organize and unify elements widely diverse, and bring into loving association people from almost every land, and from every phase of society. For such a work he needed a strong physical constitution, and great power of endurance; a clear, calm intellect, and steady purpose; the skill and daring of a general, and the meekness and love of a saint; the heart of a lion, and the tenderness and gentleness of a woman. To develop such a character the associations of his youth and early manhood were eminently fitted.

He was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 2, 1778, and was the third son of Robert Morgan Roberts and Mary Richford, both of whom were natives of Maryland. His father's ancestors were from Wales, his mother's from Ireland. Early in the revolutionary struggle, his father, who was a farmer, entered the army, and was in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and White Plains.

At about four years of age young Roberts was placed in school, where he continued until he was seven. He there acquired the knowledge of the simple elements of an English education, which in later years would have been for him impracticable. Shortly after the close of the war, public attention was called to the country west of the Alleghany Mountains. Its cheap lands, healthy climate, and fertile soil, attracted many a farmer, and a tide of immigration flowed westward.

In 1785 Mr. Roberts's father sold his property in Maryland, and removed to Ligonier Valley, in Westmoreland County, Pa. The country was new, schools were few and distant, and the necessity for labor in opening a new farm required constant attention. The opportunities for education were thus very restricted, and what young Roberts acquired subsequently was chiefly the result of his reading, observation, and study. He had been taught from infancy by a pious mother the knowledge and worship of God, and his habits were pure and simple. His parents had been attached to the Church of England, and prior to their removal west he had attended that service, and had been instructed in its catechism and prayers, having been baptized in infancy by a minister of that Church. In western Pennsylvania the early settlers were chiefly Presbyterians of the different branches then existing in Scotland and in the north of Ireland, from which many of the immigrants came. Before his removal his father had been warned by his clergyman against any religious alliance with the "sects," especially with the Methodists, who were represented as very dangerous. In consequence of this admonition the family seldom attended religious services, and were almost deprived of religious privileges, other than reading the Holy Scriptures, a few religious books, and on Sabbath some forms of prayer.

About three years after their removal, a Methodist preacher visited the neighborhood, and held services at a private house. Notwithstanding their prejudices the younger members of the family began to attend. They, becoming interested and reporting favorably, were followed by their parents, who subsequently invited the minister to hold the services in their house. This step was of immense importance to young Roberts. Thoughtful and serious, he enjoyed the conversation and instruction of the preachers, and read with avidity the books which they from time to time furnished him. He became

deeply interested, prayed in secret, and his deportment was so circumspect that when only thirteen years of age, and before he had united with the Church, he was appointed as the catechist for the children of the neighborhood, who met weekly, and learned the "Instructions for Children."

In his fourteenth year he experienced a consciousness of pardon, which he thus relates: "One day about sunrise, in the month of May, I was in the corner of the fence praying, when, I humbly trust, my sins were pardoned, and God, for Christ's sake, accepted me. Before that time I had frequently had sweet intimations of the goodness and mercy of the Lord. My heart was tender, and I felt as if I could love God and his people. But yet, until that morning, my mind was not at rest. Then every thing seemed changed. Nature wore a new aspect as I arose and went to my work with cheerfulness; though, I own, I did not then know whether I had received all that I should look for in conversion. I never had such alarming views of my condition as some have experienced; my mind was gradually opened, and although I had always led a moral life, I firmly believed my heart must be changed. Owing to my youth, I cannot now remember the precise day of my conversion, though the scene as it occurred that morning has ever been deeply printed on my memory."

Partly through timidity, and partly because his father advised against it on account of his youth, he did not immediately unite with the Church. He was, however, diligently attentive to the means of grace, and in his sixteenth year he was received as a member. Shortly after this period a deep impression took possession of his mind that he must preach. He studied the outlines of sermons, and sometimes alone, or in the presence of children, gave utterance to his thoughts. His serious manner, and his deeply religious life, led to his designation by common consent as a preacher. But his consciousness of lack of education, as well as his natural timidity, oppressed him. During one winter he embraced the opportunity of attending a school some miles from his home, working in a family every morning and evening for his boarding, and returning to labor for his parents on the farm on Saturdays. At this school he made unusual progress, and commanded the high respect as well of the scholars as of the teacher, who ever afterward was his warm friend and admirer.

Meanwhile his labor on the farm had developed a fine physical frame and a strong and vigorous constitution. He was athletic and active, and an expert marksman in securing the game with which the country abounded. He was also sympathetic and generous. At that period there was little wealth in the country. The Atlantic border had been devastated by war, and the West was an almost undeveloped wilderness. Most of the immigrants had scanty means. Their little stock of furniture and equipage was oftentimes packed in a single wagon drawn by horses or oxen. The men drove the team and cattle, if any, while the women walked or rode, as health and opportunity would permit. They took their meals by the way-side, and camped at night where wood and water could be procured for fire and cooking, and where, if possible, the weary animals might find grass or other forage on which to browse. Thus they made their long and tiresome journeys across the Alleghany Mountains and along the western streams. Reaching their destination, kind-hearted neighbors, though often miles distant, helped them to cut logs and erect simple cabin shelter. Thus chiefly the frontier border moved westward, and the country west of the Alleghany Mountains was filled with hardy and adventurous settlers. Young Roberts was ever ready to welcome the new immigrants, and to lend a helping hand to aid in their arrangements.

While thus active on the farm and in out-door toils, he was also much in his mother's society. She was in delicate health, and the family was large. His older brothers could not well be spared from their toil, and while he was young his mother needed his assistance. He gladly aided her, and probably in this association he acquired much of that peculiar gentleness and suavity of manner that even to old age marked his intercourse in society. It also furnished him with a knowledge of domestic duties which prepared him more fully for the life of a pioneer.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, to promote the settlement of the country, offered four hundred acres of land on easy conditions to every settler in the north-western part of the State. When about eighteen years of age he started with a few friends to explore the Chenango Valley, and in the following year he made a permanent improvement on a farm in that region. In opening the farms the settlers were obliged to rely greatly on the game which the woods abundantly furnished. He

thus became more skillful as a marksman, and was accustomed to trace and follow obscure paths, and to mark courses in the densest forests. His tastes and habits were simple, and he could accustom himself to hardship and privation with but little inconvenience. Better educated than most of the early settlers, with mild and gentle manners, and withal hardy and adventurous, he became recognized as the leading man in society. His cabin became the central place of the neighborhood, and in it consultations were held and plans formed. It was also open to religious services.

But whether on his father's farm or himself the pioneer in a new country—whether cultivating the ground or pursuing the game—whether aiding new settlers in making selections of farms or planning works of improvement in his neighborhood—he was constantly haunted with the impression that he must preach the gospel of Christ. His books, though comparatively few, were chiefly of a religious character, and were carefully studied, and the whole current of his life was directed toward the ministry of the word.

In his twenty-first year he was married to Miss Elizabeth Oldham, a daughter of one of the early settlers, and a friend of his father's family. She was a young woman of more than ordinary strength of character, and was well fitted to share the inconveniences and difficulties of a pastor's life. She was a careful and economical housekeeper, and was in full sympathy with her husband in reference to the ministry. In the summer of 1800 he was induced to accept license as an exhorter, but could seldom be persuaded to engage in public services. After much deliberation and prayer, and after many mental conflicts, he finally resolved, in 1802, to give himself wholly to the work of the ministry. Under the advice of Rev. James Quinn he was licensed as a preacher, at Holmes' Meeting-house, near Cadiz, Ohio, where he was also recommended for admission into the Baltimore Conference. His first appointment was on Carlisle Circuit, under the charge of Rev. James Smith, and his residence was in York, Pa. The circuit embraced York, Carlisle, Millerstown, and Thompsontown on the Juniata, and Shippensburgh, Chambersburgh, Gettysburgh, and other points, having about thirty appointments in four weeks. Such a circuit would appall even the adventurous minister of that day, yet by such toils and sacrifices were the foundations of Methodism laid. His introduction

into the ministry was attended with more than ordinary suffering and discouragement, for before he had completed his third round on his circuit he had the small-pox by inoculation, and subsequently the measles. He also lost the two horses belonging to himself and his wife, and which constituted the chief part of his means. The field was in many respects a difficult one. The whole country was under strong Calvinistic influence; the Methodist Societies were few and poor, and were held by other Churches generally in low estimation. Not unfrequently were their doctrines violently assailed, and their usages denounced and ridiculed. Yet his ministry was largely attended by the most intelligent portions of the community. The next year he was appointed to Montgomery Circuit, Maryland. During the summer, Rev. Nicholas Snethen, a man of superior abilities, and who subsequently became one of the leaders in the Methodist Protestant Church, visited his circuit. He had traveled with Bishop Asbury in the West, and had come East for the purpose of introducing camp-meetings. These meetings had commenced in the West among the Presbyterians, especially in the Cumberland Valley, and were extensively held by both Presbyterians and Methodists. Remarkable excitements and strange phenomena of falling and of various contortions sometimes accompanied them, and people came in their wagons from twenty to forty miles and remained for several days at them. Mr. Roberts took a deep interest in the arrangements, and attended the services. But when, under the preaching of Mr. Snethen, the people became excited and many fell in different parts of the congregation, he became very much troubled. To him all this was new. Quiet and thoughtful, though deeply devotional, his feelings were not in harmony with such manifestations. After, however, witnessing the results, and engaging earnestly in secret prayer, he was able to enter actively into the services.

About this time he became acquainted with the German Methodists called Otterbeins, after Rev. Mr. Otterbein, of the German Reformed Church. This eminent man had assisted in the ordination of Bishop Asbury. He adopted the general usages of the Methodist services and had a remarkable revival among his people. Mr. Roberts found the Otterbeins very friendly, they attending his services and he attending theirs. He ever regretted that there had not then been

a systematic effort to establish regular Methodist services in the German language. Some of their ministers did apply for admission into the Conference, but, having families, they were rejected. As the result they were alienated from the Methodist Episcopal Church. In his broad views he was in advance of his Church, but he lived to see and to rejoice in the establishment of such services a third of a century later.

At the Conference of 1804 he was admitted into full connection, having passed his probation very acceptably, and being already favorably noticed for ministerial promise and power. At this Conference Bishops Coke and Asbury were in attendance, and there was also another minister named Roberts in the Conference. When Bishop Asbury called the name Robert R. Roberts, he added, in a tone of pleasantry, "mountain-headed Roberts, not city Roberts," referring probably to the fact that he preferred the country, while his namesake preferred the city, and also to his large and stately appearance. His colleague in charge of the circuit replied, that he was unblemished in moral character, and that his head was a "complete magazine." He was ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury April 28th, 1804, and was appointed to Frederick Circuit, Maryland. As the General Conference commenced a few days after, he had the opportunity of attending, where he saw and listened to the fathers of American Methodism. Among them were Bishops Coke, Asbury, and Whatcoat; and also M'Kendree, Lee, Garrettson, and other famous men. Little did he then fancy the position which he would in a few years be called to take among them.

In 1805 he was appointed to Chenango Circuit. It extended over Butler and Beaver Counties, Pa., and into Ohio as far as Yellow Creek, where Wellsville now stands; there were also several appointments on the Western Reserve. At that time there was no Methodist preaching in Pittsburgh, though a small Society had been organized through the efforts of Mr. Wrenshall. He was a merchant on Market-street, was originally from England, and was a local preacher. He was a man of talent and influence, and one of his grand-daughters is the esteemed wife of our distinguished ex-President Grant. At his invitation Mr. Roberts visited Pittsburgh, and preached in the old court-house, in the Diamond. But those who were

hostile to Methodism met and commenced dancing up stairs. This so annoyed the congregation that they were obliged to leave. Mr. Wrenshall promptly opened his house for services, and at the same time his large yard. But such was the spirit of opposition to the services that apples and sticks were frequently thrown at the preacher. Notwithstanding all opposition, however, he continued his services, and made a favorable impression on the public by his able sermons and dignified deportment.

During the year Mr. Roberts was changed by his presiding elder to the Erie Circuit. As this circuit embraced the farm which he had opened, and on which there was water-power, he undertook to superintend the erection of a mill. He did this because he supposed it would be profitable for the support of his family, and would relieve him from pecuniary anxiety. He regretted this course subsequently, and remarked to the writer, when giving him a sketch of his life in 1842, as follows:—

"I would advise all preachers never to quit the work of the Lord to serve tables. However fair their prospects of making money may be, they are frequently delusive, and such ministers are losers in the end. As I had but little support from quarterage, I thought my family could be maintained from a mill and I should be better able to travel without anxiety. But it was not so; it embarrassed my mind and took up my attention; and though for awhile it did well, it eventually proved a loss."

In 1806 he was ordained elder by Bishop Asbury, in Baltimore, and was re-appointed to Erie Circuit. He commenced religious services in Meadville, Pa., in Jamestown, N. Y., and in other young and growing towns. But the labor was very severe, as much of the country was unsettled. He was obliged frequently to make long journeys through forests with scarcely a path, and to swim streams so swollen that they were exceedingly dangerous. Oftentimes he was obliged to sleep either on the ground or in some open cottage on the bare floor.

In 1807 he was appointed to the Pittsburgh Circuit. It then embraced the entire country between Laurel Hill and the Alleghany River, extending to Conemaugh, and Black Lick, and Brush Creek. It included Pittsburgh, Ligonier Valley, Greensburgh, Connellsville,

Sewickley, and the regions between the Youghiogheny and Alleghany Rivers. The city of Pittsburgh, owing to opposition and discouragements, had been dropped from the appointments by his predecessor, but he resumed preaching in the second story of a workroom which had been used as sail-loft. Strange is it that so many of our city congregations worshiped for a time in *sail-lofts*. It is essentially the same story in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh; was it emblematical of a tendency to rapid diffusion?

As the circuit was large, and his family resided in Chenango, and as he desired to attend the General Conference, of which all traveling elders were then members, he did not attend the Annual Conference, which held its session in Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. In his absence complaint was made that he had neglected some of his appointments. The secretary was directed to write to him and to another absent minister, Mr. Page, a letter of admonition. Mr. Page was so offended that he located and remained so for several years. But Mr. Roberts said, that if they deserved reproof it was the duty of the Conference to give it; if they did not deserve it, as he believed they did not, it was their duty to bear it as a cross. They ought not to leave the Lord's work merely because the Conference had not rightly understood their case. He thus manifested his patience and humility, and evinced that spirit of submission to authority which is necessary for true order, and which is essential to one who is to govern wisely and well.

At the Conference he was appointed to West Wheeling Circuit. Leaving his wife with an aunt, near Cadiz, he prepared for General Conference; but, disappointed financially, he found himself with only two dollars for a journey of three hundred miles on horseback. Supplying himself, however, with some oats for his horse and with bread and cheese for himself, he succeeded in reaching Baltimore with fifty-four cents of his money left.

At this General Conference the plan of a delegated General Conference was adopted after a long and earnest discussion. Prior to the adoption of the Restrictive Rules, which were designed to limit the powers of the General Conference, and to secure on a permanent basis the economy of the Church, the question of electing presiding elders by the Annual Conferences was fully discussed and finally negatived.

Mr. Roberts at that time favored the measure, and voted for it; but, after observing the effect of elections in creating and sustaining party spirit, and after considering more fully the question of efficiency in action, he subsequently changed his opinions, as did also Dr. Bangs, and other leading men who at one time favored the measure.

During this visit to Baltimore, though he wore the simple and even coarse garb of a "backwoodsman," his preaching attracted large audiences, and Bishop Asbury was earnestly requested to station him in that city. The following November he received a letter from the bishop directing him to leave West Wheeling Circuit and to proceed to Baltimore. The letter was so unexpected, and so contrary to his taste, that he was unwilling to go. He was modest and timid, and so distrusted his ability that he thought himself not qualified for the position. He had no money to pay traveling expenses, and he resolved he would not go. Bishop Asbury wrote again, insisting on his removal, and sent a preacher to supply his place. Still he hesitated —unlike many, who press for city appointments—even after the urgent solicitation of the bishop, and was on the point of retiring from the work. His wife, however, as she had done on other occasions, urged him to duty, saying: "Bishop Asbury has great confidence in you, and it is your duty to obey him. We have already undertaken many difficult journeys, and though we have neither money nor means we can accomplish this." Raising a few dollars, they set out on horseback, stopping at night with acquaintances formed in ministerial travels, and during the day supplying themselves with the simplest fare, which they carried with them.

So popular were his ministrations that his re-appointment was requested the next spring, and the following year he was stationed at Fell's Point. In 1811 he was appointed to Alexandria, Virginia, where he frequently changed pulpits with a Protestant Episcopal minister, for at that day, in Virginia, the present exclusive notions of apostolical succession did not prevail. In 1812 he was appointed to Georgetown. There he was introduced to President Madison, who was so pleased with him that he invited him to visit him privately. This he had the pleasure of doing, and he closed his interview with him and his lady with prayer. In 1813 and 1814 he was stationed in Philadelphia, where he was treated by persons of all denominations with great

respect. He preached a number of charity sermons among the Presbyterians as well as in his own denomination, greatly to their satisfaction. In 1815 he was appointed presiding elder of the Schuylkill District, which embraced Philadelphia, his residence being the third story of the parsonage of St. George's Church.

During that year occurred the secession of the colored membership in Philadelphia, which formed, under Richard Allen, the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

In the spring of 1816 Bishop Asbury died, and as Bishop M'Kendree was in feeble health, there was no bishop to attend the Philadelphia Conference. Although Mr. Roberts was the youngest of the presiding elders, and had only recently become a member of that Conference, he was chosen president by a decided majority. He presided with such mildness, propriety, and dignity as to command universal respect, and to attract the attention of ministers who were present. Several delegates from the New York, New England, and Genesee Conferences were visiting Philadelphia, on their way to the General Conference in Baltimore. So favorably impressed were they with his appearance, with his bearing, his tact, and his executive ability, that he was at once selected as a probable nominee for bishop. Further acquaintance at General Conference confirmed their impressions, and on May 14, 1816, he was elected bishop, and was ordained by Bishop M'Kendree on the 17th. Rev. James Quinn, of Ohio, writing of this event, said: "Thus fifteen years after I heard him deliver his first exhortation I saw him placed in the episcopacy by the election of the General Conference and the ordination of Bishop M'Kendree. Though elevated to the most important office in the Church, he still retained the character of being a modest, unassuming man."

Such were his timidity and modesty that he thought his brethren had erred in his election, and only after a severe mental conflict and on the advice of intimate friends did he consent to be ordained.

We have now traced the steps by which the young pioneer advanced in his ministerial career until he was crowned with the highest honor which his Church could bestow. Never did he seek advancement, and scarcely was he willing to accept the "greatness thrust upon him." Nor is it marvelous that a thoughtful spirit should shrink from the vast responsibilities which rest upon a bishop

in the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is his duty to aid in guiding the work of thousands of ministers, and of hundreds of thousands of people. His supervision is not confined to one locality or State, but is co-extensive with the boundaries of the Church. There must also be an element of unrest in a community which grows with great rapidity. When Bishop Roberts entered the ministry, in 1802, the membership numbered 86,734. In 1816 it amounted to 214,235. Making allowance for deaths, more than two thirds of the membership had been added in fourteen years. That increase, too, must have been chiefly from those who had been either ignorant of our economy or hostile to it. In such a membership there must have been a great variety of views, and nothing but earnest activity and revival zeal could mold the diverse elements into a homogeneous body. The history of Methodism shows that whenever and wherever these have declined disintegration and secession have ensued. Having accepted the episcopal office, his first question was, where should he reside? It would have been comfortable for him to have remained in Philadelphia; but the condition of the Church seemed to require his removal. Bishops Asbury, Whatcoat, and M'Kendree were unmarried men, and their expenses had been comparatively small. Though Bishop Roberts had no children, yet he must have a residence, and some company for his wife in his long absences from home. In the West, on his farm or at some other point, he could live much more cheaply. The financial question thus drew him westward. Above all, however, his heart yearned for the scenes of his youth and for the multitudes who were constantly on the borders of civilization. His associations had been chiefly with them, and his sympathy was with them still.

Along that western border, unlike the present day, improvements progressed slowly. Not only were there no railroads, but turnpikes were almost unknown, and transportation was exceedingly difficult. Few of the streams were bridged, and stages were on very few of the routes. To supply such a population with religious services was no easy task. Congregations were slowly gathered, few church edifices could be built, and these of only the plainest character. In few places were the people able to support a pastor, and services could only be established by ministers who were willing to travel to and fro in the midst of hardship and poverty. To direct such a ministry,

and to infuse energy and activity into their movements, required one of a strong constitution, a person who himself perfectly understood western society, and who could thus command the sympathy of both preachers and people. Just such a leader the Church had found in Bishop Roberts, and to just such work he addressed all his energies. For three years his home was on his Chenango farm; but in 1819, feeling that he ought to be more in the center of his work, he removed to Lawrence County, Indiana, whither some of his friends had preceded him. Here was his plain and quiet home until the day of his death. Many of his friends desired his removal to a more prominent point, and the Indiana Conference once passed resolutions requesting him to change his residence. Yet so simple were his tastes, and so fond of quiet and retirement was Mrs. Roberts, that they preferred to remain on their farm.

Having determined the question of residence, some friends in Baltimore procured for him Bishop Asbury's carriage and traveling trunk, and himself, wife, and nephew were promptly on their way across the mountains. Scarcely had he time to arrange his domestic matters properly until he was called to start for his fall and winter Conferences. The journey was long and difficult, and performed chiefly on horseback. He attended the Mississippi Conference, at Natchez, and thence traveled through the South until the following spring. On the Mississippi he contracted the fever and ague, and was sick among the Indians. He was confined at Port Gibson for three or four weeks. No marvel that he was sick, as he was compelled to live almost wholly n *sour hominy*.

Unfortunately for us, and for the Church, Bishop Roberts did not rite a journal, nor was his correspondence carefully preserved. The General Minutes" did not then report what bishop presided in ch Conference, and there were no weekly religious papers before 24 to report and preserve the proceedings. Hence there is no means accurately tracing the work which he did on the journeys which he rformed. We catch occasional glimpses of him, however, in some his letters, and in items preserved by the memory of friends. We d him in the winter and early spring of 1818 coming from the South the Virginia and Baltimore Conferences. On his route he lies out night and holds his horse by the bridle to prevent his running

away. At Alexandria his wife meets him, having traveled all the way on horseback. After spending a few weeks, and visiting Philadelphia, their old home, she returns West, while he passes to New York, New England, and Genesee. On his way home, in July, he subsisted for three days on blackberries. In 1819, as has been stated, he removed to Indiana, and we find him in a cabin, not only plain but unfinished. The evening meal is of roasted potatoes, the table being a hewed log raised a foot or two from the floor. He asks a blessing with a grateful heart; but a fourteen-year-old niece retires to a corner, muttering that she could not see why her uncle should return thanks for a supper of nothing else in the world but roasted potatoes. That night the wolves howl around the cabin, to which there are neither doors nor windows, but a bright fire kept briskly burning prevents any attack. A few days, however, witnessed quite a change in the cabin and its surroundings. Such was frontier life. Nothing daunted or discouraged, the bishop went quietly and calmly forward. Though we cannot trace his work in detail, yet every four years the General Conference, composed of delegates from every Annual Conference, set their seal of approval to his administration, and gave him strong proofs of their affection and confidence.

As he traveled in the simplest manner, and was excessively modest, many humorous incidents are told of young preachers mistaking him for some old farmer, and treating him scarcely with civility, while members of the Church with whom he lodged were often surprised to find they were entertaining an angel "unawares." An incident extensively published with the heading "Bishop George and the Young Preacher," really occurred to Bishop Roberts, but the name of the young preacher he ever refused to give.

As a presiding officer in the Conference he was calm and dignified prompt and impartial. Though decided and firm, he was kind and patient. In his appointments he carefully studied the interests o both preachers and people, and endeavored to accommodate all as fa as practicable. No amount of care, however, could prevent some min isters from being afflicted, and there arose from 1820 to 1828 a stron party in the Church which endeavored to revolutionize its economy and to overthrow the episcopacy. For this purpose a paper was pu lished called the "Mutual Rights." The contest commenced on th

question of electing presiding elders. In 1808, before the adoption of the Restrictive Rules, the matter was discussed and negatived. It was supposed by those who framed the Restrictions that no change could afterward be made affecting the appointing power without a reference of the question to the Annual Conferences. But some brethren thought differently, and in 1816 they proposed as a modification that the bishop should announce his nomination of presiding elder to the Conference, who should approve or reject without debate. If they rejected, he should nominate two others, one of whom the Conference should choose. It was thought that this would not conflict with the Restrictive Rule, as in each case the bishop would appoint. But after discussion the resolution was voted down.* It may be remarked, in passing, that at that time no proposition to elect by the Conference was seriously discussed. In 1820 a resolution was adopted that the bishop should nominate three ministers, one of whom the Conference should choose.† Bishop Soule, however, who had drawn up the Restrictive Rules, and who had been elected bishop at that Conference, declared that the plan was a violation of the rules, and as he could not administer what he believed to be an unconstitutional law, he declined to accept the office. Bishop M'Kendree joined in the opinion that the action was unconstitutional, as did also a large minority of the Conference. Under these circumstances the change was suspended for four years.‡ It was understood that this was to give the members of the Annual Conferences an opportunity of expressing their opinion of its constitutionality. It was laid before the different Conferences, and pronounced by a majority to be unconstitutional.§ The report was made in 1824, and thereupon Bishop Soule was re-elected, and accepted. The Conference of 1828 pronounced the resolutions "rescinded and void."‖

But the dissatisfied ministers then attacked the episcopacy as a tyrannical institution, and represented that the people were oppressed. They became the advocates of lay delegation, to excite the people against the order of the Church. So bitter and acrimonious did the controversy become, that several of the most violent were expelled. The action of the General Conference of 1828 in disapproving the

* "General Conference Journal," vol. i, pp 135, 140, 141. † Ibid., p. 221. ‡ Ibid., p. 237.
§ "General Conference Journal," vol. i, p. 278. ‖ Ibid., p. 332.

agitation, and in approving the maintenance of the Discipline, determined the leaders to secede. They claimed that a majority of the people were with them. In the fall of 1828 a convention was held, which issued ultimately in the formation of the Methodist Protestant Church. This body retained the doctrines and usages and general order of the Church, but abolished the episcopacy and presiding eldership. The seceders were greatly disappointed as to the number of members who followed them. The Minutes of Conferences show a regular increase of members, more than supplying the places of those who withdrew. Thus from 1820 to 1824 the increase was about 72,000; from 1824 to 1828, about 93,000; and from 1828 to 1832, the period of secession, about 127,000. The separation of the Canada Conference also took place in this period, diminishing the number nearly 10,000. The Methodist Protestant Church has ever been respectable both in the number and character of its members, but its progress has not satisfied the expectations of its friends.

The presiding eldership and the episcopacy were again attacked in the antislavery excitement, which culminated in the formation of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. This event occurred about the time of the death of Bishop Roberts, but the controversy had been in progress years before. That Church also, in its organization, rejected both the episcopacy and presiding eldership. Its subsequent history is well known.

While during these excitements severe and exciting denunciations of the bishops were publicly made—while they were called "popes" and "usurpers"—the patriarchal appearance and the humble and loving manner of Bishop Roberts disarmed prejudice wherever he went. The shafts of calumny fell harmless at his feet, and the heart of the Church throbbed for him and his colleagues with sympathy and love.

Notwithstanding that the period of his episcopacy was one of trial, as we have just seen, it was also one of vast moment in the Church's history. When he was elected, in 1816, the members were, as has been stated, 214,235. In 1843, the year of his death, they amounted to 1,068,525, having almost quintupled in twenty-seven years. Nor was the prosperity shown only by numbers. The books issued by its press had vastly multiplied. A monthly magazine had been commenced in 1818, which was afterward merged into the "Quarterly Review." The

"Christian Advocate" had begun its grand career in 1826, and Church papers were also established in Cincinnati, Nashville, Charleston, and Richmond. Besides these, Annual Conferences had patronized papers at Boston and Pittsburgh.

Seminaries and colleges had also been established in various localities, both North and South, and a deep interest had been awakened on the subject of education. The Missionary Society had been instituted in 1819, and had sent ministers to several tribes of Indians on the frontier, and also to the Flat Head Indians, in Oregon. Missions had also been established in Liberia and South America. Preaching in the German language had been commenced by Dr. Nast, and encouraging progress had been made, and a German newspaper and religious books were published in Cincinnati.

Unfortunately the excitement on the question of slavery had become very great, and the elements were gathering for that great storm which swept over the Church in 1844 and 1845, and which resulted in the separation of a large part of the work in the slave-holding States.

In the winter of 1834 Bishop Roberts was severely ill in Louisville, and for some days there seemed little hope of his recovery. He, however, gradually but slowly recovered. Feeling his health impaired, in 1836 he proposed to tender to the General Conference his resignation of the office of bishop, but was persuaded by his friends not to do so. The General Conference, however, passed a resolution requesting him to undertake only such work as would be consistent with his impaired health. The bishop, nevertheless, insisted on his colleagues giving him a fair share of the work. From this period until 1842 he continued to attend the Conferences in his regular turn, generally spending a portion of the winter in the South. In the early spring of 1842 he resolved to visit the Indian missions, in which he had taken a very deep interest. Taking a steamboat at New Albany, Indiana, he passed down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to Montgomery Point, thence by another steamer to Little Rock, Arkansas, and thence to Fort Smith, preaching by the way both at the Point and at Little Rock. After visiting the Cherokee Indians he was joined by Rev. E. R. Ames, Western Secretary of the Missionary Society, who had been visiting among the Choctaws. Thence

they visited the Seneca nation, and from thence went to the Shawnee mission, near the present city of Wyandotte. Notwithstanding all the disagreeable incidents of such a journey, such as camping out, fording difficult streams, breaking carriage and harness, etc., yet the bishop enjoyed the trip greatly. The Indians were in turn highly delighted to see and hear the venerable patriarch. Bishop Ames informs us, that one of them said, "It made my heart feel so warm to think a bishop would come to stay with me." Another, on seeing him, inquired who he was, and was answered that he was the grandfather of all the missionaries. "Well," said the Indian, looking at his fine countenance and gray hairs, "he look like it." On this trip, stopping to warm at the fire where some Indians had camped, he found one reading a portion of the New Testament translated into the Delaware language. After visiting the mission among the Shawnees and Delawares the bishop found himself compelled to abandon his contemplated trip to the Upper Mississippi, and returned homeward.

At their previous session the Indiana Conference had requested the bishop to sit for his portrait. As a favorable opportunity occurred, he was invited to visit Greencastle, where he spent some ten days, and the portrait was painted, which is now in the Indiana Asbury University. During that period the writer persuaded him to give the incidents of his early life and ministry, which were written chiefly in his own words. It was also agreed that the next summer he would return and a full sketch of his life could be written. But, alas! before the next summer came he was called to his reward. He continued to visit the Conferences as usual that fall, preaching during the year in six different States and among four distinct Indian tribes. He presided at four Annual Conferences, and traveled on horseback and in carriages, steamboats and stages, over five thousand miles. The winter which followed was unusually early and severe. An asthmatic complaint with which he had been afflicted increased in severity, and in December his nephew, of whom he had charge from his boyhood, and who had been to him as a son, was taken sick and died. The bishop was much depressed, but attended meetings in the vicinity, especially on the watch-night at the close of that year. The next day he preached a sermon which is described as one of melting tenderness and of thrilling eloquence, and closed by saying, "My work is almost

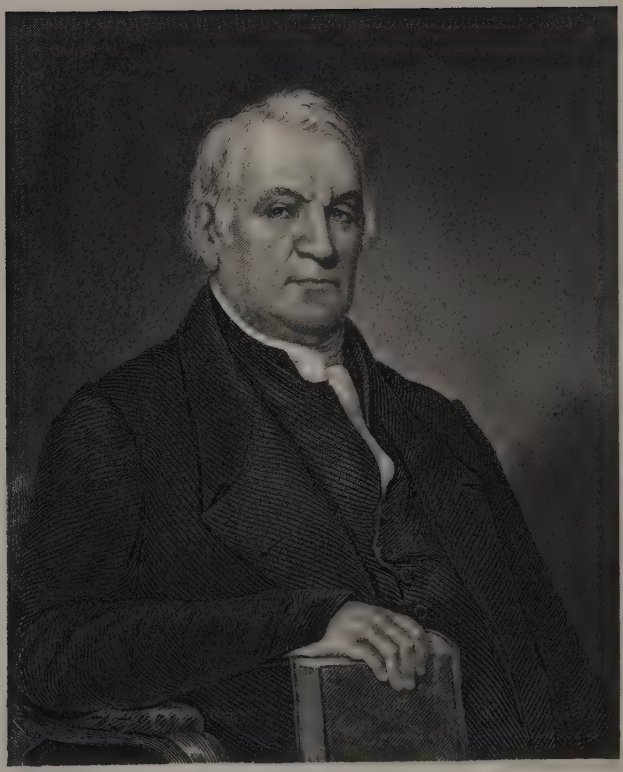
done. These trembling hands, these whitened locks, portend a speedy dissolution. I expect soon to fall; but it concerns me little where or when I fall, so I but rest in the arms of my Saviour." He was so exhausted that he could scarcely assist in the communion service which followed. The following Sabbath he preached his last sermon, on "blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." For a few weeks he was able to walk about, but his asthma increased, and, taking a fresh cold, he sank into typhus fever. Those who were permitted to be with him testify to his strong faith and unwavering confidence. The quiet calmness of his Christian life remained unbroken in the dying hour. His last expression to a visiting minister was, "I feel that if I die, I shall die in the Lord, and if I live, I shall live for the Lord." To his brother he said, "I want to be decently buried; nothing more; no pomp—no show. This poor tenement is worth nothing more than a decent covering." He appeared to suffer but little pain until near his end. He retained his consciousness to the last, and just before he expired he raised his hands, as if in the act of offering himself to God, and in a few minutes ceased to breathe. Thus passed away one of earth's purest and noblest sons, at half past one o'clock on Sunday morning, March 26, 1843. He was interred temporarily on his own farm, but, at the request of the Indiana Conference, and with the consent of his widow, his remains were removed the following winter to Greencastle, where they were interred in the University campus. The spot is marked by a neat monument. The hundreds of young men who issue from the University halls will, it is to be hoped, study the lessons of his life and emulate his purity and devotion.

Bishop Roberts was a man of great benevolence of feeling, though he had but limited means, and he had relatives who were more or less dependent upon him. Bishop Morris tells us that in 1825–26 Bishop Roberts visited New Orleans, where the brethren were endeavoring to build a small frame chapel. To assist them he sold his horse for $100, and presented the amount to the trustees, taking his passage on a steamboat to Louisville. On the way the boat struck a snag, and the captain called for blankets to secure the breach. The bishop at once flung down both blanket and bed. The boat sunk, but the passengers were saved, and the cold, cheerless night was spent on

a desolate shore. Next day he shouldered his baggage and walked seven miles. There he bought a small pony and Spanish saddle, but the pony gave out under him, as he was quite corpulent. He succeeded with difficulty in reaching Nashville, where he received aid to return home

He also manifested his benevolence as well as his interest in literary institutions in his bequest to the Indiana Asbury University, making it his residuary legatee, though, unfortunately, owing to the failure of some friends, very little was realized.

As a man Robert R. Roberts was true, noble, and generous; as a Christian he was humble, self-denying, and consistent; as a preacher he was clear, instructive, earnest, and oftentimes eloquent; as a bishop he was faithful and diligent, loving his brethren much, the Church still more, and his Saviour and God supremely. May his mantle rest on those who survive him!



Elijah Hedding.

BY REV. BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, D.D.

OUR personal memories of this model bishop, commencing in our boyhood, are of the pleasantest character. He was very fond of young people, always had a kindly word of welcome as he met them, was playful in their society, and never failed to win their warmest regards. With all this familiarity he carried with him a gentle dignity, awakening the profoundest reverence of the children, upon whose heads he loved to permit his hands to rest in apostolic benedictions. In presence, he was of noble proportions; in countenance, full of benignity; in manner, a pattern of Christian simplicity; in judgment, a man of rare insight and of marked wisdom and prudence; and as a preacher, calm, clear, comprehensive, and persuasive—always justifying the choice of his brethren in his elevation to the highest office in the Church.

Elijah Hedding was born in the State of New York, in Dutchess County, near what is now the town of Pine Plains, June 7, 1780. His family were of very reputable English origin. Neither of his parents were Church members, but his mother was a woman of deep religious convictions, devout in her habits, and faithful in instructing her son in the doctrines and duties of religion. In 1789 that wonderful Methodist evangelist Benjamin Abbott, whose works still follow him on the fields of his great spiritual victories, although he has long since rested from his labors, was stationed upon Dutchess Circuit, and enjoyed a sweeping work of grace in connection with his labors. Hedding was then a lad of nine or ten years of age. His mother, grandmother, and other relatives, were gathered into the Church during this revival, and he retained himself, ever after, the most lively recollections of the remarkable scenes attending this work.

In 1791 his parents removed to the town of Starksborough, Vermont, and he, in his youth, aided in the labors and suffered in the

privations of frontier life; the subjugation of a wild country, and the cultivation of a farm just snatched from the wilderness. His educational opportunities must have been small. His mind, however, was very active; he was fond of discussion; he availed himself of all the scant privileges for mental improvement that he could seize, and, being of a positive character, and very athletic, he became, as he ripened toward his early manhood, a leader among his companions in every respect. At the close of the war a general demoralization was witnessed throughout the country. Infidel books and theories were busily disseminated on all sides. These met the eye and reached the ear of young Hedding in the most perilous period of his life, and before he had experienced the saving power of the gospel. But his conscience, developed and nurtured by a mother's faithfulness, held him in all these hours of fearful temptation. "My conscience," he says at this time, "bore awful testimony, for it then was awful to me, that there is a God;" and the Bible that his mother had read to him still seemed like God's voice speaking directly to his soul. Thus this great preacher bears the same testimony that thousands of others have given to the invincible power of early and faithful religious training.

For several years after the Hedding family reached Starksborough there were no public religious services held in the town; but a Methodist family moved into the place about this time and opened Sabbath services in their house. Printed sermons were read on these occasions, principally Wesley's. As young Hedding was a good reader, he was persuaded to fill this office, although his conduct at this time was such as rendered him, in his own estimation, a very unsuitable person for such a position. He became, however, somewhat interested in this duty. The devout and intelligent Methodist couple, who, doubtless, saw great promise in him, made him a subject of prayer and constant instruction. They induced him to read their Wesleyan books; so that he became remarkably well informed in Arminian theology, and familiar with the recorded personal experiences of eminent Wesleyans, before he yielded his own heart to the power of the gospel.

In 1798 the Methodist itinerants made their appearance in this part of Vermont, and Joseph Mitchell, a flaming evangelist, opened

his commission in this region. His power over those frontier audiences was amazing. Where he held his meetings all secular business ceased. On one occasion, as related by Lorenzo Dow, after one of his overwhelming exhortations, for eleven hours there was no cessation to the loud cries and supplications of the audience, save when a shout of victory or song of triumph interrupted the prayers of penitents. Young Hedding resisted the subduing influences of these meetings for a long time. He was cool, thoughtful, and resolute. But his judgment had already been convinced, and his heart was powerfully moved. In a grove, by himself, in 1798, he says, "I solemnly made a dedication of myself to God. I laid my all—soul, body, goods, and all—for time and for eternity, upon the altar, and I have never (he says this after fifty years from this hour) *never* taken them back." It was a long and bitter struggle, however, with self, sin, and doubt, before he secured, as he finally did, an undoubted and glorious witness of the Holy Spirit to his adoption into the divine family. Such a positive and powerful experience was indispensable for the work that God had in store for his young disciple. December 17, 1798, his burden gone, his soul at rest, his heart full of the peace passing all understanding, he became a probationer in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

From a very early period after his conversion he seemed to have had an impression, which he himself strenuously resisted, that he would be called to preach the gospel. He commenced the careful study of the Bible, was faithful in attendance upon all public and social religious services, and, in accordance with the custom of the period and the opportunities of the Church, was encouraged to exercise his gifts in prayer and exhortation. The circuit preacher, discerning his talents, at once secured his company and assistance in his appointments, and his own heart was greatly quickened as he saw the salvation of men following his word of exhortation and his tender prayers.

In 1799 the eccentric but devoted Lorenzo Dow, being sent to Essex Circuit, which then embraced the whole tract of country lying between Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains, and from Onion River some twenty or thirty miles into Canada, suddenly imagined he had a divine call to preach in Ireland, and immediately sailed for that country. Young Hedding, who had thus far simply exhorted on the

Sabbath without taking a text, was called upon by the elder in charge to enter upon this vacant field. With his characteristic modesty he hesitated, but when once convinced of his duty, he never again wavered. Under extraordinary embarrassments, with heroic endurance he preached the word with power, and revivals broke forth in every direction. In the enjoyment of a very rich and triumphant personal experience, he continued to labor with good success, under the presiding elder, until June 16, 1801, when he was admitted on probation into the New York Annual Conference, at its session held in the old John-street Church, under Bishop Whatcoat.

Into such a work as this, with a mind of more than average breadth, quickened into development by the active discussions upon Atheism, Deism, and Universalism vigorously going on around him during his youth, cultivated by a habit of reading, which he resolutely followed while riding his circuit; thoroughly grounded in the views of Mr. Wesley; an ardent student of the Bible; a man six feet in height with a large frame and robust health; an excellent singer; and having a remarkably rich and powerful experience, he went out into the unsubdued northern portion of New York and Vermont and the adjoining wilderness of Canada, to preach the gospel to a scattered, poor, but spiritually hungry people. His first circuit was the Plattsburgh, on the west side of Lake Champlain, requiring a journey of three hundred miles to compass it.

Hedding soon showed himself to be a king among men. His intelligence, his prudence, his moral power and consecration attracted at once the notice of his ministerial brethren. He was not a brilliant preacher, was rather disposed to be controversial. His most powerful discourses were leveled against the high, antinomian Calvinism of the period, and against Universalism and Infidelity. He had, however, the persuasive unction of a positive conviction, and the warmth, earnestness, and pathos of one full of the Holy Spirit. His audiences were often powerfully moved. His clear, calm, argumentative discourses eminently fitted him for the New England habit of mind, and made him early conspicuous in her ministerial ranks as a man of intellectual power and marked ability.

At the session of his Conference in 1803, at Ashgrove, in the town of Cambridge, where repose the ashes of Embury, Hedding was

admitted into full connection, and ordained deacon by Bishop Whatcoat. He was appointed to Bridgewater Circuit, lying nearly in the center of the State of New Hampshire. It was rough and hilly, requiring one hundred miles travel each week, two sermons on each week-day, and three on the Sabbath. Sweeping revivals broke out in every portion of the circuit, but the labor and exposure were too severe even for the iron constitution of the heroic itinerant. He was brought to death's door, and, hurrying too soon to his work upon a partial recovery, he had a terrible relapse, which, at first, threatened to leave him a cripple for life, and from the results of which he never fully recovered. This protracted sickness was a serious trial to his faith. His next appointment upon the Hanover Circuit gave him a little more time for study, and he commenced that thorough self-training in the rudiments and grammar of the English language which made him the exact scholar and logician that he was in after years.

In the division that occurred in the New York Conference, in 1805, Hedding fell into the New England branch, and attended the first Conference, in Lynn, July 12, 1805. About forty preachers were present at this Conference. It comprised 5 districts, 48 stations and circuits, 77 preachers in all, and 8,540 members. Only fifteen years had elapsed since Jesse Lee opened his mission in Eastern New England, under Liberty Tree, on Boston Common.

On Barre and Vershire Circuits, whither Hedding was successively sent, his labors were attended with encouraging success. He came at this time into frequent personal controversies with settled Calvinistic clergymen, winning for himself in these encounters ultimately the respect and even warm regard of his opponents; not more by his quick wit, his knowledge of the holy Scriptures, and his keen logic, than by his agreeable temper and his Christian spirit. At the session of the Conference held in Boston, in 1807, he was made presiding elder of New Hampshire District, with eleven ministers under his care. The district at that time embraced nearly the whole State and a portion of Vermont, requiring to complete his rounds no less than three thousand miles of travel. A significant incident occurred about this time. It was during his first year in the enjoyment of his elevated office that his salary, over his expenses, amounted to less than $5. Not far from the bounds of his district, on one side, resided an old associate

of his youth, and Hedding turned from his route to see him. He was not a Christian. He had been greatly prospered in his temporal fortunes; had a large, fine farm, and every thing to minister to his comfort, ease, and taste. "I take great pleasure in thinking," he said, "that I shall leave, at least, one spot on the earth better than I found it." The amazing contrast between their earthly condition—the ease and affluence of the one, the poverty and toil of the other, and the probabilities in the future of them both—at first occasioned a little depression in the mind of Hedding. A few years before, his own worldly prospects had been equally as good as were those of his friend. But then he thought, "If he finds comfort in thinking that the world will be better for his having lived in it, how much greater source of happiness have I, who am devoting all my time and energies to doing good in the world." This thought removed all disquiet and filled his heart with peace.

At the session of the New England Conference in 1809 he was appointed to the New London District, which embraced all the State of Connecticut east of the river of the same name, and all of Rhode Island west of Narragansett Bay. During this year he held a camp-meeting at Hebron, the first enjoyed in that part of the country. The most remarkable results attended its services. On the fourth day the multitude was bowed under the power of the Holy Spirit, and within the space of five minutes four hundred persons were prostrate and helpless upon the earth. Physicians came from the town, and passed among the crowds lying speechless, feeling their pulses. All were amazed, and stood reverent, as in the presence of a mighty manifestation of divine power. The whole district was wrapped in a revival flame.

January 10, 1810, Mr. Hedding was married to Miss Lucy Blish, of Gilsum, N. H. Her parents were attendants upon the Congregational Church, but at eighteen years of age, while visiting a married sister, on the west side of Lake Champlain, she heard for the first time a Methodist preacher. She was happily converted, returned to her home, and persuaded her parents to invite the Methodist preachers to the house. The result was, they found themselves the way of peace, established regular preaching in the vicinity, and built up a Church. Mrs. Hedding was a noble woman, of dignified and sweet presence, of much personal beauty, a consecrated woman, and fit companion for the

beloved husband whose labors she largely shared, and whose life she cheered down to its close—remaining out of heaven behind him but a very short period. Her dignified form, her benign countenance, her daily piety, and her good works, are still fresh in the minds of the older members of the Lynn Common Church, where they lived for many years, and of which she was an active member.

At the Conference in 1811 Hedding was elected a co-delegate with G. Pickering to the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the two receiving all the votes cast except their own. He was also appointed to Boston. It was during this year, while preaching in Bromfield-street, that E. T. Taylor, the great apostle to seamen, then a rough and ignorant sailor, heard him, and was touched to the heart. He came, when invited, to the altar, and cried aloud for mercy. The preacher, whom he never forgot, but ever loved as a child might love a father, and was in return loved with a fatherly affection, pointed him to his Saviour until he saw him by faith, and awaked to a newness of life, and sprung eagerly forward in a wonderful career of usefulness.

In the important debates of this first and seminal General Conference, upon the "presiding elder question," and others, the calm, sound, clear reasoning of Hedding had great weight, and made for him, from that time, a conspicuous name in the whole Church.

He filled in succession, after the close of his Boston pastorate, the pulpits of Nantucket and Lynn, and in 1815 was stationed for the second time in Boston. His popularity in Boston, as a preacher, was at this time great. These years formed a very important era in the history of Methodism in that city. His abilities commanded respect, persons from a higher social circle than heretofore, as in the instance of the niece of John Hancock, united with the Church. The serious financial troubles which threatened to overwhelm the Church were happily removed by his vigorous and prudent management. New preaching places were established in the adjoining towns, and the whole aspect of the denomination, in the very center of Congregationalism, began to take on a more encouraging appearance. In 1818 and 1819 he was stationed in Lynn; in the latter year being again sent as a delegate to the General Conference. In 1820 he was the pastor of the Church in New London, and in 1821 was made presiding elder

of Boston District. At the Conference in 1822, held in Bath, Me., he was once more returned to Boston as a pastor. He preached at this time his memorable Conference Sermon, which was published, by the request of his brethren, in the "Methodist Magazine." It was upon the divinity of Christ, and is an able and exhaustive Scripture argument. His third pastorate in Boston was signalized by his active, personal interest in the establisment of the first weekly religious paper originated and sustained by the denomination, the "Zion's Herald." The Conference of 1822 had appointed a committee for this purpose, under his inspiration, and he was placed upon it. "Wisdom is justified of her children." He laid, during this year, the corner-stone of the first East Cambridge Methodist Episcopal Church. Daniel Fillmore, of precious memory, greatly beloved and appreciated by Mr. Hedding, was his colleague at this time. The preachers alternated between Bromfield-street and Methodist Alley, and the crowd followed Hedding. Brother Fillmore used to tell, with great satisfaction, a back-handed compliment that he received at this time. Preaching one afternoon to a small audience in Bromfield-street, an old sister said to him, as he came down the pulpit stairs, "People run after Brother Hedding, but I don't; *I like shallow preachin' the best!*"

At the Conference of 1823, for the fourth time, he was elected a delegate to the ensuing General Conference. In all these elections he never lacked more than two or three of the whole vote cast.

This quadrennial Conference, which was held in the city of Baltimore, was a very important one. It discussed at length the Book Concern, the education of the children, Sunday-schools, slavery, lay delegation, and the inevitable presiding-elder question. Elijah Hedding, now a recognized power and authority in the Church, took a large share in its deliberations. At this Conference he was elected bishop. Against the nomination, (made by Rev. Enoch Mudge,) he remonstrated, and with tears urged many objections. When the election was declared, amid the rejoicings of friends, he was overwhelmed with a sense of unfitness for the responsible place. He hesitated long before consenting to receive ordination. Weepingly he requested time to consider the subject, and to pray for divine direction. Immediately upon his leaving the church, Drs. Capers and Winans, who had widely differed with him in debate upon the questions before the General Conference,

introduced a resolution expressing the "unlimited confidence" of the Conference "in the integrity and ministerial worth of (their) beloved brother, Elijah Hedding," and affectionately requesting him "to submit himself to the call of Providence and the Church." Mr. Hedding was much moved by this unanimous opinion of his brethren. He returned to the church, and said that he must esteem this call of the Church as the voice of God, and would submit to their direction.

Mr. Hedding was now forty-four years of age, in the prime of his intellectual powers, but in somewhat delicate physical health, arising from a long course of most exacting labors. There were now five bishops in the Church, (but M'Kendree was to feeble to render much aid,) and fifteen Annual Conferences. It might, at first view, seem a much less onerous service than the immense statistics of the Church now bring upon only twice as many superintendents. But at this time there were no railroads, the work had not been systematized, and nearly the whole care of the Churches fell upon the shoulders of these devoted and tireless apostolic men. A journey from Lynn to Philadelphia in those days occupied a week.

At his first Conference, in Barnard, Vermont, Revs. A. D. Merrill and A. D. Sargeant, still surviving, were ordained in a grove near the old church. The Conference met him with a hearty and loving welcome, requesting him and his family to locate within their bounds; a request to which he cheerfully acceded. And they never ceased to love him. Even during the painful years of the antislavery controversy, although many of its members differed in judgment with him upon points of administration, they never lost their fraternal, and, on the part of the younger members, filial, love and reverence for him. In the height of the controversy he removed from his new England home. He was grieved at heart by what, at the time, seemed ungrateful to him, in the treatment he received at the hand of his former Conference. But this all passed away long before he died. Every thing was explained. Time and divine Providence rectified opinions and harmonized diverse judgments. The old, hearty, tender welcome was proffered, and his last days were brightened with these affectionate and sincere assurances from a body of brethren with whom he had been, for so many years, personally connected.

It is not necessary to follow closely the steps of our venerated

subject during the score and a half of years that he filled the high commission which had been intrusted to his hands. He entered into common labors with his respected colleagues and their successors, and his words and acts, with theirs, have entered into the written and unwritten history of the Church. His episcopal life covers the most important era in her history. During his period of office, and with his active personal supervision and counsels, every important interest of the Church has been considered, adjusted to the whole system, and given permanent form. The only point of the administration in which he suffered the criticism of his brethren, especially in New England, was upon the vexed antislavery question, in the height of one of the most violent controversies that ever convulsed a nation or a Church. He represented a great connectional interest, and was embarrassed by the practical operations of ecclesiastical measures in portions of the wide-spread denomination where long years of permitted existence, and the influence of education and public sentiment had perverted conscience, sanctified oppression, and warped the judgment of apparently devout Christian men; while his New England brethren, fanned only by the free winds from the Atlantic, and unembarrassed by selfish or social interests, only looked upon the absolute right or wrong of the question under discussion, and were impatient when an imminent human right was balanced, even temporarily, against a national or ecclesiastical question of expediency. In the sharpest hour of the struggle, when the great and irresistible movement seemed temporarily delayed by the hand of the favorite New England bishop, and unkind words were uttered in the heat of the moment, no one lost the slightest confidence in the probity or piety of the great and good man whose heart was rent by this struggle between a clear conviction of duty and sincere affection for his friends of many years, and by the painful relations, also, into which he was reluctantly thrust by the hurried movement of events. When the crisis came in the discussion precipitated upon the General Conference of 1844 by the domestic embarrassments of Bishop Andrew, he remained firm to the antislavery interpretation of the Discipline, and strengthened his brethren in a solemn act that immediately divided the Church, and ultimately threatened the nation, but resulted in the destruction of the direful cause itself of all the trouble.

During these years, as bishop, he was always progressive, grasping in his clear intelligence the great elements of growth, and the requisitions of the hour. Under his hand the course of ministerial study was extended. He was greatly interested in all the educational movements of the Church, from the conference academy—the value of which he fully appreciated—to the theological school which enjoyed his final benedictions. The ecclesiastical law of the Church was expounded with remarkable clearness in his repeated and unquestioned decisions. Her literature was a subject of his constant thought, and was enriched by the publication of his simple, evangelical, and impressive discourses. He was an admirable presiding officer, familiar with parliamentary law, quiet, good-natured, often humorous, but always holding his Conferences in hand. He was particularly impressive in the discharge of his episcopal duties; his addresses to the young ministers were simple, fatherly, full of good sense, spiritual, and solemn. His sermons at Conferences were models of comprehensiveness; they were eminently scriptural, experimental, and warmly enforced. His ordination services, especially in his later years, were peculiarly apostolic and affecting. He embodied in his person, and in his simple, sincere piety, the ideal of a Christian bishop.

At the General Conference of 1848, which was held in the city of Pittsburgh, and which he opened by the reading of the Scriptures, his bodily infirmities had become so evident, that by formal resolution he was relieved from all episcopal and pastoral labor save that which he might voluntarily perform. He was desired to prepare for publication his own biography, and his views upon the Methodist pastorate and the various grades of office in the Church. His rapidly failing health, however, forbade the execution of a request which would have given to the Church such an exposition of her economy as had never been made before, and which he would have been happy to have accomplished.

The bishop, after this General Conference, leisurely visited several Annual Conferences, in connection with the younger and newly elected members of the episcopacy.

At his home in Poughkeepsie, in the opening of 1851, he writes the touching reflections which form the closing pages of Bishop Clark's interesting biography. "I am now," he says, "beyond three-score and

ten; my strength to labor in the vineyard is gone; I am daily looking forward to the hour when I must give an account of my stewardship; but through the merit of Christ I look into eternity with hope and comfort." In the spring of 1851 the unmistakable signs of approaching dissolution were manifested, but the soul of the dying saint became more and more exultant. "His conversation during the last months and weeks of his life were heavenly and edifying in a high degree." In the autumn of 1851, on the first Sabbath in November, he went to Church, entered the pulpit, and closed the service with prayer, or rather, praise. His broken and trembling voice labored to express his sense of the divine presence and grace. The entire audience was bathed in tears, while an expression of joy lingered upon his countenance as he feebly arose from his knees. Bishops and ministers of the Church visited him at this time to receive his final blessing, and to witness the grace with which he was enabled to triumph over great bodily weakness and pain. After partaking of the communion in his sick room, sitting in his chair, unable to kneel, as his limbs were so terribly swollen, he said, with a voice choked with emotion, "I am about to go hence. My body is going to the dust; but I have a good hope that my soul will go to God in heaven. I am a poor, weak, wretched creature; have many imperfections and many sins; but I hope for, and expect to receive, salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ." He then referred to his fifty years of active service, to the blessed results of these labors, to the triumphant deaths he had witnessed; and he exhorted the ministers present "to preach Christ and call lost sinners to the Saviour." He continued until his strength utterly failed, and his wife, overwhelmed by emotion, entreated him to spare himself. On the 31st of March, in an hour of great feebleness, he had a remarkable experience. "I have served God," he said, "for more than fifty years; I have generally had peace; but I never saw such glory before—such light, such clearness, such beauty! O, I want to tell it to all the world!" His last words were, "My God is my best friend, and I trust him with all my heart." Pausing for breath, he added, "'Because I live, ye shall live also.' What a promise!" Then his speech failed, and his life ebbed away until "he was not, for God took him." He died, April 9, 1852.

JOHN EMORY.

BY REV. WM. LARRABEE.

THE career of Bishop Emory was an important one in its relation to the Methodist Episcopal Church. His term of active life was short; yet he exerted a degree of influence in shaping the thought and polity of the Church, and advancing its interests, that has been equaled by few men in Methodism. He was fitted by nature and education for the work he did. His family and social connections were of the best. His literary and professional training was liberal according to the standards of his time and of the place of his nativity, and was supplemented by extensive after-studies. He had risen to a successful practice of the law, and was enjoying a bright promise of wealth and reputation in the future, when he gave up all to enter the service of the Church. He carried with him the original and acquired advantages of his position, with the personal gifts of practical acquaintance with life and business, strong logical power, clear judgment, habits of accuracy, thoroughness, systematic industry, and entire devotion to whatever work he might be engaged in, and turned them all to the use and advantage of Methodism. He labored with effect to meet the wants of the Church in his time, and his agency was conspicuous in the preparation of measures to increase the breadth and permanence of its work, to extend and improve its system of education, and particularly to provide more adequately for the publication and circulation of its literature.

John Emory was born at Spaniard's Neck, Queen Anne County, Eastern Shore of Maryland, April 11, 1789. His father, "a man of great industry, probity, liberality, and firmness of purpose," was a class-leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church; was at different times an Associate Justice of the County Court, Justice of the Peace, and Justice of the Orphans' Court; and was often sought in counsel by his neighbors and made arbitrator in their difficulties. His mother had been brought up in the Protestant Episcopal Church. She was

converted under the preaching of Garrettson and his fellow-laborers, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church shortly after her marriage. "It was her custom," says the Rev. Dr. Robert Emory, in his biography of the bishop, "when company came to the house, to take the female visitors into a private room, not to interchange the gossip of the neighborhood but to unite in prayer; and whenever her image is recalled by the writer of these pages, it is either in the attitude of prayer, or with the Bible on her lap." Her piety was made attractive by a uniformly cheerful spirit. The house of the Emorys was a hospitable home to the preachers of the circuit, "to whose company and conversation," the bishop says, in an autobiographical sketch he wrote, "I was consequently accustomed from my infancy." It was the custom of the family to attend the religious meetings of the circuit together. All of the children were converted at these meetings except two, who were converted at family prayers. John first made a profession of religion while at school, at Easton, when he was between ten and thirteen years of age. He never had any doubt of its sincerity. But, as he has recorded, he became discouraged shortly afterward in consequence of having yielded to the temptation to climb a tree to view a distant horse-race, and gave up his profession. He received the full experience of saving grace at a quarterly meeting held at Roe's Cross Roads, in August, 1806. From this time his piety never flagged, but he exhibited a zeal and earnestness in the advancement of religion which seemed to increase steadily with his growing years, and at length determined the course of his after life.

Mr. Emory's father having designed him for the law, John was placed under classical instruction before he was ten years old. His academical education was completed at Washington College, Maryland. In the spring of 1805 he became a law student in the office of Richard Tilghman Earle, of Centerville. He already began to exhibit that methodical diligence and power of concentration which became distinguishing traits with him. He rose early, conscientiously devoted every moment to some duty, habitually studied till he induced a pressure in his chest—and studied on. He accustomed himself to investigate to the bottom all questions which engaged his attention, and to take comprehensive but not voluminous notes of all he read. He was admitted to the bar on the first of July, 1808, two

years before he reached his majority. A prosperous business opened fast before him. In a little more than a year he had, according to one of his contemporaries, Kensey Harrison, Esq., of Centerville, gained a "good practice for a young man, and had every prospect before him of acquiring wealth and fame," and had, according to another, given promise "without a shadow of doubt" of attaining "a most conspicuous eminence," when he received and obeyed the call to the ministry. At this time, says Dr. Stevens, in his "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," hardly any young man in his native State had more flattering prospects."

Mr. Emory has himself recorded that his mother at his birth made a solemn dedication of him to God, earnestly praying and desiring that he might be called to the ministry, and that she had always been impressed with the conviction that her petition would be granted. Her husband had never sympathized with her desires, but had appointed his son, when still very young, to a different profession, and had educated him with reference to it. He now resolutely opposed John's determination to change his work. Even after it had become fully carried out, and John had actually become a traveling preacher, whose efforts had been attended with blessings, he would not be reconciled to the change. He refused to hear his son preach, and would not write to him, or suffer himself to be written to by him. Under these circumstances the resolution to devote himself to the ministry cost Mr. Emory a struggle, the pain of which is probably only faintly depicted in his journal. In this he wrote: "It was on the ninth of October, 1809, that I made a covenant on my knees, wrote and signed it, to give up the law, after much reading, prayer, and meditation, and on the tenth I did so, though my father was very unwilling." In a letter to the Rev. James Bateman, November 2, he wrote: "The moment I entered into this covenant, I felt my mind relieved, and the peace and love of God to flow through my soul, though I had before lost almost all the comforts of religion."

Mr. Emory had become a class-leader and exhorter shortly after he was converted, and had afterward been licensed as a local preacher. While still a law-student he was accustomed to preach often in the town where he resided and in the surrounding country. He held a very modest view of his qualifications for this office, and was often

seen, it was said by one who used to hear him, melted into tears from a sense of his "inability and unfitness." His efforts were, however, highly appreciated by his hearers, and bore good fruit.

He joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1810, and was appointed to the Caroline Circuit, Maryland. His next appointment was upon the Cambridge Circuit, Maryland. Here he was associated with the Rev. George Sheets, who afterward became a Protestant Episcopal minister. This gentleman wrote, several years afterward, of Mr. Emory's qualities as manifested in this charge, and of the impression they made upon him. "He never lost sight of the dignity and sanctity of the Christian and ministerial character. . . There was one great and all-absorbing object which he had constantly in view—the attaining of all that knowledge which was best calculated to qualify for a faithful and useful discharge of ministerial duty." Of his preaching, Mr. Sheets said: "There was no effort to secure the applause of men; no beautiful tropes and figures; no rhetorical flourishes; no theatrical gestures and airs, to secure the plaudits of the vain and gay. But there was, in rich abundance, the purest milk of the word for babes, and also the strongest meat for those of full age." On another point, Mr. Sheets remarked: "Although it was only his second year in the ministry, I soon found that, in intricate cases, as it regarded the execution of discipline, I had in him an assistant whose mind was matured far beyond his years, and with whom I could take counsel with the greatest advantage and safety."

At the Conference of 1812 Bishop Asbury called for volunteers to go to Montreal and Quebec. Mr. Emory authorized his presiding elder to place his name at the bishop's disposal; but the presiding elder omitted to do so, and advised him not to go. On the next day volunteers were asked for to go West; Mr. Emory handed the bishop a letter, offering to go anywhere within the territories of our government, if it was thought proper to send him.

During this Conference year Mr. Emory was called upon to part with his father. The old gentleman had gradually become reconciled to his son's new plan of life. The first sign of his yielding was manifested in the grant of permission to take a horse from home for use in circuit duty. Mr. Emory wrote in his diary, April 12, 1812: "I had a free conversation with my father, with abundance of tears.

He acknowledged that he prayed for me every day, and still loved me as a child, permitted me to write to him (which he had not done before, though I had written, notwithstanding,) and confirmed to me the gift of a horse, but declared himself of his first opinion as to my traveling. . . . To-day he heard me preach for the first time since I have been traveling." The work of reconciliation was completed with the approach of death to the father. Mr. Emory was called home; had the gratification of seeing his dying father look to him to minister to his comfort, and the consolation "to receive from his lips the last triumphant assurance of his undoubting expectation of eternal life."

Mr. Emory ministered at the Academy, or Union Station, Philadelphia, in 1813 and 1814. During the latter year he was engaged in a correspondence with the African Bethel Church in the same city, which proved to be a forerunner of the organization of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. By the terms of its charter, the Bethel Church was to remain under the disciplinary regulations of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the jurisdiction of a white elder appointed by the Philadelphia Conference. Contentions arose respecting the relations of the Church to the Conference, the case was taken to the courts, and the Church assumed an independent position. Mr. Emory wrote a circular letter to the officers and members of the Church, deprecating the attitude they had assumed, and admonishing them that if they wished to continue connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church they must be connected according to its Discipline, must receive its preachers, and fulfill the obligations of the charter of their Church. On these conditions "we are ready," he said, "still to serve you. We leave it entirely with yourselves to determine whether you will be connected with us according to our Discipline; but you cannot be connected with us in any other way." Dr. Stevens justly describes this document as "temperate and kindly," and as being a simple statement of facts; and it does not in any way justify the assertion in the preface to the Discipline of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, that in it the Africans were "disowned" by the Methodists.

Mr. Emory was elected a delegate to the General Conference of 1816. It was the first General Conference to which he was eligible. Of the part he took in this body, it is mentioned only that the report on local preachers was in his hand-writing, and that he advocated the

election of presiding elders. In 1818 he was stationed at the Foundry Church, Washington, D. C., and became a member of the Baltimore Conference. He was made a corresponding secretary for the Conference of the newly formed Missionary and Bible Society; and was chosen a delegate to the General Conference of 1820. He took an active part in the most important proceedings of this body, and greatly commended himself by his readiness and efficiency. He was a member of the Committee on Episcopacy, and was one of the committee selected from the advocates of both sides of the controversy on the election of presiding elders, to whom was given the duty of preparing a plan for the adjustment of differences. He interested himself in the cause of missions, and the favorable report which was adopted on that subject is believed to have been written by him. He moved the resolution by virtue of which a book of tunes adapted to the Methodist hymns was published.

The General Conference having directed a delegate to be sent to the British Conference to endeavor to settle some perplexing questions which had arisen between the American and English Methodists, the bishops appointed Mr. Emory. His mission was an extremely delicate one. In the presence of international difficulties fraternal intercourse between the Methodists of the two countries had been suspended for several years. A dispute had arisen in reference to the Churches in Canada. The work of the American ministers in Canada begun in 1791, and steadily continued up to this time, had been much blessed, and prosperous Churches had been built up under it. The work of the British ministers was begun several years later in Lower Canada, and had been gradually extended toward the fields occupied by the Americans. Conflicts of interest soon arose, and were made more unpleasant, perhaps, by political differences. A church in Montreal, which had been built chiefly with money collected in the United States, but with the help, in a small part, of English contributions, was taken possession of by the English ministers. Bishop Asbury complained of the aggression in a letter to Mr. Benson, written in January, 1816. A proposition was made to the General Conference in the same year, in behalf of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, for a division of the work of the two bodies by the line which separated Upper and Lower Canada. The General Conference declined to give up any of its

societies or chapels in the provinces. By its direction, Mr. Emory addressed a temperate and friendly letter to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, setting forth in full the American view of the case. The British Conference determined to strengthen its missions, while it advised the ministers to avoid disputes, and consented to give up the chapel in Montreal. The difficulties between the missionaries continued, nevertheless, till it was at length determined by the General Conference to send a delegate to England, properly empowered, to try to effect an harmonious and permanent settlement. Mr. Emory was instructed: 1. To ascertain the views of the British Conference upon the expediency of an interchange of fraternal delegates once in four years. 2. To endeavor by prudent and practical means, to adjust the difficulties in Canada. 3. To propose to draw a specific line between the American and British fields of labor.

His mission was fully successful. At a free conference with the Wesleyan missionary committee he corrected many erroneous impressions which he found to be existing, and convinced them that the view held by the American Church was a just one, and ought to be so recognized by the Conference. His proposition for a settlement was agreed to by the committee, and accepted by the Conference. The boundary line between the Upper and Lower provinces was made the dividing line between the work of the two connections, except as to Montreal, where both were to continue their ministrations, the Americans keeping the chapel. In closing its action on the subject, the British Conference adopted a resolution declaring that it embraced "with pleasure the opportunity of recognizing that principle, which, it is hoped, will be permanently maintained, that the Wesleyan Methodists are one body in every part of the world." The regular exchange of delegates every four years was renewed.

When it became desirable, in 1828, for the American Churches in Canada to separate from the General Conference, a constitutional difficulty was interposed, the committee to whom the subject was referred by the General Conference reporting that by the terms of the compact by which it existed, it was the duty of the General Conference to preserve the Church entire, and not to sanction a division of it. Mr. Emory solved the difficulty by suggesting that the missionaries to Canada had gone out, not by appointment, but as volun-

teers; and that, therefore, the bond between them and the Church in the United States was not of constitutional obligation, but was of such a character that it could be dissolved at any time by mutual consent.

A proposition for the election of presiding elders by the Annual Conferences was actively discussed in the General Conference of 1820. The subject was first introduced in the General Conference of 1808, and was supported by a strong vote. Mr. Emory offered a resolution in its favor in the General Conference of 1816. The prospect seemed very favorable at this session for carrying the measure. Some of the bishops approved it. It being desirous to harmonize conflicting views as far as possible, a "committee of conciliation" was appointed consisting of six members, three from each side. The committee was composed of Ezekiel Cooper, Joshua Wells, S. G. Roszel, N. Bangs, W. Capers, and Mr. Emory. They reported the so-called "suspended resolutions." These resolutions provided that the presiding bishop at each Annual Conference should nominate three times the number of persons wanted to fill vacancies in the office of presiding elder, from whom the Conference should elect by ballot, one at a time, the number wanted. The power to fill vacancies occurring during the intervals between the sessions of the Conference was reserved to the bishops. The presiding elders were made an advisory council to the bishops in the stationing of preachers. The resolutions as reported by the committee were passed by a majority of more than two thirds of the General Conference. Shortly after they were passed, the Conference were informed that Joshua Soule, who had been elected bishop, considered them unconstitutional, and was determined, if ordained, not to carry them into execution, and that he was supported in his position by Bishop M'Kendree. Thereupon the resolutions were suspended for four years. During this interval the majority of the Annual Conferences declared against them. The suspension was continued at the General Conference of 1824, and the resolutions were at length rescinded in 1828. Mr. Soule declined the election of bishop in 1820, but was chosen again, and ordained, in 1824.

Mr. Emory had taken a foremost part in advocacy of the principle of electing presiding elders, and had helped to frame, and supported, the "suspended resolutions." His Conference differed with him on

this subject. For this reason he was not returned to the General Conference of 1824. He was, however, appointed secretary of that body. On the election of bishops he received fifty-nine votes, or within six votes of enough to elect him; but after the second ballot, declined to be a candidate. Afterward, Dr. Bangs having been chosen principal Book Agent, Mr. Emory was selected as Assistant Agent. In 1828 he was made Agent, and Beverly Waugh, afterward Bishop Waugh, Assistant Agent. Mr. Emory's most distinguished services to the Church were given in his connection with the Book Concern. He introduced improvements in its methods of doing business by which its power for usefulness was largely promoted, and organized liberal plans for the extension of its operations. He may be fairly said to have had the principal part in laying the foundations for the prosperity and prominent position among publishing houses which it has since attained. When he first went into the Concern his health was poor, and his constitution had been damaged by hard work. He devoted himself to such duties as he could perform, and they were, fortunately, of a kind that could be made to contribute indirectly to his restoration. He visited the Conferences in the interest of the business. He entered fully into the plan which the Agents had been considering for the consolidation of the several organs of the Church into one central paper. In 1827 he purchased the "Zion's Herald," and merged it in the "Christian Advocate." Some years afterward, however, other parties commenced a new publication under the same name.

Having made himself acquainted with the business arrangements of the Concern, he was prepared before the close of his first term to make suggestions for their improvement. Hitherto the sale of books had been conducted, and accounts kept, in a complicated commission system. The books were sent out to the districts, and charged to the presiding elders. They were then distributed to the preachers on the circuits, to be sold by them. The preachers accounted to the presiding elders, paying or giving notes for the books they had sold, and giving account of those which remained unsold. Thus, a large amount of stock was scattered through the country with at least a very uncertain security for its being safely kept, or adequately accounted for. As the preachers and presiding elders were changed frequently, the stocks

and accounts had to be transferred very often, and a certain degree of confusion was inevitable. A continual source of expense existed in the necessity of keeping a large amount of capital invested in the books thus scattered. Interest had to be paid upon the value of the stock, while none was expected from the preachers; and the risk of loss in many ways was great. A more defective way of doing business could hardly be imagined. Mr. Emory said of the operation of the system, in his report to the General Conference of 1832, that it was demonstrable that under it "the Concern might have been ruined, and the connection greatly embarrassed, notwithstanding the show of a large annual increase of stock, since there was, with the large apparent increase of stock, also a real increase of debt, but not of dividends, nor could there have been any real profit." He suggested that a system of actual sales for cash or notes be substituted for this cumbrous method. The senior Agent approved his plan, and the General Conference of 1828 sanctioned it. Steps were taken for the sale of unproductive stock and the collection of outstanding debts, and the allowances in making up the estimates of discounts on stock, debts, etc., and for contingent losses, were increased. The success of these measures was reported in 1832 to have not only equaled, but even exceeded, the most sanguine expectations. Bishop Waugh, the assistant Agent during the last four years of Mr. Emory's term, declared several years afterward that the ability, skill, diligence, and perseverance which he displayed in the measures devised by him to extinguish the debts of the Concern, and effect a sale of the stock on hand, had "seldom been equaled, and perhaps never surpassed, by the most practiced business man." At the time Mr. Emory went into the Concern it was indebted, according to Bishop Waugh, upward of one hundred thousand dollars, more than two thirds of which sum was for borrowed capital. At the close of his administration, in 1832, the annual dividends of the Concern had been greatly enlarged to an increased number of Conferences; ground had been bought, and buildings put up suited to the wants of the growing business, and the Agent was able to report the property and business quite free from debt. The net value of the capital and stock had grown from $221,459 78 in 1824 to $438,017 32 in 1832.

The duties of the book agent at this time were combined with those of editor of the books and of the "Methodist Magazine."

Dr. Emory, as editor, prepared a complete edition of Wesley's works, and several other valuable books. He changed the magazine from a monthly to a quarterly publication, enlarged the amount of original matter, and contributed much of it himself, and may justly be regarded as the founder of the "Methodist Quarterly Review." The Church was at this period suffering under the excitement of the so-called "radical controversy," and was also the object of frequent hostile attacks from without. It seemed the clear duty of its official organs to maintain and defend its doctrines and the peculiar features of its polity as they were then generally understood. Consequently the "Magazine and Review" was forced to assume a controversial position, an attitude which was little to Dr. Emory's taste. Nevertheless, having taken his stand, he maintained it with signal ability and cleverness. His arguments were advanced with a clearness and directness which gave them great force, and often made them severe, but always in good temper and legitimately.

Dr. Emory opposed from its beginning the "reform" movement in favor of lay delegation, which resulted eventually in the withdrawal of a number of ministers and members from the Methodist Episcopal Church. He wrote the report which was adopted by the General Conference of 1816, adverse to the application of the local preachers to be represented in that body. The prominent part which he afterward took in favor of the election of presiding elders led many at one time to believe that he sympathized for a time with the efforts of the reformers to effect other changes in the economy of the Church, but this has been proved to have been a mistake. Alexander M'Caine having written, in 1827, "The History and Mystery of Methodist Episcopacy"—a bitter attack on the institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Dr. Emory replied to it in the "Defense of our Fathers, and of the Original Organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church." It was a work of great ability, and exerted a powerful influence in favor of the principles it sought to sustain. The Baltimore Conference in 1828 gave its author a vote of thanks for having produced it. Mr. M'Caine replied several months afterward with "A Defense of the Truth, as set forth in 'The History and Mystery of the Methodist Episcopacy,'" and Dr. Emory replied to this work in several forcible articles in the "Methodist

Magazine and Quarterly Review." Numerous petitions were presented to the General Conference of 1828, asking for lay representation, the representation of local preachers, and the particular changes in the rules of the Church which were sought by the "reform" party. Dr. Emory was chairman of the committee to whom they were referred, whose report was adopted without a dissenting voice. He introduced the resolutions providing conditionally for the restoration to membership of those persons who had been expelled from the Church in consequence of their acts in the radical controversy, which were adopted by the Conference. It was hoped that they would heal the breach which had been made. The motions to adopt the report and the resolutions were made by the Rev. Asa Shinn, one of the reform party. He afterward published a reply to the report. This gave Dr. Emory an opportunity to publish in the "Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review" an article fully reviewing the questions at issue. This article, and the report adopted by the General Conference, were regarded as constituting a complete vindication of the policy of the Church on the questions in dispute, as it was understood and carried out at the time. Now, since the bitterness of the controversy has long ago passed away, and lay delegation has been peacefully carried into effect, it is difficult to comprehend the intensity of the excitement which then prevailed in the Church, or to see matters as the overwhelming majority of ministers and members viewed them. It is certain, however, that Dr. Emory faithfully represented the spirit and opinion of the Church.

Dr. Emory was elected bishop at the General Conference of 1832. Though the prospect of his elevation to this office had been much spoken of, and he had been voted for several times, he had never conversed about it, it is said, even with members of his family. The modesty and grace with which he announced his election to his wife can hardly be surpassed. He wrote to her, the day after he was ordained: "The General Conference having determined to constitute two additional bishops at this session, the election took place on Tuesday last, and resulted in the choice of the Rev. James O. Andrew, of Georgia, and your husband. Perhaps, from the occasional intimations of partial friends, your mind may have been in some measure prepared for this, and I trust the trial to you will not,

consequently, be so great as it might otherwise have been. The office is, indeed, a high and holy one, and I trust I am not wanting in a becoming sensibility of its great responsibility and weight. If you partake, as you cannot but do, in a sense of the obligation I am under for so distinguished a mark of the favor and confidence of my brethren assembled in General Conference from all parts of our wide-spread charge throughout the United States, I hope I may receive not only your consent and approbation for the fulfillment of their wishes, but your self-denying and pious counsels and prayers to assist and encourage me under so great and heavy a burden. Indeed, I must inform you, that, anticipating your kind and holy self-devotion in a cause of such importance, and under such a call of the Lord and Master of us all, as I humbly trust, I have already submitted to take upon me at the holy altar the solemn vows of office in the midst of many prayers and supplications. The consecration took place yesterday, in the Academy, (Union Church,) in the presence of the General Conference, and of a crowded audience, after a sermon by Bishop M'Kendree, designed both for a funeral sermon in memory of Bishop George, and for an ordination sermon. The rite of ordination was performed by the laying on of the hands of the four bishops, M'Kendree, Roberts, Soule, and Hedding, and of Thomas Ware and Ezekiel Cooper, the two latter being the oldest elders present."

The newly elected bishop presided at the closing night session of the same General Conference, under circumstances which might have tried the most experienced parliamentarians. He promptly repressed the confusion which arose, as it always does at such times, and secured a methodical and satisfactory transaction of the business remaining to be adjusted.

Having settled his family in Baltimore, he started in July, 1832, on his first episcopal tour to the Pittsburgh, Ohio, Kentucky, and Holston Conferences, from which he did not return till December. During this journey he visited the mission to the Wyandotte Indians, at Little Sandusky, Ohio, and held a Conference with the Indian exhorters and leaders in the interests of the work. His report of this interview to the Secretary of the Missionary Society has been preserved in the biography which was prepared by the Rev. Dr. Robert

Emory and published by the Book Concern. In the spring of 1833 he assisted Bishop Hedding at the Virginia, Baltimore, and Philadelphia Conferences. His second episcopal tour, which was begun in September of the same year, embraced the extreme Southern Conferences, called for about three thousand miles of travel, most of which was done on horseback, and occupied about six months. In 1835 he attended the Virginia, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, New England, Maine, New Hampshire, and Troy Conferences. The antislavery excitement was high at this time, and a very strong feeling on the subject was found to be prevailing among the ministers of the New England and the New Hampshire Conferences. Bishops Emory and Hedding together addressed a letter of warning to the ministers, in which they represented that the agitation was only likely to disturb the country and the Church, without resulting in any practical good. They made their own position on the question clear by saying, "That the New Testament Scriptures, or the preaching or practice of our Lord and his apostles, were ever intended to justify the condition of slavery we do not believe. Yet we are as well satisfied that the present course of immediate abolitionists is equally foreign from the practical examples furnished by those high and sacred authorities, and in circumstances less difficult than ours." The views embodied in their letter agree with those which were entertained at the time by the Church and the American people at large.

Very soon after he entered upon the episcopal office Bishop Emory began to devise and urge plans to secure and maintain uniformity in general administration, and to improve and extend the course of education for ministers. For the former purpose he suggested to the bishops that they should keep a record of all the decisions they might make; that they should communicate them to each other; and endeavor to arrive at some common understanding on those points on which different rulings might have been made; and that they should meet periodically to settle all points remaining unsettled, and to agree upon recommendations to be made in the future. His plan also contemplated records to be kept by the presiding elders of their decisions; and a system of consultations under which preachers could refer questions of difficulty or doubt

to the presiding elders, and the presiding elders refer them to the bishops.

The course of study for ministers, which had been prepared in accordance with the recommendation of the General Conference of 1816, was confessedly defective. It virtually ended with the second year. The method of examination which had been pursued in connection with it seems to have been ill-adapted to test the knowledge of the student, or to insure thoroughness. Bishop Emory, with the co-operation of Bishop Hedding, prepared a schedule for an improved course, which was adopted by the Philadelphia Conference in 1833. It was afterward adopted by several of the Southern Conferences, and was so divided as to extend over the entire four years of preparation for entrance into full connection, and was thus made to apply to candidates for elder's as well as for deacon's orders. A more adequate method of conducting the examinations of candidates was also introduced. These changes were at length generally accepted by the Annual Conferences, and Bishop Emory's plan, receiving the approval of the General Conference, became the foundation of the present liberal course of study, to which the great advance since made by the Methodist ministry in culture may be largely traced.

Bishop Emory interested himself actively in the cause of general education. He was prominent in advancing the enterprises which were undertaken in his time for establishing schools of the higher order, particularly within the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was one of the Committee appointed by the New York Conference to superintend the organization of the Wesleyan University. He took part in a convention of literary men which met in New York City, in 1830, to consider the subject of establishing a large university there, and was a member of the standing committee of the proposed institution. In 1833 he assisted the joint committee of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Conferences in arranging the transfer of Dickinson College to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was for a long time president of the board of trustees of this institution. He fully discussed the subject of the higher education in an article which he wrote for the "Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review," in 1831. He considered in this paper the details of the organization of schools, and the relative importance that should be attached to each branch

of study. The article might have been accepted as a draft of a complete and comprehensive system of instruction. While he awarded a just measure of appreciation to the classical studies, it is especially worthy of remark that the views he expressed as to the degree of importance and honor which should be attached to the sciences and modern literature were in close agreement with those advanced by the advocates of a more general scientific culture, and in accordance with which the courses of many colleges are undergoing the process of remodeling. There was found among his papers after his death the draft of a General Education Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the object of which was to be to help youth in the Church—both those contemplating the ministry and others—in obtaining a useful and liberal education. The idea embodied in this sketch has since been carried out, in principle, in the Board of Education, of which the Rev. Dr. E. O. Haven is secretary.

Bishop Emory's services in the cause of education received fitting acknowledgment in many ways. In 1816 he was invited to take charge of the Wesleyan seminary about to be opened in New York city, but declined the call. In 1824 he was elected president of Asbury College, Baltimore, a suspended institution which its friends were trying to revive; but the Church called him to the Book Agency. He was afterward invited in succession to the presidency of Madison and Alleghany Colleges, Pennsylvania, and the presidency, and professorship of moral science, in Randolph Macon College, Virginia. He declined these positions because he did not consider his health vigorous enough to bear the strain which the proper discharge of their duties would impose upon him. He received the degree of A. M. from St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, in 1822, and that of D. D. from Washington College, Maryland, in 1823. His name, however, always appeared in his publications without a title. Several institutions were named after him; among them, Emory Academy, of the Mississippi Conference; Emory and Henry College, of the Holston Conference; and Emory College, of the Georgia Conference.

Bishop Emory was an earnest advocate of the missionary cause. He was an active supporter of the Methodist Missionary Society in its earlier days; he spoke for it and assisted in establishing branch societies. He was prominent in forwarding the Methodist Bible and Tract

Society; he wrote several letters sketching the principles on which it should be organized, and the details of organization. He defended the policy of keeping enterprises of this kind separate within the Church, instead of having them absorbed in societies which the Church could not control. He originated a scheme to establish a publishing fund in aid of the Bible, Sunday-school, and Tract Societies of the Church, the object of which was to lay a permanent foundation for conducting the enterprises of those societies on a more extensive scale, and enable them to reduce the prices of their publications to the lowest practicable rates.

Besides the articles and works of which we have spoken, Bishop Emory wrote several works in vindication of the doctrines, institutions, and orders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, against attacks upon them by members of other denominations. Bishop White, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in 1817, published in the "Christian Register" an essay entitled "Objections against the Personal Assurance of the Pardon of Sin by a Direct Communication of the Holy Spirit." Mr. Emory wrote two pamphlets in reply to this article. In 1818 a Mr. Wright published in the "National Messenger," Georgetown, D. C., an article against the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. Mr. Emory replied in several communications to the same journal, which were afterward published in a pamphlet. He was engaged at the time of his death upon a new and profound work in defense of the polity of the Church, to which was given the title of "The Episcopal Controversy Reviewed."

Only one of his sermons has been preserved. It was the one which he preached before the British Conference, in 1820; a sermon of great strength and beauty, which was much admired in England and the United States. His preaching, as described by his son, was characterized by cogent arguments and striking illustrations, with exhortations enforced by earnest remonstrances and pathetic appeals. "Despising all affectation, whether of pomp or carelessness, he strove, both in reading and speaking, to be perfectly natural, and perhaps few have been more successful in that difficult effort. With a voice naturally feeble, he was able, by the distinctness of his enunciation, to make himself heard through the largest assemblies." In debate, he spoke to the point, carefully presenting his arguments in a clear and effective manner, and the substance of his address always justified its being made. His intellectual superiority, the accuracy of his thought,

and the thoroughness of his knowledge, were manifested in all that he said or did; and he was as ready as he was accurate and thorough.

Bishop Emory died just when he had attained his highest vigor and his most active usefulness. On the 16th of December, 1835, he started in the morning from his home in Reisterstown, Maryland, for Baltimore, six miles distant. He was thrown out of his carriage while descending a hill, in some manner which has never been ascertained, and was shortly afterward found lying insensible in the road, with his skull fractured from having struck a stone. He never recovered consciousness, but died the same evening. He left a widow and five children, in comfortable circumstances. He had inherited a good estate, and his wife was also possessed of property.

Bishop Emory's first wife was Caroline, daughter of Francis Sellers, Esq., of Hillsborough, Md., to whom he was married in 1813. She died in 1815, while he was stationed in Wilmington, Del. He was married a second time to Anna, daughter of Thomas Wright, Esq., of Queen Anne County, Md., an esteemed local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She survived him several years.

The character of Bishop Emory was fully revealed in the work he did for the Church, and was accredited in the highest manner in the succession of honors which it hastened to confer upon him. A careful review of his life brings out with strong force the fact that he allowed his personality to be sunk to an extraordinary degree in his ministerial and official character. It is ever to be regretted that so little of his private life has been placed upon record. It could not have failed to be rich in personal incident and adventure, and in reminiscences of the distinguished men with whom he came in contact. Nothing of it remains, however, except a few allusions in private letters, and some notices of his delightful sojourn in England while a messenger to the British Conference, in which he described with particular pleasure his visit to the family of Dr. Adam Clarke. His family life is known to have been rich in affection, and his social life one of refined and genial intercourse with his intimates, official and personal. Those who knew him best have failed to give such a clear picture of his personality as it would be desirable to have.

The Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, who was a clerk in the Book Con-

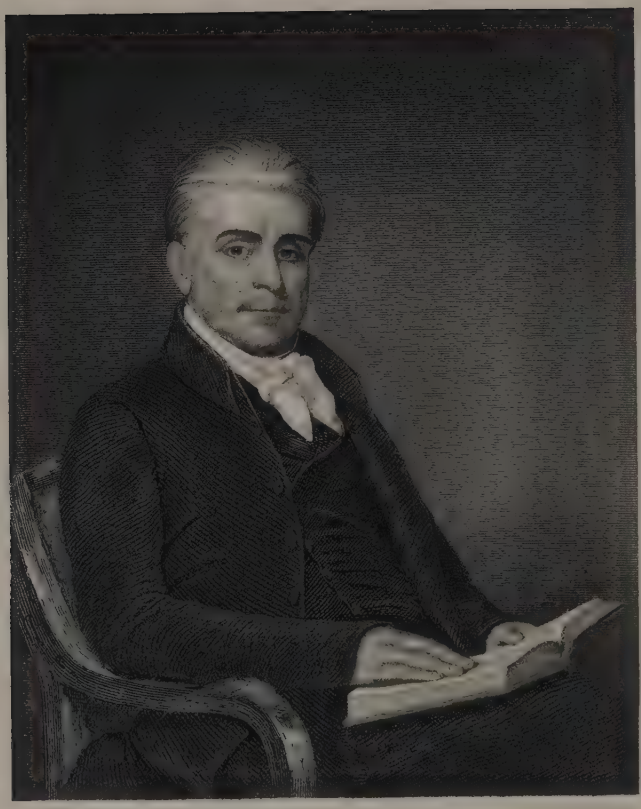
cern during Dr. Emory's administration, has left a careful estimate of his personal qualities as they were observed by his subordinates, but it presents him as a man of business rather than in his private character. He was prompt, so that "no man," says Dr. M'Clintock, "ever knew him unprepared for an emergency; none ever found him behindhand with his engagements. . . . He was never seen 'unemployed—never triflingly employed.' . . . I do not remember to have known him once to spend fifteen minutes in occasional conversation with preachers and others dropping in. He would exchange the common courtesies of society, and if any business was to be attended to he was ready for it; if not, he very soon let it be known that he had occupations on hand which were not to be neglected." He showed himself to be as accurate in his knowledge of the details of the business as he was comprehensive in his conception of it as a whole. Uniformity "was a striking feature of his character in all its aspects," and "gave additional value to his varied talents by insuring their constant and unwavering activity." His manner toward visitors and subordinates was uniformly courteous. "The same urbanity," says Dr. M'Clintock, "that marked his intercourse with men of his own age and standing, characterized his conduct toward the youngest clerk in the Book Concern. He never forgot the rules of genuine politeness; he was, in the truest sense of the word, a gentleman." While his mental habits "caused a directness in his communications which those who did not know him might suppose to be sternness, no one ever received from him a word calculated to wound the feelings or to hurt the tenderest susceptibility."

He was exact in money matters, as in other concerns, and it is doubted if he ever gained a dollar by the offices which he had in the Church. It is related of him that at the close of one year's ministerial service in Washington, the station being straitened for funds, he returned to the stewards all of the money appropriated for the support of himself and his family which had not been actually spent.

No good portrait of him exists. The Rev. Dr. Robert Emory, describing his personal appearance, says that he was rather under the ordinary size, though very well proportioned, and weighed about

one hundred and twenty-five pounds. His countenance was manly, and his features had a "classic regularity." "When at rest, there was a thoughtfulness impressed upon his countenance which might sometimes be mistaken for sternness; but in social intercourse, although he was scarcely ever known to laugh, his face was often lighted by a smile, while the benignity of his heart beamed from his eye. He always carried himself very erect. . . . From his youth he was an early riser; and the practice was continued, even when the distressing sleeplessness by which he was for some years afflicted might have pleaded for greater indulgence. But he was equally careful to retire early." He was careful as to the cleanliness of his person and the neatness of his dress, but "conscientiously refrained from the display or the extravagance of fashion. Over his appetite he seemed to have the most complete control," and "was emphatically a redeemer of time."

His friends and the Church are able to recall every feature of his career with unalloyed satisfaction; but they look back to his management of the Book Concern as constituting his especial title to be honorably remembered. He might have rendered equally, perhaps more, valuable service as bishop had he lived to carry out the plans he had formed. He was given time as Book Agent to finish what he undertook, and give the Church a complete and permanent work. Bishop Waugh closed an account of his character and services by saying: "Not only will Dr. Emory's name be of precious memory as a man, a Christian, a minister of Christ, and a Methodist bishop, but in the annals of Methodism he will stand unrivaled as the sagacious, enterprising, and indefatigable head of the Methodist Book Concern."



Beverly Waugh.

BY REV. H. B. RIDGAWAY, D.D.

THE wise and devout Fénelon, alluding to the rarity of good men, says: "The comparison only makes us too highly prize those persons who are true, gentle, trustworthy, reasonable, susceptible of friendship, and superior to all self-interest." * Bishop Waugh may be recalled as one of those rare good men in whom the qualities here mentioned were so united as to constitute him not only a person of eminent worth, but also such a character as to lead men every-where to lean upon him, and to feel more hopeful of their race because he was one of them.

Beverly Waugh was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, on the 28th of October, 1789. His parents were James and Henrietta Waugh. Mr. James Waugh was a substantial farmer, and a captain in the State militia. In the latter capacity he led a company from his native county during the Revolutionary War to assist in repelling Lord Cornwallis from Virginia, and it is likely that he was present at the surrender at Yorktown. The childhood of Beverly was spent at home, surrounded by the genial influences which in that early period pervaded the best Virginia families. He received such education as the limited opportunities of his neighborhood afforded. His morals were carefully guarded, and he grew up without contracting the vices to which youths too often become subject. At the age of fifteen years he was converted to God, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church under the ministry of the Rev. Thomas F. Sargent, who was then the preacher in charge at Alexandria, Va.

Just where young Waugh lived from 1804 to 1807 does not appear from any record at hand; but I infer he was employed during this time in one of the government offices in Washington City. It was in this position he acquired the admirable chirography and the aptitude for accounts which afterward so distinguished him. In

* Sainte Beuve's "Monday Chats." Mathews.

1807, while residing at Alexandria, and serving as a clerk in the store of a Mr. Robbins, he began keeping a journal of the main facts of his life, a custom which was continued until within a few years of his death. This journal comprises several manuscript volumes, the first of which is superscribed in his own neat handwriting: "Beverly Waugh's Journal, March 7, 1807, Alexandria."

The first entry is characteristic of the jealous care he ever afterward exercised over his heart: "I have been sorely buffeted by Satan for some days back. Do thou, O Lord, grant me a deliverance from every snare." Two days later he is struggling to be wholly the Lord's, and begins already to feel intimations of a call to preach the gospel: "I bless God for the desire I have to be wholly given up to God and his work. I think I am willing to become any thing or nothing so I may but enjoy the smile of my God. . . . I feel too much of a trifling, laughing spirit, and yet I have been for some days back *tempted* (I think I may venture to say) to believe I shall be a preacher of God's holy word! I pray God if it be a temptation it may be done away, and if it be from God it may be increased. With regard to this I feel that if it be the will of God to send by me, I should be happy to be the servant of God, though I am the most unworthy of all God's people, and as weak as a child in things of this nature; but I know God has chosen, and may again choose, the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. I am, I say, willing *if God calls*, to obey, but I hope I shall never thrust myself out. My trust is in God. I hope he will make my way and duty plain."

Again: "I have not been so much exercised about my ever being called to preach, and have had awful fears that I shall get so much attached to this vain world that I shall at last get again into sin. I pray God to reign in me, and deliver me out of all my troubles."

When eighteen years of age Mr. Waugh removed to Middleburgh, Loudon County, where he kept a grocery for Mr. Robbins, his employer. January 11, 1808, he writes: "Soon after my arrival here I was tempted in so powerful a manner that I was afraid I should at last give way to the tempter, and again grieve the Holy Spirit of promise. But hallelujah to my God, his grace has been sufficient for me. . . . My intention in coming here was to have an opportunity to purchase me a horse, etc., and I intend in course of next summer to go

around on some circuit with one of the preachers, in order that I may find out and do the will of God." In due time the horse was purchased, and the young store-keeper was wont to ride out in the evenings to points adjacent to the village to attend prayer-meetings; and thus his gifts were exercised in prayer and exhortation. He was appointed a class-leader. The conviction of a further and greater vocation continued to press upon him.

"But O, my soul, there is yet another duty required. And must I take up the cross and follow Jesus? Must I give up my dear relations; my father, his house, his lands, my brothers and sisters? And must I give up my own will, and be directed by God to call sinners to repentance or I cannot be his disciple? I must; the word of truth declares I must. . . . I want to be a faithful and obedient servant of God. Yet O, the greatness of the work! To preach the gospel, who is able? Lord, if I must speak for thee, and declare thy counsel to men, speak, O speak through me, and by me, or rather never let me attempt it."

Soon after this record of his feelings he began to preach at different "appointments" in the neighborhood. On July 29, 1808, after having made it matter of prayer that God would show him his duty, he started to go with "Brother Rowan" one "round" on Stafford Circuit. Instead of turning back within a few days, as he expected, he was so far encouraged that he completed the round. Then after a camp-meeting near Leesburgh, he agreed to take the Rev. Mr. Hemphill's appointment, on Fairfax Circuit, while Mr. Hemphill attended the Winchester camp-meeting. Thus he continued, first with one preacher and then with another, trying his wing—sometimes encouraged with his efforts, and sometimes so disheartened that he was ready to go home. What more admirable system was ever devised to *break in* young preachers, especially at a period when educational facilities were scarce, and the necessities of evangelistic work were urgent!

In October, 1808, Mr. Waugh took the step which finally committed him to the itinerant ministry: "I go now with Rev. H. Jefferson, presiding elder, to Lancaster Circuit, which station I am to take for the winter." On this circuit, in a section known as the Northern Neck of Virginia, he preached and worked incessantly, having, as he tells us, "some painful exercises," "being convinced that there is no station in

the world which has not its peculiar attendant trials," but withal breathing after holiness and usefulness, and imposing on his heart increased watchfulness. January 7, 1809, he says: "I am now on my last round on this part of the circuit. . . . I mourn on account of the little good that appears to have been done, and that the signs and seals of my mission are scarcely visible at all; yet I hope I shall deliver my soul. . . . I long to see better times; to enjoy more of the love of God in my soul. I see the need of more watchfulness, of more stability, of more seriousness, and more attention to my studies and reading. . . . How bad, how disagreeable, to be drawn from things of more substance and importance to things not worth a thought! . . . I find my trials arising from a source where I never suspected they would; every moment dangers and snares surround me. I once thought, that of all people in the religious world preachers of the gospel were the happiest, and had the fewest trials, . . . but my opinion is now changed, and I know not but they, of all men, have the most trials. But hold! I fear I am too ready to complain."

The next entry is as follows: "This night I hope will ever be ranked by me one of the best nights. While we were pouring out our souls in family prayer, the power of the Lord came down upon us, and prostrate to the floor did I fall, when I felt the power and presence of my dear Master and merciful God, while some of the sinners wept and trembled. O glory be to God, for his favors and blessings!"

These extracts indicate at the very commencement of Mr. Waugh's ministry the special traits which ever after marked his career. His emotional nature was very strong, and much of his power lay in the wealth of his sensibilities. At the same time the substantial moral and intellectual convictions are foreshown, which did always underlie his tender feelings.

In the spring of 1809 he was received on trial in the Baltimore Conference, and appointed as junior preacher to Stafford Circuit, Virginia. He entered hopefully upon the new field, but soon had occasion to complain of the low state of religion and the carelessness of sinners. In the month of August he attended a camp-meeting in Fairfax Circuit, where he was greatly refreshed by seeing sinners

converted, and especially by the conversion of his own brother Townshend. "Glory be given to God," is at this time Mr. Waugh's entry in his journal, "for his tender mercies bestowed on me. I have felt much engaged for three or four days in declaring the counsel of God. I still long for perfect love, perfect humility, and perfect resignation." The next spring he was assigned to Greenbrier Circuit, in the mountainous regions of south-west Virginia. The change for the youthful preacher from the settled country of old Virginia, and the neighborhood of home, to the comparative wilds of the western part of the State, was at first depressing, but he aroused himself and was soon happy in his new work. His refined nature accepted all the ills of a rude civilization with cheerfulness. In long-after years he used to recount with much zest the experiences of his Greenbrier days. In the highlands as in the lowlands he is found manifesting the same zeal and activity, and through his journal there breathes the same yearning after God. "I feel much concerned to have all my thoughts, tempers, words, and actions under the proper direction of the Holy Spirit of God. I see the many imperfections which follow and are mingled with all my performances."

The keen observation of the authorities of the Church already discerned the promise there was in young Mr. Waugh, and he was accordingly transferred the next year from his remote mountainous circuit to the city of Washington, and stationed at the Navy Yard Church. "May 6, 1811. My labors in this place are not severe—public preaching three times a week, two public prayer-meetings, and generally one class to meet each week, an official meeting to attend once every two weeks, and also to visit from house to house to sing and pray, together with visiting the sick, and the instruction of the children, etc., will include nearly all the external labor of the station." Quite enough of *external* work for a young man of twenty-one years! It is not surprising he should say in his very next record, "I think it would be better were I on a circuit." He soon missed the exhilaration of horseback riding in the open country, and the variety of preaching on successive Sabbaths to different congregations. And now, in addition to labors external and internal connected with the charge, his youthful breast began to be agitated with the gentle passion. Thoughts of marriage obtruded unbidden upon his mind. "I have considered the

exercise as proceeding, perhaps," (a very hopeful perhaps,) "from an evil source; consequently have prayed for its removal. I do not want to entangle myself, for fear of neglecting the work of an itinerant preacher, to which I am at present in affection inseparably attached." He did not pray successfully against his "perhaps," and events hastened him forward toward matrimony. Not, however, until the next spring does he record: "Tuesday night, April 21, 1812, after prayer for direction and mature reflection, I was married to Catharine B. Bushby, of Washington City, by the Rev. N. Snethen." Miss Bushby, who henceforth became the faithful wife of Mr. Waugh, was of good English and Methodist extraction. She was the daughter of Mr. William Bushby, one of the original twelve or fourteen members who, in 1788, founded the first Methodist Society at Alexandria, Va.

In the spring of 1812 Mr. Waugh was appointed to Stephensburgh Circuit, in the valley of Virginia. From that date there is no entry in his journal until 1818. A registry, however, which contains the texts of Scripture from which he preached, and the number of miles he traveled, was faithfully kept. A round of twenty-three preaching-places, covering a large extent of country, necessitating preaching almost every day in the week, with rough roads and swollen streams to encounter, was the scene of his first year of wedded life. At the time when his journal was resumed, he is again stationed in Washington City. Meanwhile, he had been appointed successively to Baltimore City, (1813,) to Montgomery Circuit, Maryland, (1814, 1815,) to Berkeley Circuit, Va., (1816,) and to Washington, (1817.)

"January 23, 1818. Near six years are gone since I last wrote in this book. In this period, short as it has been, I have passed through scenes and trials that I never knew before. I thank God, his mercy has not failed. He has been astonishingly good." During these years three children were born to him, and from the references to temptations and trials, it is easy to suppose that the ardent itinerant had been assailed at the point at which so many of the earlier traveling preachers were attacked—the temptation "to take a location." Many of the ablest and best men of early Methodism, in the struggle between natural affection and devotion to the itinerancy yielded to the former, and were lost to the pastoral work.

Sunday, January 25, 1818, had been a day of unusual refreshing

while preaching. He records in his journal, "O how sorry I am that I have not had more true zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. It seems to me that I have just awaked out of sleep. I have always found a great difficulty in ordering my conversation aright on the subject of religion. I have always been too general. I am now determined, by divine help, to be more abundant, more pointed, and more particular in my conversations with my fellow-men on this important and interesting subject." It is well to note this resolution. The remarkable faculty for religious conversation which he was subsequently known to possess may be traced to the determination thus early formed to cultivate this rare and useful gift.

Another gap occurs in his journal. His text registry, however, shows how constantly and fully he labored in the Baltimore City Station, (1818,) in the Fells' Point Station, Baltimore, (1819, 1820,) and in Georgetown Station, D. C., (1821, 1822.) The omission in the journal is the more to be regretted because the young minister began in this interval to be designated as a leading man among his brethren. He was elected by the Baltimore Conference to represent it in the second and third delegated General Conferences of the Church, those of 1816 and 1820. In the proceedings of these Conferences, in which it was sought to definitely shape the polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he took rather advanced ground, and on the question of an elective presiding eldership he voted affirmatively with such men as Elijah Hedding, John Emory, and Alfred Griffith, on what are known as the resolutions of 1820. These resolutions not only made the incumbents of the presiding eldership elective, but also constituted them an advisory council of the bishop in stationing preachers. The resolutions, notwithstanding they were passed by a two-thirds vote, were suspended mainly because of the opposition of Bishop M'Kendree and the Rev. Joshua Soule. Mr. Soule had been elected to the office of a general superintendent, but declined ordination on account of these resolutions, deeming them, as he maintained, an invasion of episcopal authority. The opposition of such men as Mr. Soule led to a heated controversy in the interval of the years 1820 and 1824. The Baltimore Conference arrayed itself against the resolutions, and the party of Mr. Waugh being in a minority, he failed of an election to the General Conference of 1824.

As might be supposed, sharp and even bitter words were spoken during the agitation pending this election. Mr. Waugh did not escape his share of the hard epithets. A letter written by him to Bishop George about this period deserves a place here, but for want of space I can give only such portions as are sufficient to indicate his feelings. After narrating the unselfish motives which led him to join the itinerancy he says: "Notwithstanding I have seen (as I conceive) the propriety of a modification of our government, still I wish to be known as the dutiful son, and not the unnatural monster that would destroy that which gave him life and being. Modified and administered as it is at present," [alluding to the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church,] "I am happy in being able to say I can, and by the help of God intend to, continue with you, although I hope it will ever be my fixed purpose to do what I shall believe to be my duty in regard to the improvement of our system in theory and practice, and from which duty nothing shall ever induce me to shrink—neither promises nor threatenings, neither rewards nor punishment. My ground is taken."

Bishop George had talked with him about stationing him at Pittsburgh, Pa., and also returning him to a circuit, and the conversation led him, in the same letter, to speak of the itinerancy in a manner which foreshadows the views which he entertained after he himself had been elected to the episcopacy: "I presume every true lover of the itinerancy will be willing to make the necessary sacrifices. If not, let them get out of the way. All that can be required is, that there shall be an equality in labors and sacrifices as near as can be. If it fall to my lot to break the ice, I submit cheerfully, and will promptly obey. This is the way, sir, to ascertain who are the true friends of the itinerancy. . . . It is an easy matter when a man has a firm anchor cast in a safe harbor to talk of the necessity and excellency of navigating the ocean, however stormy it may be, to all who are, like himself, safely moored for the season."

After assuring Bishop George of his readiness to go either to Pittsburgh or to a circuit, and of his appreciation of the bishop's consideration for him, he continues: "If, sir, in any place the people think that I would be to them a burden, I pray you appoint me not to serve. I cannot serve a people under such circumstances. And whenever the *people* shall become tired of me, I shall consider my

mission ended, and it will give me neither pain nor mortification to retire. But let me be satisfied that it is the *people*, and not the presiding elder, who complain."

As I have previously stated, Mr. Waugh was sent to Georgetown, D. C., and neither to Pittsburgh nor a circuit, and thus was *possibly* saved by the considerate action of the episcopacy from becoming a radical in Church politics. Had he been punished for his views, his mind might have been warped by what he might have regarded as unjust treatment, and his sincere questionings as to wholesome modifications would probably have been precipitated into a demand for radical changes. As events followed, while there is no proof that his opinion as to the desirableness and constitutionality of an elective presiding eldership was ever abandoned, it is evident that he became reconciled to the usage of the Church, and stopped short, as did many of those who agreed with his views, of joining the ranks of those who subsequently advocated revolutionary measures. As late as 1827 he received a letter from the Rev. S. G. Roszell, asking him to say distinctly whether he was in favor of the suspended resolutions. Whereupon he remarks: "And wherefore does he make this inquiry? God forbid that the spirit of electioneering should ever prevail among the preachers."

There are no further entries in Mr. Waugh's journal until toward the close of his pastorate in Georgetown. These give proof of his untiring devotion to pastoral work, and of his constant efforts for improvement as a preacher. He studied such books as Brown's "Philosophy of the Mind," and treasured up some of its most important reflections. Another extract from his journal reads as follows:—

"January 2, 1823. This day I have been enabled in some tolerable degree to have my mind stayed on God in prayer and watchfulness. But I have not the deep communion with God which I believe to be the privilege of holy souls. O my God, quicken and revive my soul! I want more zeal for God. Religion in Georgetown is at a very low ebb. My situation is far from agreeable; this, however, would comparatively be of small concern if I could have evidences that my labors are owned of God, and consequently useful." He found genial, social relaxation during these years in the hospitable mansion of Mr. Foxall,

whom he regarded as "a rich man who promises fair to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

For the years 1823 and 1824 Mr. Waugh was preacher in charge of Frederick Circuit, which covered the fairest and most fertile portion of Western Maryland. He found the state of religion low, but was gratified with increased congregations and growth in spirituality through the first year. Returning from the Conference session at Winchester, Va., April, 1824, he remarks: "I wish I may forget some circumstances connected with this Conference, especially in relation to the election of delegates to the General Conference. Alas! what is man? What are good men? Imperfection incarnated!" From Winchester he rode home with Bishop George, "with whom," he says, "I had some conversation on the subject of lay delegation. He is decidedly opposed to it." Mr. Waugh visited the General Conference at Baltimore, concerning which he says, "I was not gratified with my visit. I very much fear that there is a more alarming declension from the spirit and power of religion among us than we are willing to admit. O God, restore us! O God, revive us!"

At their camp-meeting this summer the people of Frederick were favored with a visit from the Rev. H. B. Bascom, chaplain of the national House of Representatives. It is interesting to see how Mr. Bascom's preaching impressed Mr. Waugh. "At four o'clock Brother Bascom preached; his theme was 'practical Christianity.' I have heard what I, until now, considered extravagant eulogies on his talents, but, having heard for myself, I must say he is the greatest man I ever heard, in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the legislative hall. He is a prodigy." Again: "We prevailed on Brother Bascom to give us another sermon. He preached on the 'Evidences of Christianity,' and was even greater than he was yesterday. A man of endless resources. The half was never told me of him." Scores of persons were converted during this meeting, and a revival followed throughout the circuit. The year closed with large additions, but the labors and exposures greatly impaired Mr. Waugh's health, so far so that he suffered ever after from their effects.

In April 1825, Mr. Waugh was appointed, by Bishop Soule, to Severn Circuit, Md. For domestic reasons he was transferred to Baltimore City Station: "The manner in which the whole affair was

conducted made it peculiarly grateful," he says, "to my feelings. Is not the hand of Providence seen in all this? I am sure I can never forget those circumstances so long as I have memory." The change was made principally through the intervention of Messrs. J. Berry and R. Armstrong, to whom his distress was apparent, and who represented his condition to the bishop without his knowledge. I remember in after years to have had this incident substantially from Colonel Berry's own lips. The colonel evidently regarded it as a crisis in Mr. Waugh's itinerant life, and properly congratulated himself that he had a share in saving to the Church a future bishop. What man may not need, at some time in his career, the opportune offices of friendship?

From this period Mr. Waugh's star was ever in the ascendant. His career was onward and upward, and gathered momentum and fullness to its close. He was in his thirty-sixth year, with an admirable *physique*, tall, and well-formed, weighing at least two hundred pounds; his intellect was rapidly expanding; his religious experience had attained much ripeness; and his whole character was fast assuming the proportions which were clearly pointing him out as a leader among his peers. His official position was subordinate to that of Rev. Samuel Merwin, who was the preacher in charge. He was immediately the recipient of those kind attentions for which the Methodists of Baltimore have always been noted. His family were removed to a more commodious house, and he was welcomed by frequent invitations, in connection with his colleagues, to the hospitable homes of the people. The City Station at that time included the whole of Baltimore City except Fells's Point, or East Baltimore, and comprised four white and two colored congregations.

His journal for the year records continued and faithful work in preaching, pastoral visitation, class-leading, and counsel. All was not encouraging. Of a love-feast at Eutaw-street Church, he says: "It was dull, dull, dull." . . . "We had not so many children at catechising. . . . O, the criminal neglect and indifference of parents toward their children! . . . I heard some criticism to-day on my morning's discourse of yesterday. One kindly said it was a good sermon; another *truly*, I was unpleasantly tedious in getting at my text, etc. I must endeavor to improve in the matter and manner of my preaching. O my God, help me!"

The custom of attending camp-meetings was early adopted by the Baltimore Methodists, and this year Mr. Waugh and his colleagues were found promptly on the ground, surrounded by large numbers of their own people, and of the people of the adjacent country. The Sabbath of the meeting was a great day: "Brother J. Frye again preached at the eight o'clock morning meeting, and the people were much affected. At ten o'clock there was an immense concourse present, to whom Brother Soule" [a modest appellation for a bishop] "preached, and was followed in half an hour by Brother Merwin. Doctor Bond preached a good sermon at night, and I exhorted. . . . This was the greatest night of all. O glory! glory! I was never at camp-meeting before when I felt so much religious influence on my heart. The work of God gloriously revives." The influence of the meeting was at once felt in promoting a general revival in the city Churches. Exeter-street was especially favored. But while Exeter was revived Eutaw slumbered. After Mr. J. N. Maffit had preached at the latter he inquired: "Why was not the effect of his discourses greater? O, Eutaw, what is the matter? Search and prove us, O God."

Thus the year glided on, affording evidences not only of his devotion to work, but also to self-improvement. He read but little, and digested it well. He heard scientific lectures. He listened with patience and teachableness to suggestions on his style of preaching: "Brother Yearly, with whom I supped, and who is a man of considerable mind, very tenderly suggested that I occupied too much time in the introduction of my discourses, and also that I was too much in the habit of apologizing in the close of my sermons. I must endeavor to profit by his hints." During this year Mr. Waugh was a party to the formation of the Preachers' Aid Society of the Baltimore Conference. He was also active in the movement which committed the Conference to the cause of Christian missions and of Sunday-school instruction. I find him also predicting the troubles which the agitation on "reform" was likely to bring upon the Church, and seeking to prevent them by advising a course of frankness and conciliation. He went so far as to prepare an address, which, after being approved by Bishop M'Kendree, he presented to a committee at the approaching Conference; but the majority "rejected it,

professing it as their opinion that it would do no good." "My motives have been impugned, but God is my judge. I have done what I thought ought to be done. Time will make it manifest."

At this Conference (1826) he was returned to the City Station in charge, with Messrs. Paynter, Steele, Slicer, and Evans as colleagues. Mr. Henry Slicer was then a young man, and already gave promise of future eminence. No one more quickly discovered, or more promptly conceded, his abilities than did Mr. Waugh. The year was one of harmony and success. The preachers worked heartily together, and under the efficient direction of the preacher in charge the affairs of the station, with its various social conditions and heavy financial obligations, were managed with entire satisfaction. But if St. Paul was in "deaths oft," Mr. Waugh was in trials oft; hardly a week elapsed that some member, either white or colored, was not arraigned for breach of the rules. That was a day when the Discipline was enforced, and every effort was made, so far as administration could effect it, to keep the Church pure. Perhaps at the time as great a mistake was made in having Church trials upon every pretext, as is now in the almost total disuse of them, even for the gravest offenses.

The arrangement for the appointments for the year (referring to the so-called "plan" of preaching on successive Sundays) was unsatisfactory to the colored preachers, and they remonstrated in a body. Mr. Waugh, with his usual tact and kindliness, explained the matter to them in a way which caused them to leave his presence in good humor. The occurrence, however, caused him some grave apprehensions: "I had some painful reflections while they spoke—reflections caused by many things which were said in regard to distinctions, feelings, oppressions, etc., etc. . . . O my country, what scenes of horror and blood await thee from this portion of thy population! I cannot bear to meditate on this subject. Merciful God! interpose for our deliverance by opening a way to remove this fearful evil."

The whole air of Baltimore Conference Methodism was now filled with talk of "reform," "mutual rights, etc." Mr. Waugh began to feel the matter would not end with talk: "O, that we were more concerned to have a reform in our individual cases! then we should not be so troubled about the government of the Church. There will be a division in the Methodist Episcopal Church before four years

from this time, or else I cannot foretell." The agitation was becoming animated, but had not yet reached the bitterness which subsequently marked its progress. Possibly this was due to his wise management. Whatever may have been his views of the controversy in its first stages, he was never an advocate of extreme measures, and we find him promptly drawing back from the radical changes to which some well meaning but misguided men were hurrying the Church. He was not prepared for such steps as the abolishment of the offices of presiding elder and of general superintendency. The final issue in the City Station, where the opposing parties were concentrated, did not come during his administration; but his journals show how earnestly he sought to check violent controversy and action, not so much, indeed, by controversy as by the exercise of a firm and considerate policy.

At the Conference of April 12, 1827, Mr. Waugh was secretary of the Conference and a member of the Book Committee; but notwithstanding the labors these positions imposed, he was found keenly alive for the spirituality of the session. On his motion special devotional exercises were appointed, and Good Friday was observed as a day of fasting and prayer. At this session the custom of holding a missionary anniversary was introduced. The Conference saw fit to discipline one of its members for agitation in the reform movement. Mr. Waugh expresses himself thus: "I fear that the imprudence of a leader in our Conference may have carried us too far in deciding in the case of D. B. Dorsey, one of our preachers. He, poor man, is far from being right, but this should not cause us to do wrong. . . . It is, indeed, difficult to decide on the proper course to be pursued in relation to those who are usually denominated 'radicals.'" He was this spring placed in charge of East Baltimore Station, which embraced what was known as Fells's Point and contiguous territory. The principal Churches were Wilk-street, Caroline-street, and Strawberry Alley.

In making out the plan for preaching this year, Mr. Hanson, preacher in charge of the City Station, and himself, gave grave offense to the Reform party by leaving off all the "Mutual Rights" local preachers. It is due to Mr. Waugh that I should give his own words as to his position on the general question of reform: "After

having investigated the subject for some years, . . . I have doubts whether (all things considered) we could materially improve our system. . . . I cannot agree to such measures as would unquestionably change the character of the ministry from itinerant to local or settled. But the itinerant system cannot be kept in operation without an active and efficient superintendency. In a different state of things I might seek to have the power of the superintendent somewhat abridged and better guarded, but at present I am satisfied to attempt nothing, for this reason—that we might injure the vitals of our system in providing for *imaginary defects*, or at most in furnishing a remedy for *possible evils* which circumstances may never permit to take place *actually*." Again, "I find that there is a growing disposition on the part of many of our friends in the City Station to have the Mutual Rights men arraigned for breach of discipline. I fear lest there should be more zeal than prudence in this business. I have no doubt, however, that a separation must take place at no distant period, and if they do not voluntarily leave us, they will be repudiated." . . . "I have this day got hold of Dr. Bond's pamphlet.* It is not unworthy of the cause and the man. He has certainly very much exceeded my expectations. This little book will give much uneasiness to Messrs. Shinn, Bascom, Snethen, and M'Caine, who are all occasionally touched with the point and ability of a Fletcher's pen."

At the session of the Baltimore Conference, April, 1828, he was again elected a delegate to the General Conference, which met the following May at Pittsburgh, Pa. "Our General Conference commenced at 9 A. M.," (Thursday, May 1, 1828.) "One hundred and seventy-seven members were returned elected, but only one hundred and twenty-five were present. There was much confusion in making the arrangements for doing the business. We have quite as many speakers as we ought to have unless they were more capable." Mr. Waugh was a member of the Committee on the Book Concern, and his business qualifications became so apparent in the work of the committee that his name was suggested for the important position of assistant agent at New York: "I find that there has been much management in relation to the assistant book agent, in which some who would have me to believe that they are my friends, appear to have

* "An Appeal to Methodists," etc.

participated. This is somewhat mortifying and vexatious. I have no solicitude, . . . but it does not cause me to fellowship the means which have been resorted to for the purpose of keeping me from it." . . . "I was informed to-day that the Northern delegates have determined to run me for the book agency. This seems to have thrown the South and West somewhat into confusion. Will they be defeated at last? I have taken no agency in any of this arrangement. I have asked no man to vote for me, either directly or indirectly, and yet, without having any desire for that office, there is something in me which takes pleasure in being victorious over a coalition which I think was formed not in a proper spirit nor by suitable means. What is this? Pride or revenge? If it be either, God have mercy on me! It may be that I have judged with too little charity."

Mr. Waugh was elected assistant editor and book agent by a majority of thirty-five votes over his competitor. Immediately on his return to Baltimore he was busied with preparations for the removal of his family to New York, where, by midsummer, he was again settled at housekeeping. The change from the freedom of the pastorate to the confinement of the book agency was far from being agreeable; but he threw himself with all his might into the new position. Dr. John Emory, the principal agent, was a man of feeble body, and unavoidably called much away, and thus almost the whole direction came upon him. He also took charge of the book-keeping, in order to save the Concern the expense of a clerk. Although constantly occupied during the secular week, he preached twice well-nigh every Sunday in New York or vicinity. So, in the midst of business his heart was found yearning after God. "I have not, I fear, during the past week, been as spiritual as I ought to have been; and yet, glory to God! I think I have been enabled to overcome some of my enemies. O, shall I ever be perfect in love?" Further along he writes: "My present situation is by no means favorable to mental or moral culture, but what of this? I want a religion so universal and so uniform that no changes of season or place will make any change in my mind."

After attending the dedication of a new church at Newark, New Jersey, in June, 1829, he returned home sighing for his old liberty: "I felt considerably recruited with the excursion, and hope that my

going over was not altogether in vain. How much more congenial to my inclination and habits than to be shut up in a counting-house! If I live to see the day of liberty return (1832) I think it will be hailed with delight, and that I shall not again consent to be imprisoned another four years in New York."

The day of anticipated freedom came—the General Conference of 1832—and Mr. Waugh was *not* released, but unanimously returned as principal agent in the place of Dr. Emory, who had been elected to the episcopacy. He was not a delegate to the Conference, and so his election was all the more creditable. Writing of the proceedings as late as the following autumn, he says: "I was not altogether pleased with the electioneering spirit which I witnessed, particularly in regard to the bishops who were elected. I fear there was not all the simplicity of the fathers manifested by many of the preachers." He was pleased, however, with those who were elevated to "that awfully responsible" station, especially so with the election of his "esteemed colleague, Brother Emory."

The business of the Book Concern had so rapidly expanded that it was necessary to provide it with new and larger accommodations. "November 24, 1833. We this day received proposals for our Book Room on Mulberry-street. It will cost about $30,000, which is $5,000 more than I expected. It is to be a first-rate building, however." Soon after is the first allusion he makes to "pewed" churches: "I last Sabbath attempted to preach twice, the latter time in the Vestry-street church, which has been just opened and dedicated to God. It is pewed; at least, they rent the seats. How this will work time will determine. I fear it is the introduction of an inauspicious custom. I did not, however, think that I ought to refuse to preach the gospel even in a church with pews. I endeavored to speak plainly, and was heard attentively." The humble, almost mortifying views he entertained at this time of his preaching appear in all his entries. "I was at Duane-street, where I attempted to preach: but ah me! how helpless! how insipid! I wonder that any should remain in the church during such a performance! I hastened home to humble myself before God, and implore his forgiveness; but even here, how cold and unbelieving was my soul! Lord Jesus, pity me, and have mercy on me!"

The session of the Baltimore Conference was held at Alexandria, Virginia, and while attending it Mr. Waugh had the happiness of being the guest of his former employer, Mr. Robbins, and of renewing the associations from which he "started to itinerate as a Methodist preacher twenty-five years since." New York, he tells us, was the scene of violent mobs during the summer, caused by "the injurious conduct of the abolitionists." In the autumn, while visiting the Oneida and Genesee Conferences, he was thrown from a carriage near Rochester, N. Y., but escaped without hurt. The day after the accident he writes: "I reached the conclusion of the forty-fifth year of my earthly pilgrimage. Alas, to what little good purpose have I lived so long on earth! And yet how many mercies have I received from my divine benefactor. May I yet live through grace to glorify my God, and be of some use to my fellow beings!"

There seemed to Mr. Waugh a general declension of vital religion in the Churches: "Yet some of our leading men appear to think that it is owing to our not changing our measures and modes so as to keep pace with the progress of the social and civil community. Is not this ominous?" He was deeply pained this winter by the untimely death of Bishop Emory: "The most mournful intelligence which I could have received reached me this day. Bishop Emory is dead! . . . I feel that I have lost my best personal friend. Yet he will be a greater loss to our Zion than to others. I had calculated much on the intelligence, the integrity, the piety, and zeal of this truly Methodist bishop, whom I have long and intimately known."

The year 1836 opened auspiciously, and Mr. Waugh little imagined what an additional calamity was soon to fall upon him and the Church of which he was so unselfish a servant. "Thursday, February 18, 1836. How sadly memorable will this day be in the annals of Methodism! This day the noble establishment at 200 Mulberry-street was consumed by fire. . . . The loss was nearly total, and amounted to upward of $200,000. Never were the hopes of mortal more disappointed than mine on this mournful occasion. I had nearly reached the end of my second term, and was about preparing my report to the General Conference, and had every prospect of returning the charge which has so heavily pressed on me for nearly eight years free of debt, with vastly increased capital and avails—in fact, in the most

healthy and vigorous state which had ever marked its onward course—when, suddenly and violently, the cup was dashed from my lips."

Mr. Waugh did not suffer in the estimation of the Church because of this great calamity. The following spring, although he was not a member of the General Conference, which met at Cincinnati, Ohio, May 1, 1836, he was by that body elevated to the general superintendency of the Church. No higher proof could have been given of the confidence of those who had the best opportunities of acquainting themselves with his personal and official fidelity. In accepting the high office he made the following modest and dignified address:—

"Fathers and Brethren: Deep and strong emotions agitate my bosom on this occasion. . . . Deeply conscious of my utter inadequacy to the duties of the station which you have assigned me, I have anxiously inquired in my own mind whether it was not my privilege, if not my duty, to decline the responsibility of so great a charge. Up to the very last moment I have trembled and have been dismayed alike in view of the affirmative and negative of the question which I have been called to decide. May I be permitted, fathers and brethren, to say, that I humbly trust, if no higher motives have governed in the conclusion at which I have arrived, a fear of sinning against God and offending against you, rather than a desire for distinction, . . . has been greatly influential? . . . I need not remind you . . . how much I shall need your forbearance and indulgence. . . . Ask for me wisdom, heavenly and divine wisdom; ask for me unction of the Holy Spirit; ask for my feebleness the seal of divine approbation. Of myself I can promise nothing. Ah! my fellow-laborers, how greatly does the thought oppress me that my subsequent course of conduct is to determine the wisdom or folly of the General Conference in selecting one to assist in the oversight of its vast interests, who at best is so unworthy of the trust. But I throw myself on your indulgence, and depart to my labor in confident reliance on Him who saith, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

In these plain, heartfelt words addressed to the General Conference is seen the same sincerity, quiet dignity, and firm adherence to duty which had distinguished him since his first entrance upon the sacred ministry. The Rev. Richard W. Petherbridge, who was present at his ordination to the episcopacy, wrote after his death: "I shall

never forget when he stood at the altar to be ordained to the highest office in our Church, what agitation seized him, and how every muscle of his body shook, until copious tears came to his relief. He felt the weight of the responsibilities he was about to assume, and he was a man of exquisite sensibilities."

Bishop Waugh had given the best proof of his fitness for the episcopacy by the efficiency with which he had discharged the duties of every trust hitherto committed to him. And although he must have felt gratified with the confidence which his brethren thus placed in him, yet those who knew him intimately could never question the genuineness of the modesty which led him to feel surprised at his election, and hesitation in accepting the office. "Who could have thought it?" he writes in his journal. "It was without any agency of mine, of course. But, much as I feel my utter inadequacy to the important work, I could not take myself out of the hands of my brethren. . . . I beheld terror and dismay arrayed with acceptance, and I saw them associated with a refusal to accept."

Other than this reference to his election and consecration to the general superintendency—as he always liked to call the episcopacy—Mr. Waugh makes but little allusion in his journal to the business of the General Conference. The location of the Book Room was continued in New York. "Abolitionism" was already present as an agitating element. After a decisive vote condemning it, he adds: "Can it be hoped that this question has been put to rest? I fear that there is no ground on which to predicate such an expectation." He thus showed how correctly he read the signs of the times.

The Troy Annual Conference was the first over which Bishop Waugh presided. The session was held at Pawlet, Vt., beginning June 22, 1836. "This to me is a novel work, and how strangely do I find myself called to its performance! . . . Without divine aid I must fail." Presiding elders, he thinks, "should always be wise, good, and tried men, since" they must assist "in the important, difficult, and awfully responsible work of stationing the preachers." "But how much did I at once perceive the necessity of knowing the preachers and the people, in order to a judicious distribution of laborers." In his journal at this Conference, as always, there breathes a tender and painful solicitude touching "making the appointments." To

balance the claims of men and of the Churches, and to adjust them wisely and harmoniously, was his deepest concern. Elevation to office did not separate him from the fellowship of his former comrades, nor cause him to forget that he himself was once liable to suffer from being misunderstood and misplaced; hence he was always ready to listen kindly and patiently to the representations of both preachers and people.

At the close of the session, thankful to God for the harmony which had prevailed, and for the general satisfaction which the preachers showed with their appointments, he hastened to New York, and there found the New York Conference, Bishop Hedding presiding, still in session. He saw in council "the difficulty of stationing the New York Conference. I almost trembled when I thought that this will be my work another year."

After removing his family back to Baltimore, Maryland, and getting settled once again, he remarks, "I must now recommence my studies, after an interval of about eight years. I shall doubtless find it more difficult now than ever; but it will not do to be intimidated by difficulties. May the study of my own heart and the word of God come in for a good share of my time and attention!" He promptly gave himself to all the local enterprises of Baltimore and vicinity, lending a guiding and helping hand to every good work. The summer was mostly spent in assisting at various camp-meetings. As the autumn approached he was obliged to prepare for his first long episcopal visitation. "August 22, 1836. After a nearly sleepless night I arose at four o'clock to prepare for my northern route. My poor Mrs. Waugh was greatly affected, but said nothing. I felt more than I expected, but I must commit all to God. At six o'clock I left the wharf, and expect not to return for nearly three months. It was well Bishop Asbury was not a married man. How much do I need more faith, love, and zeal!"

On his northern journey he touched for a short time at the residence of the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, near Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson, then, as since, so famous for its graceful hospitality. At Utica, New York, he was well pleased with the evidences of growing civilization which he saw among the Oneida Indians. September 1 he held the first session of the Black River Conference, at Watertown, and was

especially impressed with the missionary meeting which took place on the Sabbath evening of the session: "The effect was general and deep. The collection, including the subscriptions, fell only a little short of $400! A result without a parallel in the country."

His next point was Binghamton, the seat of the Oneida Conference. Taking Cazenovia in his way, he saw the Conference Seminary located there. Here, for the first time in his life, he saw, at a wedding of one of the professors, water substituted for wine, and "hopes it may not be the last time." The journey was performed in a private carriage: "We stopped at a tavern to dine. I do not know what the horses got, but the poor men had to dine on salt—very salt—codfish and potatoes. Miserable taverns are ye all in this region!"

At the Conference he says: "How necessary are these annual meetings! If they were omitted for a year much would be lost and more endangered. . . . I have had to set my face like flint against recognizing relations which are unknown to the Discipline. I must be firm. O that I may be modest and mild! I find considerable difficulty in making out the appointments in this Conference, chiefly because of the located state of the preachers' families. If this encroachment cannot be resisted and checked it will destroy the itinerancy. I shall endeavor to discountenance it." His next Conference was the Genesee, at Canandaigua. He made a brief call on the Rev. Mr. Hibbard, at Geneva, and in company with Mr. Hibbard he came to Canandaigua, "a most beautiful village, where we have a good church, but only a few members." At this Conference he met the same difficulty in stationing the preachers as at the Oneida: "The presiding elders appear to be mainly concerned for the accommodation of the preachers; so that I had to say more than once, The people, the people! Who will care for the people? If this evil cannot be remedied, in twenty years itinerancy will little more than exist by name in the Genesee Conference." After resting a day or two on the margin of the lovely lake on which the village is situated, he took up his journey homeward; and at home, on the 29th of October, he writes: "O that my return to my family for a season may be the means of good to them as well as of enjoyment to me!"

He was immediately absorbed with local and general church work.

"November 21. At night I attended the meeting at Light-street for the relief of the Methodist Book Concern. It was not numerously attended. . . . The subscription was only a little upward of $2,000. Alas! poor Baltimore. How art thou fallen from thy former magnanimity!" Again he was at Light-street, at the annual collection for the poor: "There were not more than two hundred persons present, and I fear there was but little contributed. I think I shall not again shortly undertake the difficult task of drawing forth money from a Baltimore audience." The bishop, however, never had occasion to complain of the meagerness of the Baltimore dinners: "I dined in company with several of the preachers, perhaps all of them, at Brother Newman's. The company was, of course, agreeable, but was the time profitably spent? I fear not. What can be done to make these social interviews more religious? By making them more intellectual and more spiritual they would become more profitable. But who will introduce such a measure? The dinner was too profuse for Christians."

Mr. Waugh, having become a bishop after the order of Asbury, could not rest at home, and accordingly in the interval of his Conferences he was found during this winter making a tour among the Churches of the Maryland and Delaware peninsula. The so-called Reform movement, which resulted in the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church, had sorely rent the old Church in this favored field of its earlier triumphs. Amid these onerous labors he took the most discouraging view of his efforts: "Alas! alas! how much cause there is for me to be cast down. . . . I consider my services since I left home to have been of too much worthlessness to justify either the labor of performing or the pain of attending on them. . . . O that I may also be humbled!" A little secret connected with his election to the episcopacy came to his eyes about this time, which, if known at the time of his election, might have led him to decline the office: "If I had heard of the same before my ordination, I had in all probability never known the perplexities and responsibilities with which the remnant of my days must be more or less familiar, unless, indeed, I resign my present relation to the Church. . . . May I never feel toward any man any thing but love, even when I have been misrepresented, not to say slandered!"

After his return from the eastern shore of Maryland he made a short visit to Washington, D. C. There he preached, heard Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, in his great speech on the Bank Deposits, visited his brother Townshend, and met in social intercourse distinguished persons. "There are several members of our Church in Congress, with, I fear, very little benefit either to themselves or us." He was now anticipating quiet with his family for the rest of the winter, when he was immediately obliged, on account of Bishop Andrew's illness, to attend the session of the Virginia Conference, at Petersburgh, Va. A very successful missionary meeting, at which $1,500 were contributed, was the chief feature of this session. A record appears in his journal, February 23d, which probably shows the origin of what are now known as the bishops' semi-annual meetings: "I this day was employed in writing to my colleagues, with a view to uniform administration of the Discipline. How desirable and how expedient an annual meeting of the superintendents would be, if it were practicable!" The facilities of travel have rendered such a meeting practicable; and now the semi-annual meetings of the board of bishops have become distinctive events of our ecclesiastical year.

In the spring of 1837 Bishop Waugh presided over the Baltimore Conference instead of Bishop Andrew, who had been detained, and immediately at its close hastened to the Philadelphia Conference. He left a sick wife and sick children at home, and was much depressed in body and mind: "But what were all these to an itinerant bishop! I reached Philadelphia cold and hungry, for I could not think of paying seventy-five cents for dinner on the boat." Of the Conference he says, "The business progresses very well. . . . Committees! Committees! Was there ever any thing like the number and size of the Philadelphia committees?" His next Conference was the New Jersey, at Newark. Thence he went to the New York, at Brooklyn. Here he found some difficulty in moderating the feelings between the abolition and anti-abolition parties, but more in making the appointments. "O, these committees! Will they not break up the itinerant ministry? I fear."

His next presidency was that of the New England Conference, at Nantucket, Mass. Because of the intense antislavery feeling prevailing in that body, he looked forward to its session with unusual solicitude. On reaching the seat of the Conference (June 6th) he was immediately

waited upon by a committee of the antislavery society of the Conference, and asked if he would allow memorials to be presented on the subject of slavery? He requested time for consideration, and called together some of the older and more conservative preachers for consultation. At his suggestion a deputation conferred with the antislavery brethren, and urged their consent to attend to the business embraced in the memorials in their capacity as an antislavery society, and not to bring it into the Conference. They declined, and in a very respectful paper addressed to the bishop, insisted upon their right to have the Conference in its regular sessions act upon the memorials. The bishop, in an equally respectful and well guarded communication, replied that he should be obliged, on disciplinary and other grounds, to deny the right claimed. Notwithstanding this assurance the antislavery men persevered, and brought the matter to an issue in open session by reading several memorials, and moving their reference to a special committee. The bishop ruled the motion out of order, and gave his reasons quite at length. In closing his address he said, "And now, brethren and fellow-laborers, allow me most affectionately to address you for a moment or two. I repeat, that I very much regret the necessity which has urged me to this decision; but I beg you to believe that in the best light which I have been able to obtain, it became my imperious duty to take this ground. Let not this produce any unpleasant personal feeling toward each other. I not only *can*, but I *do*, believe that you are most conscientious in the course you have adopted. Let us be lovers one of another, and still prosecute our calling and work." . . . At the conclusion of these remarks the Conference proceeded quietly to the regular business, and before the close of the session, on motion of "two leading abolitionist brethren," he was thanked for his "dignified, able, and impartial presidency," and invited "to visit them when it might be practicable." Bishop Waugh was favored with the companionship and counsel of Bishop Hedding at this Conference. They left Nantucket together, and visited Father Taylor, of the Mariners' Church, Boston.

Thence he went eastward to hold the Maine Conference at Hallowell, Me. The Sabbath intervening was spent at Portland. "This is a handsome place. I preached . . . as they call it here, all day, in the Methodist church. . . . Here they have an organ to assist their

devotions. It is the first Methodist church in the United States in which an organ is placed. May it be the last! If, indeed, instrumental music must obtain, I would prefer the organ to any other instrument; but I think the fruit of the lips and the feeling of the heart may very well answer to this part of the worship of God." He was pleased with the Maine Conference: "If the spirit of abolitionism does not injure it, this Conference will soon be one among our best Conferences." After the adjournment of the Conference he immediately returned to Baltimore, and the ensuing summer and autumn he was absorbed in visiting various camp-meetings and Churches.

Amid all these official cares it is well to take a peep into the bishop's inward life: "This day (Sept. 29th) I observed as a day of solemn fasting and prayer. It was to me a day of great humiliation, and I trust of lasting profit. I was enabled to mourn and lament before a just God, and to pray and plead with a merciful Saviour. I humbly trust that this will be to me the beginning of a new era in my Christian experience. O that my soul may be fully sanctified! and may it be hereafter my single aim to please God!"

Bishop Waugh made another tour to the "Peninsula," during the winter of 1837, landing at Cambridge, Md., and going as far south as the lowest village of Northampton, Va., and visited parts where they had never before seen a Methodist bishop. He spent, in all, thirty-three days, and preached on an average once a day. He was also active on the western shore of Maryland, and in the District of Columbia. The winter over, we find him assisting Bishop Morris at the Baltimore, and Bishop Hedding at the Philadelphia Conferences. In connection with the session of the latter Conference an opinion occurs in his journal which was afterward embodied in the legislation of the Church, but which after a few years' trial was abandoned: "I hope that the next General Conference will fix a limit beyond which we may not continue a preacher in the same city, no matter how many charges it may contain, otherwise it may come to pass that the same man may be stationed in one city for life, and what sort of an itinerancy would this be? This is a point which should be well looked to."

In May, 1838, the first mention is made of the meeting of the bishops. "Thursday, 24th, the superintendents met an hour this morning before the Conference (New York) opened. . . . At my

instance Brother Fisk * was invited to meet with us, which he did, but he did not express definitely his determination in regard to his acceptance of the office to which he was elected at the last General Conference. Brother Andrew and myself expressed to him, in the presence of Bishops Soule and Morris, our desire that he would come out, if his health admitted of it. Bishop Hedding had then left for Conference. I do not know whether Brother Fisk is waiting to be called out by the unanimous voice of all the superintendents, or for some other contingency. All the bishops except Bishop Roberts were present at this first meeting, and it was resolved to hold another, April, 1839, in Philadelphia."

July 11, 1838, the bishop took leave of his family for a tour of the western Conferences. At Cadiz, O., he met the Pittsburgh. Tarrying at Wheeling over Sabbath *en route* for this Conference, he preached in the morning, and heard the Rev. Professor Simpson (now Bishop) at night. His estimate of the sermon was not very high: "It was only a tolerable performance." When Maurice, of Nassau, was reproached by the old generals and advisers of his father, William, that he was only a sapling, he quickly retorted, "But the sapling shall grow into a tree." The session of the Pittsburgh Conference closed, Bishop Waugh passed rapidly through eastern Ohio, touching at Canton, Akron, and Hudson, and noticing every-where "the blighting effect of abolitionism," and came to Painesville, where he met the Erie Conference. From Painesville he went to Cleveland: "There has been a large business done here, and in time it will be a large city. There are about seven or eight thousand inhabitants, and some good-looking houses. The Methodist Society here is small and without much influence, and withal, it is in a divided state." His route was still westward to Tiffin, where he presided over the Michigan Conference. At Tiffin he was made at home with old friends from Maryland who had settled there. Here he heard a sermon at night from another of the future strong men of Methodism: "One of unique character, full of fancy and very sentimental, by Dr. Thomson. How he would tickle the ears of a New York or Baltimore congregation! He is a preacher of great originality."

The Ohio Conference, at Columbus, was his next point. He preached on Sunday morning, September 30, and ordained twenty

* The Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D.D.

deacons: "Brother Trimble preached at night. There were many mourners at the altar. . . . I was pleased with the zeal of the preachers. The anniversary of the missionary meeting was good. . . . Brother Hamline made a splendid address on the occasion." On October 6th he reached Cincinnati, and found "a cordial welcome" with his "old friend Reeves." On the 11th he set out, in company with Bishop Morris and two others, in a private carriage "kindly loaned by Brother Neff," for Danville, Ky., where he met the Kentucky Conference. He found this Conference composed of about one hundred effective preachers, several of whom he "estimated as among the best of our preachers in any of the Conferences." He was obliged to wrestle a little with slavery: "I found great apathy on the subject of slavery, and had to watch closely the movement of the Conference on these questions. I gave them to understand that I could not ordain any slave-holder in Kentucky, because the laws of the State admit of emancipation, and also permit the emancipated person to enjoy freedom under certain limitations. One of the traveling and one of the local preachers were required to execute a bill of emancipation before I would agree to ordain them, although the Conference had not required this in order to their election. They believed me when I said, I was in sentiment and in habit antislavery, and that I was not less antiabolitionist."

From the Kentucky Conference he hastened home as fast as the stage-coaches would take him. The following spring he was greatly troubled and perplexed, so much so that under date of April 7, 1839, while attending the Philadelphia Conference, he writes: "Who is sufficient for the duties, privations, and labors of a general superintendency of the Methodist Episcopal Church? Certainly not I. For several months past I have been seriously exercised on the subject of resigning my office at the General Conference. May the Lord direct and overrule me in this and in every other step!" During the spring months he attended the bishops' meeting, at Philadelphia; assisted in organizing plans in Baltimore for the observance of the centenary of Methodism; and presided over the New Jersey, New York, New England, and Maine Conferences.

Friday, October 25th, was his fiftieth birthday, and also the day set apart for the general celebration of the "Centenary." He had

been invited to preach the Centenary Sermon, at Light-street, but, partly from the expectation that he might be called away to attend the Holston Conference, and partly from a "withering apprehension" that he might fail to measure up to the occasion, he declined: "I was criminally fearful of criticism from both friends and foes." . . . "I have had much conflict with Satan and my own heart for some weeks past, and I pray that it may end in a great victory." The bishop was much cheered the ensuing winter by the prevalence of a general revival of religion in Baltimore. He participated very actively in the work at Light-street, in which the Rev. Francis Hodgson, then of the New York Conference, was mainly instrumental: "The conversions in the general have not been powerful, yet, having conversed with many, I have no reason to doubt their genuineness, except that they seem not to have the witness of the Spirit. In this respect it differs from any great revival I have ever witnessed among us."

The General Conference convened in Baltimore on the 1st of May, 1840. The Bishop says, in reference to it: "I had feared much for the results of this Conference, but I think it closed with more harmony of views and feelings than the last Conference, four years since, did. There were five new Conferences formed, but no additional superintendent. This will make hard work for the present superintendents, especially for the three younger ones. We have planned our work and divided it among ourselves. . . . I have a tour of perhaps from six to seven thousand miles to make: from this to the north of Illinois, thence south through the State to Missouri and Arkansas, and finally to Texas; for we are to have an Annual Conference in Texas. It will take me from my family about seven months! hard on me, harder on them! but what of these if Methodism is to be spread over these lands?" The General Conference had come; the disheartened bishop not only did *not* resign, but his faltering courage seems to have been renewed. He was charmed at this Conference with the presence of the Rev. Robert Newton, fraternal delegate from the English Wesleyans, and heartily approved the appointment of Bishop Soule, with the Rev. T. B. Sargent for traveling companion, as fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Wesleyan Conference of England.

The time for leaving on his long tour had come: "August 4th, after weeping before God with such feelings as could only be intelligible to that Being who sees not as man seeth," he parted with his family and started for the north-west, going by way of Philadelphia and New York. He gratified himself with a look at Niagara Falls; "too deeply impressed with the sublimity of the scene to attempt a description." He passed a Sunday at Detroit, Mich., and thence went on to Marshall, where he presided over the Michigan Conference. From Marshall he rode across the State of Michigan, and on the lake he "took a miserable boat, without a redeeming quality," by which he came to Chicago. Here, on Sunday, August 23d, he preached in the morning in the Methodist, and in the evening in the Presbyterian Church: "The Methodist meeting-house here is small, but there was apparently an intelligent audience present. . . . Monday, August 24th, we left Chicago at day-break. This place did not meet my expectations altogether. It had not the business air which I expected. . . . Nevertheless, it is a growing place, and will in time be a city of some note." He proceeded over the prairies—"not a tree or shrub was to be seen. . . . Men, women, and children looking sickly, poorly fed and clothed, and worse lodged in miserable cabins, not fit to house cattle in"—until he reached "Squire Hitt's," near Mount Morris. At a camp-meeting in a grove about a mile away he organized the Rock River Conference August 26th: "The Conference met in a log-pen three hundred yards from the encampment. . . . It was about twelve feet by eighteen, built somewhat in the form of a shed. The lower side was five logs high, the upper, about seven. The logs were rough and crooked, and, where the openings were from eight to ten inches between the logs, they were partially closed by putting in a smaller log or split timber. There was a long opening for the entrance, but no door to close it after we had entered. Several portions of an old roof were laid over the top, which might nearly have been called a flat roof, and in this pen, open on all sides, and at the top, too, as we soon found by the entering rain, we commenced and progressed with the business of the Conference. . . . This, in time, will be an interesting Conference. The spirit of the brethren is patient and kind. The preachers are very poorly supported on their circuits, but I never

heard a single complaint." Forty years only have elapsed, and Chicago has 500,000 population, and the Rock River Conference hundreds of preachers and thousands of members, and they worship in substantial edifices, and their sons and daughters have access to a noble university! Such has been the growth of Methodism. Such the foundations which were laid by our early bishops.

Many are the instructive and even naive remarks dropped by the bishop on his tour through Illinois. Of one place where he stopped this is a sample: "They could not be prevailed upon to take any thing, saying they were glad we had called on them. What a combination of Christian kindness and dirtiness was here!" Here is another: "Here I found a good mattress to lie on in a neat bed-chamber. What a luxury to one in my circumstances!"

During September and October Bishop Waugh presided over the Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas Conferences, and preached before the Legislature and State officers of the last-named State. Speaking of the slaves on his way down to New Orleans, he says: "But disguise it as we may, slavery is a bitter pill and a great evil. But will not ultimate great good result by the overrulings of a wise and beneficent Providence?"

From New Orleans he crossed the Gulf of Mexico to Galveston, Texas. Here he was met by the Rev. T. O. Summers, formerly of the Baltimore Conference, who was stationed at Galveston, and who became his traveling companion while he was in Texas. December 19th, he writes: "We had about forty miles to Austin. It came on to rain about the time we started, but we continued to travel on through rain, mud, and wet. Covered with mud, and hungry and fatigued, we came to Austin about dark, and put up at the principal boarding house in the place. . . . Here we were in the midst of the assembled wisdom and valor of 'the Republic with one star.' Senators, judges, lawyers, majors, colonels, generals, together with ministers plenipotentiary, and even a nuncio from his holiness the Pope, formed the circle into which we had now entered." He was invited to open the House of Representatives of the national Congress with prayer, and was treated with much courtesy. At Rutersville he met the preachers who were engaged in the Texas work. "December 25th. This day we organized the Texas Conference. Our begin-

ning was small indeed—there being only nine members; yet shall this Conference continue and increase until this land shall abound with the fruits of Methodism." He left Texas very hopeful of its political and religious future. The Methodist Episcopal Church already included nearly two thousand members, and was the leading denomination. He arrived in Baltimore, January 7, 1841. "How thankful," he writes, "I am to get back safely, . . . and to find all my family alive and well. O for gratitude deep, warm, and abiding!"

The remainder of the winter, and the spring and summer of 1841 passed, and no record of presiding at Conferences occurs. October 19th he attended the Tennessee Conference, at Clarksville, Tennessee. Then followed the Memphis Conference, at Memphis, and the Mississippi, at New Orleans. At the last he says: "I gave some heavy blows to cotton-growing and land-speculating preachers. I do not think it was relished by some who heard it. In the evening there were a number of converts—a new thing in New Orleans." Thence he turned eastward, and held the Alabama Conference, at Mobile; the Georgia Conference, at Milledgeville, Ga.; and the South Carolina Conference, at Charlotte, N. C. After this Conference, in company with Rev. E. S. Janes, Financial Agent of the American Bible Society, he traveled north. By stage or wagon, over rough and muddy roads, the two pursued their way—the vehicle sometimes needing an extra team to drag it out of the mud, and once upset—until they reached Raleigh, N. C. February 6, 1842, he was once more at home.

In the spring of 1842 Bishop Waugh was present at the Baltimore Conference, over which Bishop Soule presided. He then held all Bishop Soule's Conferences, in addition to his own, while Bishop Soule was absent in Europe. This led him to preside over the Philadelphia, New Jersey, Providence, New York, New England, and Maine Conferences in rapid succession. The camp-meeting season over, and with but two days to get ready, he was again off for an autumn tour of three months, during which he held the Kentucky, Holston, North Carolina, and Virginia Conferences, traveling most of the time by carriage roads. Among the items of interest on this tour is his account of meeting a grandniece of the celebrated Patrick Henry, and seeing the place, near Raleigh, N. C., where Mr. Asbury and Dr. Coke held a Conference soon after the organization of the Methodist

Episcopal Church. The ensuing winter was spent at home, but working all the while. June 4, 1843, he was, for the second time, at the Troy Conference, which he notes "has more than doubled since 1836." He tarried a Sunday in Troy after the adjournment of Conference, and preached at one of the principal churches. He afterward held the New Hampshire, Black River, Oneida, and Genesee Conferences, and resting a few days at Saratoga Springs, returned to Baltimore.

October 24th, his fifty-fifth birthday, he exclaims: "Startling fact! I am verging on toward old age. And are my palmiest days numbered? O to what little purpose have I lived! . . . On my part I see nothing of which there is not cause to blush before God on account of what I am and what I do. And yet, O the goodness of God! I see on his part nothing but mercy and grace." His self-depreciatory views are further seen in a later entry: "January 28, 1844, I went to church with much prayer and some hope that I should be assisted and blessed. But it was otherwise. Left to myself, what could my weakness do? Nothing but exhibit itself. For myself it is of but small concern, but the cause of Methodism—the cause of religion—what ought not to be felt on their account! Still will I hope for better times. It is, indeed, late in the day for much promise, but when will not an effort well meant and honestly put forth receive the blessing of God? When I have less reliance on self I may have more on God, and his blessing will give success." Only one more record appears on the bishop's journal before the session of the noted General Conference of 1844, and after that, none until November 11th. He then writes: "More than eight months have elapsed since an entry was made in the journal. Not because they have passed away without incident. No—they have been painfully prolific of events which will constitute an unwelcome era in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The unpleasantness of these occurrences has prevented a minute record of them; and if they could become oblivious by this failure to note them, there would now appear no record in this place to let it be known hereafter that they ever transpired in our history." He proceeds briefly to recite the action of the General Conference at New York in the cases of the Rev. Francis A. Harding and of Bishop Andrew, and then adds:—

"After the final adjournment of the General Conference, on the

next day, Bishops Soule, Hedding, Morris, Hamline, Janes, and myself, met to arrange the plan of episcopal visitation for the ensuing four years. Bishop Andrew, although aware of such an arrangement in conformity with established usage, had left for Georgia without expressing his wish or purpose in regard to the plan. When the question arose in regard to the partition of the work, whether we should include him in the division of the oversight, Bishops Hedding, Morris, and myself thought, as the General Conference had clearly intended to throw the whole responsibility of acting in his official character on Bishop Andrew alone, and as he was not present to speak for himself and had not signified his desire or intention in relation thereto, we could not see our way clear to put his name in our plan, or to apportion any part of the work to him. In this opinion, I think, Bishop Hamline also concurred; but as well as I recollect, Bishop Janes did not express an opinion, for as he was avowed by the Southern delegates to be of their nomination, I was desirous that he should not express himself on any question which might involve him with the South. Bishop Soule was favorable to giving Bishop Andrew a portion of the oversight. . . . We proceeded to arrange our plan without his name. It was, however, agreed by us all, that should Bishop Andrew make a written demand for his portion of the general oversight he should have it, and accordingly a second plan was made out, having his name appended to a due proportion of all the Conferences, which was left in the hands (I think) of Bishop Soule, to be published as superseding our first plan whenever the written application of Bishop Andrew should be received, which letter was to be published in connection with the plan, so as to show that we had not assumed any part of the responsibility which we believed the General Conference had devolved on Bishop Andrew."

As indicative of Bishop Waugh's own feelings he says, "It is needless to record, even if I could, the great afflictions which I have felt in this unfortunate case. It has pressed almost without alleviation on my heart day and night. . . . What will be the final issue, what mortal can tell? Alas! alas! that I have lived to see these things, without ability or influence to remedy the fearful evils which rage and threaten to drive asunder those whose union has been to a great degree their strength. . . . Perhaps a sifting was needed more than we

had been wont to suppose, and the time and the circumstances have come which will try men's hearts and develop them to the Church and the world." No further reference is made to this embarrassing topic until January 2, 1853. "Nearly eight years have elapsed since I made my last entry. . . . The principal cause is to be found in the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the secession of the Southern and South-western Conferences, and their formation into the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This so much afflicted and distressed me that I could not bring myself to the task of recording it. I mourned it then—I mourn it now. I am fully persuaded it was wrong and productive of great evil. It may be overruled, and good may be educed from it by Him 'who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.' . . . Although the prospects before us are not without some haze, either in Church or State, yet, praise be given to God, in both they are more promising than in 1845, when I made my last entry." Since the death of Bishop Hedding, April 9, 1852, Bishop Waugh had been senior bishop of the Church; and owing to Bishop Hedding's protracted sickness, and the sickness and resignation of Bishop Hamline, he and Bishops Morris and Janes had to perform herculean labors until, in 1852, they were re-enforced by the election of Bishops Scott, Simpson, and Ames.

The entries in his journal now grow less and less frequent. August 5, 1856, he writes, with hand very plain and light, but not so firm and precise as heretofore: "I did not fail, however, to attend all my Conferences; nor have I failed to attend every Conference assigned to me for the last twenty years, besides a number of those of my colleagues. I make this record with gratitude to my heavenly Father for his preserving care. If I had attended to every other duty with as much fidelity as has marked my attendance of my Conferences, how much better I should have *been* and how much better I should have *done!* So that I feel that while I have cause of great gratitude to God for all his benefits to me, I have cause to pray, God be merciful to me, an unfaithful and unprofitable servant!"

Here the journal ends; and all too soon the life of which it was the faithful, though inadequate transcript, was to end. A correspondent of the "North-western Christian Advocate," writing from the seat of the Detroit Conference, September 19, 1857, alludes to an

impressive address delivered by the bishop at the opening of the session, in which, after an appeal for earnest preaching, he made some personal references, and closed with the hope that he might "lay down his life with his charge, and cease at once to work and live." This was about the last, if not the very last, Conference over which he presided, and the wish there expressed was destined to be literally fulfilled.

He returned to Baltimore, and spent the time, as was his custom when at home, in agreeable social intercourse, and in frequent visits to the Churches. He could rarely resist an appeal from any source for help, and accordingly, in the dead of winter, although at the time very feeble in body, he yielded to a request from Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where a great revival was in progress, to visit that borough. He reached the town on the 23d of January and remained several days, preaching every day, besides entering with zeal into all the meetings. On the last evening the pastor, the Rev. R. D. Chambers, requested him to address the young converts, and at an early hour about one hundred persons came forward, and he spoke to them upon Christian duty. Among other things he said, "as he stood before them with whitened locks and trembling limbs, he felt happy in looking forward to the period (which he was confident was not far off) when the great Shepherd of souls would bestow upon him the reward provided in the gospel of the grace of God. He could testify to the fact that religion would comfort and sustain the possessor in the midst of the trials and sufferings of life." It was proposed to relieve him from further services that evening; but on taking his seat he remarked, "I greatly prefer preaching," and again he arose and preached on Acts xvi, 30: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" "The delivery of the discourse," says Mr. Chambers, "the last one which fell from his lips, occupied just one hour. It was remarkable to witness the power with which he preached. His soul seemed to be under an unusual unction from on high. God was evidently crowning with triumph the close of a long and useful life. . . . From the pulpit he proceeded to the altar, entreating sinners to seek salvation. Seeing his physical prostration, . . . I proposed to accompany him to his lodgings. He replied that he felt very much fatigued, but he preferred staying among those who were seeking salvation until the services closed. He mani-

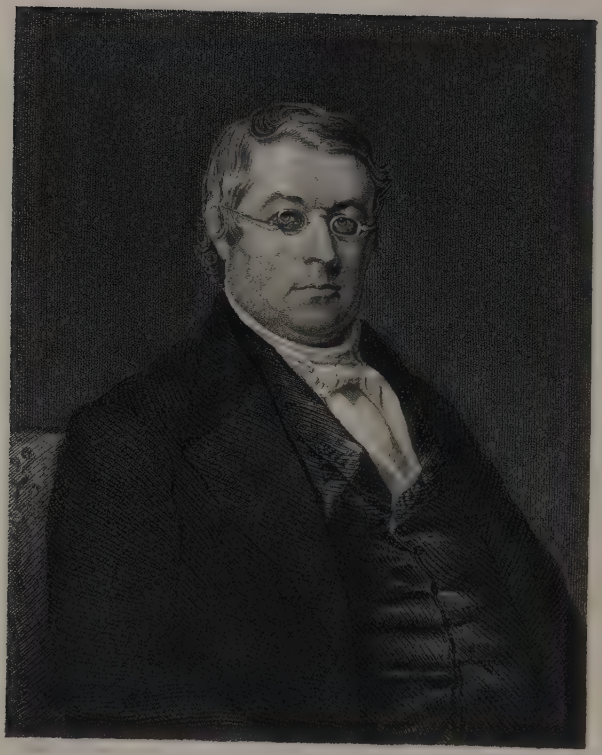
fested deep interest in the welfare of those who were at the altar, sometimes kneeling at their side and giving a word of instruction."

Immediately on his return to Baltimore he was seized with the illness of which he had had premonitory symptoms at Carlisle. The disease assumed the form of erysipelas. After the lapse of a week he was thought to be better, and hopes were entertained of his ultimate recovery. His intimate friends were freely admitted to his room, one of whom, the Rev. Isaac P. Cook, writes me, "I saw him in his last illness, happy in God, death not expected. His face was discolored to arrest erysipelas. Others mourned; I made him smile by saying, 'You must get well. You do not look like my pretty bishop.'" This was Sunday, February 7th. The next morning he was so improved as to assist in the family devotions, Mrs. Waugh reading the Scriptures, while he, lying in bed, offered the prayer. During the day he was able to walk about the room. At night he retired at the usual hour. Soon after a member of the family heard his well-known voice in prayer. "She listened, and heard him pleading, in low and earnest tones, first, for the Church of Jesus Christ; then for the missionary cause, beseeching God to raise up men and women for this great work, and to put it into the hearts of the Churches and congregations to give the cause their liberal support; he then, in a tone and manner that cannot be expressed, commended his wife and family to God's fatherly protection and heavenly goodness; then his voice became lower and more quiet as he commended himself to his heavenly Father; and thus ceasing he lay quietly as in a sleep." About ten o'clock he was heard to utter a groan, as though in sharp pain. His wife, supposing that he was seized with a paroxysm of the stomach and heart, tried to turn him. He said to her, "Never mind, my dear." These were the last words he spoke. The family physician was sent for, and he hastened to his bedside, but the venerable patient was already dead.

Bishop Waugh passed thus peacefully to the heavenly rest at one o'clock on the morning of February 9, 1858, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was for fifty-four years a member, for forty-seven years a minister, and for twenty-two years a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His funeral services took place in the presence of a vast throng of people of all denominations, in old Light-street Church, on Wednesday, February 11th. Bishop Janes delivered the memorial

sermon, founded upon Acts vi, 2, 5, 8; vii, 55, 56, 59, 60; and viii, 2. His remains were buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery, near the dust of Asbury, Emory, and others of the sainted dead of Methodism.

American Methodism may have had greater men than Bishop Waugh, but never a better one. His piety was a living fire, which burned on steadily with increasing light and heat unto the close of life. His zeal was fervent without the slightest mixture of fanaticism or bigotry. There was nothing in his opinions and bearing which either repelled the better educated or chilled the lowly and illiterate. Wherever he moved he attracted all eyes by his dignity, and won all hearts by his modesty. Little children loved him. Nothing was more common in his visits where there were children than to see him caressing them in the most playful and familiar way. He possessed, in a rare degree, the gift of introducing religion into ordinary conversation, and of drawing into wholesome and judicious talk all with whom he chanced to meet. His power in prayer was simply marvelous. In public assemblies, when called upon to lead the devotions, he would pour forth a stream of adoration, thanksgiving, and supplication, which would impress every mind as exactly fitted to the occasion, and which seemed to gather up and express the thoughts and aspirations of every worshiper present. As an administrator of law he was firm without harshness, and pliant without weakness. In things indifferent—in all things so long as argument and persuasion could be used—he was gentle, patient, and yielding; but when reason had been exhausted, and action was needed, he was prompt in execution, and in his decisions he was as immovable as the rocks. His preaching was plain and evangelical, dealing almost wholly with the cardinal truths of religion. If the introductions to his sermons were sometimes tedious, and the discussions seemingly involved—caused, most likely by a natural timidity never wholly conquered—his applications of the word were always pertinent and forcible, and the conclusions of his sermons oftentimes overwhelming in their popular effects. He aimed to be a useful rather than a great preacher, and this desire, which controlled him as to his preaching, was uppermost in his life. He lived to do good.



Thomas Asbury Morris.

BY REV. THEODORE L. FLOOD, D.D.

THOMAS A. MORRIS was elected to fill the office of a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church after he had served for twenty years as pastor, presiding elder, and editor of the "Western Christian Advocate." He was forty-two years old at the time of his election. Thirty-six years he was connected with the Church as a bishop, and sixteen years of this time he held the relation to his colleagues and the Church of senior bishop. When he entered upon the duties of his new position there were five other bishops associated with him in the episcopal supervision of the Church: Robert R. Roberts, Joshua Soule, Elijah Hedding, James O. Andrew, and Beverly Waugh. Bishop Morris was the junior in this list, and he outlived them all. Bishops Emory and M'Kendree died the year before Bishop Morris was elected.

Bishop Morris saw seven men raised to the distinction of the bishopric after his election, and then saw them fall by death before his own hour of departure came. They were: Leonidas L. Hamline, Osmon C. Baker, Francis Burns, Davis W. Clark, Edward Thomson, Calvin Kingsley, and John W. Roberts.

Two years previous to Bishop Morris's death the Methodist Episcopal Church had grown to such proportions, numerically, and had been established in so many different countries, that the work of the general superintendency became burdensome, and the episcopal force was from necessity increased to twelve bishops besides himself: Edmund S. Janes, Levi Scott, Matthew Simpson, Edward R. Ames, Thomas Bowman, William L. Harris, Randolph S. Foster, Isaac W. Wiley, Stephen M. Merrill, Edward G. Andrews, Gilbert Haven, and Jesse T. Peck. Three of these have already been gathered to their fathers.

Bishop Morris outlived his generation, and became the connecting link between the old and the new. He saw customs and usages which were deemed sacred among the members of the Church of his

early days become obsolete, and witnessed the setting in of a new order of things. A man who passed through such a remarkable experience among his associates in an office to which but few men were called, must, in the nature of things, have had an exceptional experience, and his life-story must have a peculiar charm for people who love the true and the good.

Thomas A. Morris was born April 28, 1794, in Kanawha County, Va., five miles above Charlestown, on the west side of the Kanawha River. John Morris, his father, was a native of Culpeper County, and his mother, Margaret Morris, was born in Augusta County. They settled with the first band of pioneers who located on the Kanawha River, about the year 1785. They endured the perils of an Indian war previous to Wagner's treaty of 1795. Some of their land was used for a cemetery, where many of their neighbors and friends who were slain by the Indians were buried. Thomas was one of eleven children, eight of whom married in early life. Their parents experienced the saving grace of God, and, after living together forty years, died peacefully in the same year, 1818, full of hope that they would spend a happy immortality in the mansions of heaven.

When Thomas was three years old he was deeply impressed by the death of his sister Frances, and that of his maternal grandmother. These were losses which he seemed to feel at that early age, and they exerted a favorable influence upon his early life.

At seven years of age he led the ordinary life of country boys on the farm—using the hoe, holding the plow, gathering sheaves in harvest, tramping the hay in the mow, and swinging the ax; when ten years old, in the wild woods, clearing new land to be cultivated, and guarding the flocks from wolves and other wild beasts, which were numerous, acquiring a strength of body and calmness of judgment which aided him in the life of labor which was to follow.

The opportunities for the education of children in the north-western part of Virginia, where Mr. Morris resided, were limited. The custom obtained of holding three months of school during the year in the winter season. This was taught by such teachers as could be procured —competent or incompetent—only so the school was kept in motion. The branches taught were spelling, reading, writing, and ciphering to

the rule of three. At eighteen Thomas entered a grammar class in a school taught by Mr. William Paine, an English gentleman, who possessed the reputation of being a fine teacher, and with forty years' experience back of him he occupied a good vantage-ground for doing his work.

During these years at school Thomas developed a taste for education, and was finally possessed of a conviction that the farm was not to be his field of labor. After spending about eight years with his father in this work he accepted an invitation from his brother Edmund, who held the clerkship of Cabell County, to come into the office and serve as his assistant. He was now nearly seventeen years old, teachable, and a willing worker; he remained in the office for more than three years. The business transactions that passed under his notice, his intercourse with business and professional men, and the practical turn given to the action of his mind in keeping the records of the county, requiring accuracy and fidelity, developed traits of character in the young man which neither the farm nor school-room had yet evolved. One disadvantage arose from the radical change in his vocation. The sedentary habits he was obliged to adopt in connection with office life disarranged his physical system, and generated a disease which followed him through life. It neutralized the courage and hope of his soul; he grew feeble in health, and very often was filled with suspicions and forebodings of death. His prospects in the future came under the shadow of this all-pervading fear, and this was followed by a loss of self-confidence, and the uprising of discouragements concerning his future life.

While in the midst of this annoying experience he was drafted to serve with the militia six months in a war with the British and Indians. Though only eighteen years old, there was no alternative but to obey his country's call. He took leave of his friends, but when on the second day's march from home, on his way to meet the enemy, his brother William overtook the company with a substitute, which his father had provided, who was placed in the ranks, and Thomas was released and returned home with his brother.

He seems to have inherited an industrious habit of mind, which led him to think more seriously on his future calling for life when he returned from the militia movement, than he was inclined to at any

previous time. He returned to the office with his brother. It was here that his intercourse with the lawyers, and his observations in the court room, excited in him a desire to choose the law as his profession. He looked upon it as the highway to places of distinction, and there was a charm about it which shut out every other profession from his vision. But his natural diffidence, poverty, and a poor education, embarrassed him in the attempts he made to lay plans to enter upon a course of study in law. For months he was possessed of a purpose to carry out his design and become a lawyer; but his efforts to make the necessary preparation were failures, and he finally decided that he never could succeed, so he abandoned the purpose. We infer from his own writings that his extreme bashfulness, more than any thing else, detained him from choosing this profession, where self-confidence plays so prominent a part in its greatest achievements.

His parents were members of the Baptist Church. They carefully instructed their children to reverence God, to practice the outward duties of morality, and trained them to attend public worship; but neglected to teach them the duty of prayer in childhood. Nor did they use any influence to lead them to adopt a religious course of life. They held the faith, "You must wait the Lord's good time." This view of religious duty seemed to neutralize all the other religious teachings Thomas received.

There was a strange indifference on the part of not only Mr. and Mrs. Morris, but of all church-going people in the community, in the observance of the Sabbath. It was used as a day of freedom; business was not transacted, nor labor performed, but the young people used the day for sporting, visiting, and receiving visitors.

In his boyhood Thomas came under the influence of his father's hired men on the farm; they hurt his moral character by their evil communications, and became his tutors in many of the vices and evil habits in vogue among the irreligious men of his times. One thing saved him in the midst of these perils—he had a natural affection for spiritual things. This was manifested in a sort of "pious appearance," and he was fortunate in adopting good habits of life, so that his practice, outwardly at least, was in an opposite direction from the examples before him in his father's men. It was in his inner life that he experienced the injury done by these bad associations: wrong

thoughts were excited, evil desires that might never have struggled in his soul were incited to life and action. One fortunate combination existed—his outward life won for him the confidence and esteem of the community, and this he valued so highly that he jealously guarded his moral character.

Thomas adopted skeptical notions of the Bible, and used them as an excuse for neglecting a religious course of life. He did not venture to declare his skepticism publicly, because it had not put on a positive form in his own mind. His views of Christian people were helpful to his own final triumph over sin and its follies. He believed in the practical piety of the Church, but the remainder of the argument, in his own judgment, was in favor of Christ and his salvation. When eighteen years old he witnessed the earthquakes of 1811 and 1812; his fears were alarmed lest he should be lost, and while in a state of excitement he found a place of comfort in a revival of religion that was in progress among the Methodists. He knew but little about these people, though he had heard much to their disparagement. He commenced to attend their meetings with a strong prejudice against some of their customs. It was not long, however, before the excitement of their altar services, singing, praying, exhorting, preaching, and shouting, combined to impress his interested soul that he was in great need of a new heart and spirit. He formed a resolution immediately to abandon the use of improper words. After pondering the subject for more than a year, he found one of the greatest difficulties confronting him was, to give up fashionable society, and adopt the plain attire and customs of the Methodist people. It was not until he was in his nineteenth year that he began to pray for mercy; for six months it was his practice to pray in secret, all the time carefully concealing the fact from the public. He found this an embarrassing and unprofitable practice, because he labored under the impression that it would be best for him to openly acknowledge his convictions, choose religion, and make Christian people his companions. But he vacillated so long that his confidence grew weak in his own ability to so seek God that he might obtain spiritual life. He attended a camp-meeting, and heard the Rev. David Young preach a sermon on the parable of the sower, which produced such conviction in his mind that he began to pray in great

earnestness for pardon. The training of his childhood created a strong attachment for the Baptist Church, while the religious convictions he experienced through the Methodists enlisted his sympathies for this people. He was undecided, for a time, which Church he would make his spiritual home, but he finally determined to join the Methodist Episcopal Church as a probationer. This was in 1813, while he was yet seeking converting grace. Nine months passed away before he received a sense of pardon. It was when alone, in the clerk's office, while standing at his desk, and, singing—

"O that day, when, freed from sinning,
I shall see Thy lovely face,—

that the Spirit shone into his heart, and imparted peace, love, and joy. Now he knew he was saved. It was the way he "long had sought;" now it was found and his soul was satisfied. While Thomas was an unexpected accession to the Methodist people, they gave him a hearty welcome, and soon assigned him to important work. They made him a class-leader while he was yet a probationer in the Church, and called on him to conduct meetings for prayer. He made his first exhortation before a meeting that was called for prayer on a Christmas-day, and preached his first sermon to a large promiscuous audience the same evening. He has not recorded in his diary any definite call from the Spirit to preach the gospel, though the evidence is both strong and abundant that he received such a call, and acted under the divine impulse in obeying the voice of the Church to fill the places of trust she assigned him. On February 1, 1814, without solicitation on his part, he received his first license to exhort. This he used to the credit of the Church, and did much good in his new office. These steps—and one more—had all been taken before he was baptized: he appeared before the Quarterly Conference, April 2, 1814, and was examined in doctrine by the presiding elder, Rev. David Young, and granted a license as a local preacher on condition that he should first be baptized. This condition was promptly met. On the following Sabbath he presented himself at the edge of a large stream of water, and was baptized by the water being poured on his head.

Mr. Morris selected for his partner in life Miss Abigail Scales, and

on January 23, 1814, "the marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Stephen Spurlock, in the presence of only a few friends, without levity or display of any sort." The call for preachers came up from all parts of the work, and young men of any promise were hurried into the pulpit and pastorate. Hence Thomas was sent out immediately as a supply for three months, under an older and more experienced minister. The laymen, as well as his senior in office, seeing his gifts, grace, and usefulness, had him recommended by a Quarterly Conference for membership in the Ohio Annual Conference before his first three months expired.

The way was not all smooth, neither was his soul placid in the midst of his accumulating responsibilities. He was embarrassed by his lack of qualifications, a weak constitution, and a family to support on a very small salary. Doubts, too, as to whether God called him to the forsaking of friends, and to the preaching of the word, harassed his mind. But he put his trust in God, and ventured out on the new way, and a divine Hand led him. Over against the discouragements he met at the beginning of his ministry, he saw these things to encourage him:—his clear conversion, an intense desire to invite men to embrace Christ as their Saviour; the openings of providence, as seen in the unsolicited call of the Church to enter her ministry; the conversion of souls under his labors; and the triumphant death of two persons a few months after they were led to Jesus by his first sermon. These were the best signs that he was called of God to preach the gospel; but it was not until they were arrayed before his mind, and, like a vision, impressed him, that he had victory over his doubts and was fully impressed that God assigned to him as his life-work.

When the choice was fully made, and he saw the work of his ministry on every hand, he went to it cheerfully, and met the opposition and persecution which were so common, fearlessly but kindly, always aiming to be a blessing to the erring, and to offer salvation as an antidote for every wrong and wound in the souls of men. In his zeal for souls he did not neglect the furnishing of his mind. On the contrary, he regarded a well-disciplined mind as a necessary qualification to preach the gospel successfully. Like most young men in the Methodist ministry of his day, he had gathered a few books, and

carried one or more with him into the field or woods, and when he had a few leisure moments from labor he would read a page, more or less, and then ponder it while pursuing his work. He adopted the custom of his fraternity, as soon as he commenced to travel, of carrying books in his saddle-bags, reading them and sermonizing on horseback. The four years' course of study in history, theology, and Church economy, required of every young minister by his Church, and the annual examination by a committee of experienced ministers, gave him a good opportunity, in common with all young preachers, to prepare himself while at his work for future usefulness, and right well did Thomas A. Morris use his advantages, and grow to be a workman that needed not to be ashamed.

The usage of his Church required every man who entered her ministry to travel or be stationed four years before he could receive elder's orders, which is the highest ordination known in the connection. At the expiration of his two years' probation, in 1818, Mr. Morris was ordained deacon at Steubenville, Ohio, by Bishop George. This ordination gave him authority to marry, baptize, preach, and assist the elders in administering the Lord's Supper; besides, it secured to him all the rights and privileges of a member of the Annual Conference. Five years later, at Chillicothe, in 1820, he was ordained elder by Bishop Roberts. He now had received authority to consecrate the emblems at the Lord's Supper, and was made eligible to the highest offices in the Church. Mr. Morris spent the first two years of his ministry on Marietta Circuit, where he traveled on horseback 7,500 miles; preached about 920 public discourses, being on an average more than one per day; and besides those reported by his colleague, Mr. Morris received about 250 individuals into the Church at different points on his charge. His second appointment was Zanesville Circuit, where, with one colleague the first year and two the second, he labored successfully, traveling on horseback these two years 5,500 miles, and preaching about 500 sermons; he and his colleague received 200 persons into the Church. Mr. Morris was now fully inducted into the ministry; but his health was so impaired and his old trouble aggravated that his vocal organs were enfeebled to such an extent that he represented his case in open Conference and left it with his brethren, stating that he would receive their decision as the voice of

Providence. He was finally appointed to Lancaster Station, and rendered effective service.

While yet young and inexperienced as a minister, he impressed the authorities of the Church with his tact for business and sagacity as an organizer. At Steubenville, the first Conference young Morris attended, Bishop M'Kendree employed him as his private secretary. They occupied the same room, with two beds. As Mr. Morris was appointed to preach before the Conference, at five o'clock Monday morning, he was "wakeful" during the night, and on waking, about two o'clock in the morning, he observed a light in the room, and heard the bishop naming stations and preachers, and scratching with his pen, following Bishop Asbury's example of making out the appointments all alone without his associates or the presiding elders being present. Mr. Morris listened attentively, and presently the bishop said, in a low whisper, Barnesville, T. A. Morris, Barnesville, T. A. Morris. Then he heard the bishop's pen writing, as he supposed, his name. Young Morris was pleased because it was one of the best circuits in the Conference. But the bishop's plans were broken, and when the appointments were read the young preacher was greatly disappointed to hear the announcement, Zanesville Circuit, T. A. Morris.

It requires peculiar gifts to do Conference business; it is a kind of service for which a man receives a fitness by first possessing a taste for it, and, secondly, by acquiring an experience in it. A conference room is an ecclesiastical congress, where the presiding bishop and committees prepare the business and bring it forward for the whole Conference to finally dispose of. Mr. Morris was pre-eminently a lover of Conference and its business, and he became a hard-working member of the body—always taking an active interest in church extension, Sunday-schools, missions, and education, as well as all local matters that rose to the surface for conference action. It was in this way that he became known to the preachers, and knowing concerning them and the vital movements of the Church. By his urbanity, practical common sense, earnestness, and talents, joined to success in his fields of labor as a preacher, he won the confidence and sympathy of his brethren in the Conference; and at an earlier time in life than was common he exerted almost unconsciously a strong influence in shaping the action of preachers in church affairs.

There were but few large churches in the Conference, and no places of ease. The circuits embraced from ten to thirty preaching appointments, and required the preacher to travel, mostly on horseback, from two hundred to five or seven hundred miles to get round or over his circuit, and involved long absences from home and much exposure to all kinds of weather. The places of worship were log-churches, school-houses, halls, court-houses, barns, and private dwellings.

Mr. Morris was assigned to important fields of labor from the beginning of his ministry. He commenced on Marietta Circuit, was then on Zanesville Circuit, and then at Lancaster Station. After laboring on these charges his appointed time, he was transferred from the Ohio to the Kentucky Conference and stationed on Lexington Circuit. His second appointment in the Kentucky Conference, in 1825, was as presiding elder of Green River District. He continued two years in this position when impaired health and sickness in his family led him to ask for a different kind of work. The suffering he endured from a shock of paralysis, which came upon him in 1826, while preaching at Dover, Tennessee, was a great affliction. The congregation was assembled in the court-house. Though ill for several days previous, and still feeble, Mr. Morris preached, and at the close of the service his left hand and feet were cold and his left eye singularly affected; he suffered from momentary blindness and deafness, and a suspension of intellection. In a few hours after the shock he gathered strength and journeyed to his next appointment. He records that during the three years following he had probably from two to three hundred shocks of paralysis, which grew lighter and lighter until they ceased entirely.

For his first twelve years' service as a preacher he received $2,000 and had spent nearly all the surplus funds he had accumulated before he decided to enter the ministry. He broke down two horses the two first years he served as presiding elder, and received for his labors less than the horses cost him. His next appointment was Louisville, and at the close of his term of service here he was transferred to the Ohio Conference in 1828, and appointed to Lebanon Circuit, where he had Bishop Soule's family for near neighbors, and had the pleasure of seeing four of the bishop's children unite with the Church under his ministry. From here he went to Columbus, and then to Cincinnati. While stationed in Cincinnati the Asiatic cholera swept through the

city and caused a great destruction of life. During the ravages of the disease funerals could be seen on the streets every hour in the day from seven o'clock in the morning till dark in the evening; business was suspended, and the city wore the appearance of a Sabbath-day. Fifty members of the Methodist Episcopal Church died in Cincinnati that year. Mr. Morris remained at his work, visiting the sick and dying, comforting the bereaved, and by his noble example inspiring the fearful to lend help in the hour of the city's greatest calamity. A wonderful work of grace followed the epidemic, so that there were about one thousand probationers added to the Methodist Churches alone. Affliction and grace made this a memorable year in his ministry. In 1833 Mr. Morris was appointed presiding elder of Cincinnati District. For the sake of convenience and economy, he moved his family to Madisonville, eight miles from the city, into a house for which he paid $3 per month, and on a salary of $320 per year he purchased a horse and wagon and commenced his work, counting it a pleasant field of labor.

Mr. Morris was a genial-looking gentleman, portly, and of medium height, and in later life he usually walked with a cane. He possessed a full face, with features so evenly blended that mildness and sympathy were companions in his usual expression. His clear eyes peered through glasses; the forehead was high and full, the intellect pressing itself into prominence. He possessed decision happily blended with kindness, and conservativeness with positiveness.

As a preacher Mr. Morris was plain, both in his matter and manner. He adopted the language of the common people, without using the undignified phrases or slang sayings in vogue among the masses; there was no overreaching in his discourses to bring in scholastic expressions, or learned historical allusions. Cant and philosophy, as such, were excluded. The natural overflow of his devoutly pious and earnest soul made his sermons impressive, and they were invariably on themes adapted to the immediate necessities of his hearers. He never allowed himself to use novelty to excite curiosity, and then come to the gospel for his conclusions. Good common sense and the pure word of God made a happy union in both his extempore and written discourses. He was not a man of brilliant gifts. His early efforts at preaching and writing left the impression upon his auditors that he possessed a plain

mind, no one faculty of which seemed to express itself with more of force or beauty than another. His mind was a complete whole, and very evenly balanced, when viewed from the stand-point of practical work. He was not the author of theories or mere speculations, but could always apply himself, with a rare adaptation, to the wants of the hour; combining practical reasons that were found in the surroundings, to enforce his ideas of justice, repentance, the perseverance of the saints, or any subject he discussed. Having come from among the common people he never forgot the fact. This was one of the hidden ties which bound him to the masses, and it wielded a powerful influence over his thought and feelings, and contributed to make him the practical man he was. His language and forms of thought, personal habits, and official acts, illustrated this one ruling motive of his life, "The poor [shall] have the gospel preached unto them." Neither race nor complexion made that difference among men in his judgment that is so common among the thoughtless and superficial. Measured by the standard of common sense, utility, and success in leading men to God, Thomas A. Morris was an able and successful preacher.

Every great organization has positions of trust which are often places of great usefulness, and at the same time they afford rare opportunities for exerting a wide-spread influence for either good or evil upon men. The Methodist Episcopal Church was increasing in numerical strength so rapidly when Mr. Morris was in his prime, that new offices were necessarily created, as well as more officers of the existing orders needed to carry on the work of the Church. As a rule, men were selected to fill the chief offices of the Church because of their ability and grace, as well as other good qualities, especially success in doing their work. No fact stands out more prominently in the history of Methodism than this. That the successful men in her ministry have always been advanced to more important trusts, while the indolent and unsuccessful men have fallen out of sight.

The Kentucky and Ohio Conferences recognized Mr. Morris as a successful Methodist minister. Once he filled the office of presiding elder in the Kentucky Conference, and twice did this body elect him to the General Conference. In the Ohio Conference he was made presiding elder of the chief district, and twice did his brethren in Ohio send him to the General Conference. A time had now come in

the movements of the Church, when it was deemed necessary that a paper be established at Cincinnati, which should be the advocate of Bible doctrines as held by the Methodist people. Arrangements were made to try the experiment, the paper was named the "Western Christian Advocate," and Thomas A. Morris was chosen the editor. He accepted the position, moved his family back to Cincinnati, and located them in a cottage about a mile from his office.

It was a new project throughout. The paper must be made, correspondents secured, subscribers won, and the enterprise must be a success, or very likely it would be abandoned by the next General Conference. Mr. Morris had no experience in editorial work, but he relied on his resources of mind and heart, by which he had won success in other difficult places of trust. He made a wise use of his opportunity, and immediately planted the paper so deeply in the confidence and affections of the people that it soon became a necessity in the Methodism of the West, and it very early took a leading rank among religious papers in the country, and still holds its position.

During the last year Mr. Morris was editor the Book Committee examined the accounts of the publishers of the paper, and embodied in their annual report to the Ohio Conference, of which the editor was then a member, the following facts: "The 'Western Advocate' has 5,500 subscribers, and the number is increasing; we are happy to be able to say to the Conference, that it is not in debt. They own the press and type, and all the apparatus necessary for its publication. There is due on this volume $2,541 56, besides paper on hand for its publication say two months. The profits up to August, 1835 were $2,892 17."

Mr. Morris says, in his diary, "The third volume commenced with 8,200 subscribers."

The General Conference of 1836 met in Cincinnati. It seemed to be a foregone conclusion that two or three men would be elected to fill the office of bishop at this session. It had frequently been suggested in Church circles that Mr. Morris would make a good bishop. He was prominently before the denomination as editor, and being widely known, and highly appreciated by his intimate friends, they were quick to embrace the opportunity by presenting his name as a candidate. This was done in the city where he had served as a pastor,

presiding elder, and editor. Beverly Waugh and Wilbur Fisk were elected on the first ballot, and Mr. Morris lacked only one vote of an election. Mr. Morris rose in the midst of the balloting, and requested the Conference to consider his name withdrawn, and not to vote for him. When they reached the fifth ballot he again came within one vote of an election. Twice it was in his power to have elected himself, but by voting for another candidate he delayed his destiny until the sixth ballot, when he was chosen by a considerable majority.

Mrs. Morris had now shared all the blessings of advancement that accrued to her husband, as an exhorter, local preacher, deacon, elder, presiding elder, member of the General Conference, editor, and bishop, in the Church. She was a partaker in his toils and triumphs, joys and sorrows, through all his ministry until the 17th of May, 1842, when she died joyfully, and passed to the Christian's home in heaven.

Like most men who have edited a paper, Bishop Morris ever after retained his love for writing to the great public. He published a sermon on Bishop Waugh after his death, and one on Dr. Nevins, in pamphlet form. His work on "Church Polity" exhibits sound judgment, executive skill, and administrative ability. It is a comprehensive statement of the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, combining many practical suggestions with elaborate definitions of duties that belong to the chief officers of the Church. It makes a simple and able defense of the peculiar form of government adopted by the Methodist people. As a controversialist he was firm but kind, loyal to the Church of his choice in the best sense, and fearless in making a defense of her usages and doctrines. He met innovations, whether they originated within or without the Church, with a suspicion which resembled a contempt for disloyalty.

He published a volume of sermons on practical subjects which has had a good sale. These, with a volume of "Miscellany," constitute his published works. The "Miscellany" is made up mostly of editorials prepared for the "Western Christian Advocate." His books, like his preaching, are plain in style and practical in their teachings. Bishop Morris evidently loved John Wesley's plainness of expression, and the practical bearing of what he wrote, and followed him as an example, both in his preaching and writing.

Bishop Morris was always among the radical men in the Church, but he was the conservative among the radicals. When the old style of churches was passing away he wrote in the "Western Advocate," as follows: "Can we reasonably expect to see the people brought to Christ by gorgeous churches in our cities, with steeples, and bells, musical instruments, fashionably affected choirs, decorated pulpits, cushioned pews, and a popular oratory, adapted to the whole. Do we by these means expect to save ourselves and them that hear us? As well might we undertake to save our houses when on fire by the application of oil instead of water, for these things feed the carnal mind rather than crucify it." He contended earnestly for the simplicity which characterized the Methodist people of early times. Writing about the attractions of home for young people he expressed himself thus:—

"To render the parlor where they resort attractive, the most costly furniture must be displayed. The central table must be well supplied with romances, flutes, backgammon, boxes, and other articles of fancy or amusement. The daughters, to keep up their credit, must have a piano-forte, worth at least $300, (what a miserable appropriation of our Lord's money is this to be made by a Methodist,) and whatever else they remain ignorant of, they must know how to entertain the circle of fashionable visitants with some of its lighter airs, which they generally prefer to the songs of Zion."

On the temperance question he advocated total abstinence as early as 1835. When he saw that the admission of laymen to the law-making body of his Church was to be a question of reform, he quite early advocated the change. Though he took his position and held it in the most conservative manner, it was a remarkable part of his history, from the fact that he was one of the fathers in his Church when the reform put on its most positive shape. He had been identified with early Methodism and knew its successful workings; and while many of the early Methodists objected to the innovation, Bishop Morris indorsed it in his old age. While he could not be assigned a place among the leaders in Church reforms, yet he was a friend of reforms, but one who followed rather than led.

The greatest trial of his episcopal life was occasioned by the separation of the Southern portion of Methodism from the parent

Church. Slavery was making encroachments upon the denomination, as it was upon the territory of the country, and the attempt to stay its progress produced an open eruption which resulted in a division of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Morris was a native of Virginia, and had spent most of his life, previous to his election as bishop, in that State and Kentucky. When the trouble came, in 1844, Methodist people throughout the country were anxious to know which side of the question this conservative bishop would take. We give the following notes from his Diary, which he wrote with the caution of an historian: "I cannot recur to the scenes of 1844 and 1845 without the deepest regret and most poignant grief. I regard the unhappy division of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a public calamity to the country, injuriously affecting the interests of Protestant Christianity in general, and inflicting on Methodism the severest wound it ever received. . . . The whole affair originated, progressed, and terminated in the most consummate folly that wise and good men were ever guilty of. There was really no necessity for it, especially in the ruinous form in which it occurred; and even after the unfortunate plan of separation, contingently providing for it, was adopted; if the editors of the weekly Church papers and the Annual Conferences had proved as conciliatory as the bishop, there would either have been no separation or a friendly one without loss of mutual confidence or brotherly feeling. I think it is no breach of charity to express an opinion, that the leaders of both parties were fallen men —fallen from the love that suffereth long and is kind: 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.' . . . As to my own course in the premises, I sought the blessing pertaining to a 'peace-maker,' by aiming to conciliate both parties. But what was my feeble voice amid the conflict of passion? No more than a frail signal of distress in a sweeping tempest. My conservatism was not strong enough for the views of the new organization and too strong for those of the old, so that I measurably lost cast with both, which greatly strengthens my belief that I was about right, together with all moderate men who occupied the same ground. Conservatives will have to meet a far less fearful reckoning, in my opinion, than they who took the awful responsibility of severing the Church of Christ, and I would rather forfeit the good opinion of such than to incur his

displeasure." In June, 1844, Bishop Morris married the widow of Dr. Merriwether. She was a resident of Louisville, Kentucky, and the bishop was her third husband. Mrs. Merriwether being a Southern lady, and the Church storm raging the most furiously at the time the nuptials were celebrated, it excited the publication of an article in the New York "Commercial Advertiser," in which the bishop was stigmatized as a "slave-holder" by marriage, to which he replied as follows:

MILWAUKEE, W. T., *July* 23, 1844.

Mr. F. HALL, Editor of "Commercial Advertiser:"

DEAR SIR—I have just seen in the "Albany Journal" of the 12th inst., an article headed, "Another Slave-holding Bishop," and credited to the "Commercial Advertiser," highly injurious to me and the Methodist Episcopal Church, which I hope you will have the goodness to correct. There is but one truth in the whole article, namely, that Bishop Morris had married a widow lady in Kentucky. The statement that she is possessed of slaves is incorrect, and the report of my executing a contract previous to marriage relinquishing my prospective claim to her slaves in favor of her child by her former marriage is wholly false. I made no such contract—no such relinquishment—and she had no child as represented by the writer to be a party in such transaction. The only connection she had with slavery was nominal, as trustee of her deceased husband's estate, under a will which secured ultimately the whole of it to her step-son, and according to an express provision of the will her act of marriage annulled the will, and severed that nominal connection. Neither my wife nor myself have any interest in slave property, direct or indirect; nor has either of us any connection with slavery in fact or form. Yours respectfully,

THOMAS A. MORRIS.

Bishop Morris records this as his judgment after a visit through the Southern States in 1845: "You may reason with a man's judgment, but not with his passions, either North or South, whatever may have been suspected to the contrary by violent partisans. In view of the whole ground of difficulty, as presented in 1845, I relinquished my southern route (his Conferences) in favor of Bishop Soule, and he relinquished his north-western route in my favor."

The year 1848 was an eventful one in the history of Methodism. The evils as well as blessings of Church division had been quite fully developed, hence the action of the coming General Conference was anticipated with unusual solicitude. It was a trying time for all Methodist people, but more especially for the bishops, because they

were in the front of the contest. Bishop Morris realized that he would occupy a very trying position, and, with his usual sagacity, he penned the following rules for his own self-government:—

Subjects for Reflection during the General Conference Fast, Friday, April 28, 1848.

1. This day I am 54 years old. Millions born after have died before me, while my life and health are still perpetuated, a subject of distinguished mercy.

2. All I have and all I am—except sin and misery—I owe to the Methodist Episcopal Church under God. May I never prove recreant to her, or ungrateful to him.

3. Having been a member nearly thirty-five years, and a traveling preacher more than thirty-two years, though much of the time unfaithful and unprofitable, I am fully satisfied there is no Church which affords more helps to piety in this world, or a better prospect of gaining heaven in the end, than the Methodist Episcopal Church.

4. Since the separation of the Southern Conferences her peace has been much disturbed by angry controversy on both sides of the line. Many difficult questions remain unsettled; much trouble may be expected during and after the General Conference of 1848. O for heavenly wisdom and Christian forbearance. Help, Lord, for vain is the help of man without thy blessing.

5. The doings of the General Conference will exert a powerful influence for weal or woe upon the interests of Protestant Christianity in general; and especially upon those of Methodism in the United States. To this crisis I have long looked as the day of conflict and trial, from which none but God can deliver us. May he deliver!

6. To this end may we all confess our sins to him and forsake them, and consecrate ourselves anew to the service and cause of Christ, that we may build up, and not destroy, the household of faith.

7. It is a time that calls for firmness and moderation; "united we stand, divided we fall." No difference of opinion respecting Church polity should divide us, unless it be such as to involve conscience or a sacrifice of moral principle. Here I take my stand; the brethren may do what they will, provided they do not require me, against my conscience and principles, to participate in measures ruinous to the peace of the Church and dangerous to the country: and I am with them still. Beyond this point how can I go? May I not be put to the trial. T. A. MORRIS.

PITTSBURGH, PA., *April* 28, 1848.

His decision to remain with the Methodist Episcopal Church, where he had been honored and beloved, allayed the suspicions of the

people in the North, and settled the expectations and prophecies of the people in the South, by making it appear that Thomas A. Morris was not in sympathy with slavery. While editor of the "Western Christian Advocate" he wrote an editorial on the message of Governor M'Duffie, in which he says: "For slavery as a system we have no apology to make and never had; neither have we any to make for the means which abolitionists propose for its extermination. We are a Methodist, and Methodism has no fellowship with the principles of oppression on one hand or those of political incendiarism on the other. Methodism, as it ever has been, is in favor of gradual, peaceable, constitutional emancipation." This was his position as an editor, and when he was brought to the test it was the same as a bishop. A conservative man always appears to disadvantage while the contest is raging, however earnestly he may explain his motives and aim. Those more conservative and those more radical than himself will criticise him severely and judge him harshly. Bishop Morris waited for events to occur through which his record would receive a new shading, and incite a charitable interpretation. He grew in the esteem of his Church as the years rolled away, and he rendered a service which was conciliatory in its nature. Peculiarly adapted by constitutional tendencies and education to fill the office of a peace-maker, he improved the opportunity presented by the division of his Church, and enjoyed even on earth the peace-maker's blessing.

Bishop Morris was peculiarly endowed with the genius of labor, and by this, as much as by any other power, he achieved success in every position he held. As a presiding officer he won the confidence and esteem of the ministry. He was dignified, and quick to grasp the situation in a stormy debate, and successful in calming the discordant elements. He was diligent in looking after the details of his work, and zealous as a preacher, pastor, writer, and overseer of the Churches committed to his care. In the winter of 1842 he visited ten towns and cities, and labored in each place a week, preaching and encouraging the ministers and people in the work of the Church. This effort, with the duties he performed in the general work, came near costing him his life. Notwithstanding this he labored several weeks in 1843 at camp-meetings. But he soon learned that it was impossible for one man to do every thing he saw undone. His ina-

bility to meet every call, and to gratify every desire for work, led him to adopt greater caution in economizing his physical energies for the special duties of the episcopacy.

His duties were both numerous and onerous. In 1850 he presided over the Baltimore Conference, Providence, New England, New Hampshire, Troy, Vermont, East Maine, Maine, Ohio, Indiana, North Ohio, and Michigan. He met the bishops at Philadelphia, and attended the meeting of the General Missionary Committee, at New York, and dedicated a church at Williamsburgh. These labors were all performed between the first of March and last of October. He had general supervision of the foreign missions of the Church from May, 1849, to May, 1851. During this time he appointed one missionary to Liberia, two to China, five to Germany, one to New Mexico, and some dozen or fifteen to Oregon and California.

He assigned to their fields of labor during his life not less than 30,000 ministers, traveled this country to the outer edge of its civilization over and over again, and had preached sermons innumerable, and only ceased to labor when labor became physically impossible.

He could say with Paul, "in perils often." We find by his own record, that from the time he entered the ministry till he retired from the work, he was thrown from a horse twice; tipped over in a stage with Bishop Soule when going home from General Conference; at another time he was thrown twelve feet from a bridge in a buggy with his horse; his life was threatened by a Southern desperado.

In 1851, when on his way to the North Indiana Conference, in a stage drawn by four horses and manned by two drivers, the horses took fright about ten o'clock at night, ran away, capsized the stage, mashed his hat, broke his spectacles, bruised his head, and fractured a bone in one of his fingers.

In 1855, when returning from Louisville in a train, it came in contact with a cow and was thrown from the track; two of the cars rolled down a bank six to eight feet high, and were badly broken, but no person was killed and only two persons injured. This was the third train that was thrown from the tract when he was a passenger, but in no case did he receive any injury.

He closes the record of one year with this note, "So passed off another year of toil and peril."

This is the record at the close of another year: "I got home by the middle of October, and felt like singing,"

> "'Through many dangers, snares, and deaths
> I have already come;
> 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
> And grace will lead me home.'"

In 1860 Bishop Morris suffered from impaired health, but he was able to attend the General Conference, which met in Buffalo, New York. It was before this body that he preached the sermon on the life and labors of his deceased friend Bishop Waugh. His exhaustion under the effort was noticeable by the whole audience, and the Conference exonerated him from doing the full work of a bishop. In the fall of this year he presided over three Conferences and met his colleagues and the General Missionary Committee in New York. He had a neat and comfortable home in Springfield, Ohio, which he purchased in 1860. To this he returned from the General Conference of 1864, so feeble in health as to be unfitted for the kind of active service he had so long rendered the Church. In 1868 he appeared in the General Conference and called the body to order. He was present during the session of 1872, and occupied a seat on the platform with his colleagues. In 1871 Mrs. Lucy Morris died in great peace at the family home in Springfield. On the 6th day of June, 1872, Bishop Morris was married to Miss Sarah Bruscup, of Lockland, Ohio.

The bishop's health began to fail rapidly in August, 1874, and as if impressed with his coming change from earth, he wrote the following letter to his brethren in the Cincinnati Conference.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, *August* 24, 1874.

To Rev. Bishop Foster and the Cincinnati Conference, in Conference assembled:—

DEAR BRETHREN: I wish to say a few things to you in regard to my health, and some other matters. The 28th of last April I entered my eighty-first year. I have but little pain or sickness for one of my age. I sleep well. My digestion is excellent, and, apart from the infirmities incident to my time of life I am very comfortable. I, however, take but little part in the active duties of life, and, having served my day and generation as God has given me ability, I am now resting in the quietude of my home. True, I am no longer able to go in and out before you, to sit in your councils, and take part in your deliberations, yet my heart and sympathy are with you; and for Zion's prosperity my tears shall fall

and my prayers ascend until my release is signed, and I go to join the Church triumphant in the skies.

As to my religious enjoyment, it is not increased by exemption from labor, but rather the contrary. This, however, is what I expected; and I find it requires more grace to suffer than to do the will of my heavenly Father. But, although this is the case, I am by no means destitute of enjoyment. No, dear brethren; I find the religion I so long preached to others is able to bring peace and assurance to the heart in retirement, as well as when in the heat of the battle, leading forth the conquering hosts to certain victory. Thank God for the Christian's hope! It comforts and sustains amid all the vicissitudes of life, and to the trusting heart makes bright the future. In reviewing the past, I have only this to say, that God has been very good to me. Most of my associates in the ministry, as well as many loved ones, have passed away. I yet linger on the shore, and soon expect to cross the river. I am nearing the Jordan, and in the course of nature cannot stay here much longer; but beneath me are the everlasting arms, and, through riches of grace in Christ Jesus my Lord, I hope to anchor safely in the harbor of eternal rest. In all probability this is the last time I shall address you. Before another session of your Conference I may be safely home. Therefore, in conclusion, permit me to say, dear brethren, live for God; preach Christ and him crucified; seek not the applause of men, or the honor that cometh from the world; but so live that, in the great day of accounts, you can say, "Here am I, and the souls thou hast given me." Praying the great Head of the Church to direct in all the deliberations of the present session of Conference, I am, dear brethren,

Yours, fraternally, T. A. MORRIS.

It was like a bugle call from a faithful commander, who was about to quit the field. After it was read to his brethren they returned a reply signed by four ministers and adopted by a rising vote of the Conference. Two days after he wrote this letter, on the 26th of August, while sinking rapidly, he said to his wife, "All is well," "All is right." On the 31st his wife expressed a fear that he might soon be called away; he said promptly, "All is right," "All is right." When asked by his wife, "How does the future look?" he responded, "The future looks bright." With this experience he lingered until Wednesday, September 2, when he fell asleep in Jesus. Good men carried him to his burial, and his dust rests in Fern Cliff Cemetery, at Springfield, waiting for the resurrection of the just.

Grow in grace & Christ.
J. J. Hamilton

Leonidas Lent Hamline.

BY REV. THOMAS M. EDDY, D.D.

LEONIDAS L. HAMLINE was born in Burlington, Hartford Co., Connecticut, May 10, 1797; he died at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, March 23, 1865. The events crowded into the active and suffering life between these extremes may be thus epitomized: Partially educated for the ministry, but turning to the profession of the law, he was admitted to the bar in the State of Ohio, and gave promise of legal eminence. Being, however, convicted of sin and converted in 1828, he immediately commenced preaching, and, after one year in the local ranks, was admitted into the pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the Ohio Conference. Commencing his work as a circuit preacher in a rough region of country, it was soon discovered that he was a master of pulpit eloquence, and he soon was placed in the first charges in the cities of Ohio. From 1836 to 1844 he served the Church as editor, being from 1836 to 1840 associated with Dr. Charles Elliott in the management of the "Western Christian Advocate," and from 1840 to 1844 editor of the "Ladies' Repository." In 1844 he was elected bishop, and in 1852, in consequence of broken health, and in accordance with his expressed views of the episcopacy, he resigned the office and assumed a superannuated relation in his beloved Ohio Conference, in which he remained until his triumphant death.

He was twice married, namely: in 1824 to Miss Eliza Price, of Zanesville, Ohio. Of this marriage four children were born, of whom Dr. Leo P. Hamline, of Evanston, Illinois, is sole survivor. He was married again in 1836 to Mrs. Malinda Truesdale, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who still survives him.

Religious Character.

But these meager lines make no picture. First in importance is his religious experience and character. He was descended from a Huguenot ancestry, and his father, Mark Hamline, was as noted for his

strong Hopkinsian faith as for stalwart moral decision. Leonidas grew up in that faith. "Edwards on the Will" was his favorite polemic. Hence his acceptance of Methodism demanded, as a condition precedent, a thorough change of theological beliefs. He accepted some of the more rugged features of Calvinian faith with logical firmness and defended them intrepidly. Prior to his conversion a gentleman of the Methodist Church held a conversation with him from which we make some extracts:—

E. "Now, Mr. Hamline, I have one question. In what consists the sinfulness of human action?"

H. "That is a difficult question to answer. If we say it lies in the *deed*, we contradict reason and Scripture; if we place it in the volition or in will, we seem to make God the sinner and acquit man of blame; yet there is a philosophical necessity to predicate sin of the will, which I do, and resort to certain explanations to avoid the conclusion that Deity sins."

E. "What are those explanations?"

H. "There is a difference between the *author* and the *agent* of sin. Its author *provides* for its commission but does not actually commit it. The guilt lies in *commission*, not in *provision*. God, for instance, bestows on man the powers of his nature, the relations of his being, and generates in his bosom thoughts, affections, and volitions, either good or bad. These in the wicked are a divine *provision* for sinning; but man is the agent for their use; of course man, not God, is the sinner."

E. "Is not their use inevitable?"

H. "Certainly; inevitable, yet free."

E. "How is that possible?"

H. "Just as water flows freely, yet inevitably, down hill; or the vapors ascend spontaneously, yet necessarily."

This system of remorseless logic enveloped him as an atmosphere, put iron in his blood, and cold decision into his brain, but carried him into semi-skepticism. But conviction of sin came; conviction which would not down. He saw his personal guilt, and the necessity of the new birth. He had a bitter and protracted struggle in darkness and wretchedness, emerging at last into the kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. In this crisis of his life he passed

through a theological and metaphysical revolution, and became a disciple of Fletcher and not of Edwards. He was thereafter a thorough Wesleyan Arminian, and was a grand leader in the contests of his day on the mooted questions lying within the domain of the "five points."

It was natural that such a struggle and deliverance as his should make him a most thorough believer in supernaturalism. Conversion was an epoch, regeneration a miracle, the new creation as real an act of power—and power projected from without—from God, as was the first, and the Eden of the saved soul a more real paradise than the one watered by the four rivers and watched by Adam. God became to him intensely real and personal. God in Christ was so near that he could be spoken to and could answer. He, therefore, believed in prayer as do few men of that or other times. The personal God in Christ Jesus was at hand to be asked, supplicated, adored, and was able, willing, and ready to help men, women, and children wanting help.

Yet he was a Christian called to conflict; partly, it may be, from physical temperament; partly from disease; partly, perhaps, from paternal discipline: he was obliged to wrestle for his faith. He was compelled to stand guard over his spiritual treasures. His record of experience reminds us of the fiery struggles of Bunyan. But he found arms and armor, and endured as seeing Him who is invisible.

He became a witness and teacher of the privilege of the Christian to enter into perfected rest in Christ, and to attain the fullness of perfect love. He was profoundly conscious of the paramount obligation of submitting himself unto God, soul, body, and spirit, and this he was enabled to do. He was distinctly conscious that the ever-blessed Holy Spirit could deliver the surrendered life from sin, fill it with the light and sweetness of love, and so keep it unto the day of the Lord. Few men have so clearly and impressively stated this great duty and privilege of Christian life, and few have so constantly walked in its blessedness.

THE PREACHER.

He was tested in almost every department of ministerial service. He began in the rugged discipline of circuit life, preaching in private houses, school-houses, barns, in the green wood, in country chapels, and in spacious city churches. His physique was in his favor. It

may be termed majestic. Sufficiently full in person to give an appearance of dignity; sufficiently athletic to give a sense of reserved power; his dark features were expressive of thought and emotion held in control: he stood master of the situation. His voice was perfection. It was musical, yet deep-toned and commanding. There was a power in his eye the writer yet feels, though years have passed since he came under its blazing influence.

There appeared to be perfect self-possession in his bearing. This was so in the pulpit, on the platform, or the Conference floor. He was ordinarily thoroughly prepared. Not always by full written composition, although he often employed that method in the construction of his sermons, while his celebrated speech in 1844 on the powers of the General Conference was not previously written, but was delivered from a few notes written in pencil on a sheet of note paper. Yet it was compact, smoothly fitted, its logic inexorable, and its rhetoric finished. His colleagues well said of him, "He rarely delivered a discourse which might not have been printed word for word as it fell from his lips."

He had a logic peculiarly his own. It was compact, vigorous, manly, but used with the paraphernalia of logic out of sight. But there was no escaping his conclusions. His links were well riveted and of flawless metal. He was a masterly advocate of the truth. He championed it fearlessly and wisely; but his argument was made clear to the minds of unread hearers as well as trained thinkers.

His theological tenets were carefully generalized, ably put, and defended with unanswerable cogency. His sermons on the Trinity, the Atonement, the Witness of the Spirit, the Nature and Mode of Baptism, and on Perfect Love, were models of doctrinal exposition.

Yet this gigantic thinker, this great theologian, this princely orator, was one of the most efficient of revival preachers. He believed in revivals; fully accepted and relied upon the supernatural element in them. We doubt if any man in the Methodist Episcopal Church labored more devotedly, or preached more sermons in revival meetings than he during the eight years of editorial life he spent in Cincinnati, from 1836 to 1844. The record is a remarkable one. The writer, in 1842, was junior on a western circuit, and learning that Mr. Hamline was preaching in a village some fifteen miles distant, went thither,

arriving at nightfall. Mr. Hamline entered the pulpit and read the hymn—

"Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart," etc.,

and, after singing, offered a brief prayer, full of earnest appeal to the divine Helper. Without additional singing he announced his text: "Am I my brother's keeper?" The sermon searched the heart and conscience, and there was no escape from its conclusions. It was direct, terrible in its presentation of human responsibility, and at the last tender in its appeals to receive mercy. It was followed by a prayer-meeting for penitents. The preacher of the hour led that service also.

The following morning he preached again on these words: "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." It was the same man in another phase of pulpit character. He was dealing with exposition; he was helping souls into the rich grace of life. He exalted faith, and made its exercise appear at once both majestic and simple. This, again, was succeeded by a prayer-meeting, in which he sought to lead men singly into the liberty of the sons of God.

Often, at camp-meeting or Conference, he broke forth into direct exhortation and persuasive entreaty. He was in earnest for human salvation, and pressed his vantage to the point of immediate surrender. His combination of powers gave him unusual excellence on the platform, where he often appeared as the advocate of missions, the Bible cause, etc.

That he had superiors in single lines of eloquence is conceded; but who combined so many elements of pulpit power? It was the opinion of many that he was the peer of the ablest preachers of the Church.

He did not always maintain his full power. Occasionally his strong pinions temporarily drooped. This was at times caused by disease, or, in later years, by the pressure of official cares; and as one of his followers has said, "Perhaps he erred, after he became a bishop, in supposing that he ought not to study the graces which marked his earlier productions."

It is not fair to his memory to infer that he ever ceased to be

careful and painstaking in the matter of his sermons. There are men who act as though they had outgrown the necessity of thorough study for the pulpit, and decline of power and influence invariably comes with cessation from the beating of oil for the sanctuary, and the loss of power from such a cause is little less than crime. Nay, is it less? Is it not rather a crime before which ordinary negligences are dwarfed?

In the case of Bishop Hamline, however, his prostration of health soon after entering upon his episcopal functions, was the check upon his pulpit efficiency. He continued to preach grandly until disease shook him over the grave, and retiracy was enforced.

Bishop Peck gives this estimate of his preaching:—

"In the pulpit Bishop Hamline was greater than himself. He rose with the inspiration of the hour into a sphere of thought and impassioned eloquence which held his vast audiences spell-bound. His gifts of oratory, including attitude, voice, and expression, were rendered more extraordinary by the deep pathos of love, and the unction of the Holy Ghost which fell upon him in almost every sermon. Denominational pride, the curiosity of strangers, and the spirit of criticism, were all subdued and lost amid the general feeling that we were listening to a message from God. He was unquestionably one of the greatest pulpit orators of his times, and men went away from the scene of his masterly efforts loathing their inward corruption, and panting for holiness."

Dr. F. G. Hibbard bears a similar testimony:—

"Without disparagement to any other quality or function, I think it must be awarded him that his distinguishing glory was in the pulpit. It was his divine call as a preacher of the cross which absorbed all the lesser distinctions of ecclesiastical office and social position, and made him forget all other honors, aye, even the infirmities of a shattered constitution. It was to this point that the full capabilities of his great soul converged. Here he massed the forces of his vigorous intellect, and summoned the resources of his knowledge, his logic, his tact at debate, and his admirable power of delivery. . . . His use of words was never redundant, remarkably Saxon in their selection, and always within the ready comprehension of his hearers. His purity of language shows that he had made that subject a special study in early

life, and his training at the bar previous to his conversion gave him great precision of style as well as argument. The dignity of his position as an embassador of Christ was never compromised for a moment. . . . His words flowed easily, and without care; his gestures were simple, dictated by the sentiments and emotions of the speaker; his voice smooth, agreeable, round, and deep; his articulation distinct; his enunciation full, and his delivery without labor."

In the opinion of the writer Bishop Hamline was one of the clearest theologians Methodism has known. He studied the divine system as a whole, and consequently, while he pressed analysis to almost its last condition, yet his sermons as a whole were a grand synthesis, embodying the cardinal doctrines of evangelical truth. It is supposed by many that his sermons were almost wholly on one topic of the gospel, but the reverse is true. His pulpit dealt with law, depravity, repentance, the incarnation, justification, providence, retribution, as well as with the loftier phases of Christian attainment. It is well to give a few specimens of his pulpit thoughts:—

Believing and Confessing.

We must not forget that confession is itself one of the most important works of faith. It is the *genesis* of them all, and its omission betrays a want of earnestness in religion, a state of heart unfruitful in all good works. He whose zeal does not confess will limp and lag in other duties. The power which cannot turn her wheels will never move the steamer. As a general rule, the grace which has force enough to act will move its subject to proclaim God's saving mercies. "I have believed, and therefore have I spoken," was the experience of early times. "We also believe, and therefore speak." Here the word *therefore* involves a vital principle, namely, *faith speaks*. Its very instinct is to vent itself in words. . . .

To the renewed affections [of speaking faith] the cross is a home tragedy where science is a mockery, but the yielding heart dissolves amid the death-throes of the Son of God.

Here is an extract from a sermon on "*God the Righteous Judge*," which might have been written for the day of Tyndall, Huxley, and Youmans:

Much is said of the laws of nature, and much to proclaim the folly of those who say it. Let it be granted that nature has laws by which her operations are now conducted. Then it must be conceded that God upholds those laws, makes them efficient, and that their force or efficiency is naught but his power. If

these laws be the instruments of divine power in ruling the world, they only serve to remove the divine hand a little farther off. And is God less the governor of the world because, instead of laying his naked hand upon it, he moves a spring which produces all other motions around us? Assume the extremest position consistent with the lowest type of Theism—the theory of development and order in nature from the operation of laws impressed upon the primitive monads of matter—and still, if we reject atheism on the one hand and pantheism on the other, and adhere to the doctrine of a personal God, we are forced to acknowledge him as the Creator, and the wise Being who gave to matter those laws, and that his intelligence foresaw an *end*, and his benevolence determined that end to be *good;* and thus he projected the entire scheme of government for beneficient ends. The distance of time, or the multiplication of subordinate agencies between the efficient cause and the final end of things can make nothing against the wisdom, power, goodness, and glory, much less the reality of the government of all things, by the one originating and supreme God.

Concerning Final Restoration. [From the sermon on "*The Wages of Sin.*"]

Do you still say that God can, in eternity, renew the ruined soul and fashion it for pure and heavenly entertainments? I answer, Yes, and in the same instant he can, if it be a question of power and independence, transform the sainted spirits who, through tears, and pains, and blood, have entered heaven, and fashion them for all the woes and agonies of hell. *But he will not do either.* One event is just as probable as the other with the self-assumed obligations of his eternal truth. He *cannot* do it. Once he sought the privilege at your hand of effecting your renewal. He sent his word, and his ministers, and his providence, and his Son, and his Spirit to perform this blessed work. These waited all the time probation lasted. He bounded that probation and warned you of the fact. You mocked his gracious offers till you had passed its limits, and as he proved to you his goodness and mercy while you lived, he will prove to you his decision and his justice. How? He will suit your wages to your work and your reward to your capacity.

The Baptismal Covenant. [From the sermon on "*Christian Baptism.*"]

And now, if, as we have seen, the commission given by Jesus to his disciples embraces all nations and every [human] creature; if infants are capable of sustaining a covenant relation to God by the act of parents; if they have been embraced in every leading covenant which God has made with mankind; if the seals of these covenants have always been put upon them; if Jesus Christ pronounced them members of the Church—what presumption is it in mortals to shut the door of the Church which he left so wide open, saying, "Suffer

them to come unto me!" Do they who take on themselves this responsibility imagine that they will succeed? When the millennium shall have come, and all nations shall be gathered in. . . shall infants alone be then excluded from the visible kingdom of God? Without baptism they must be excluded. Shall all be permitted to approach the tree of life. . . shall all be the seed of the promise and the circumcised of the Lord, except little children? Was it left to the Gospel alone—that Gospel which was intended to be the most expanded and catholic covenant of God with man—that Gospel which was intended to break over the contracted bounds of all former covenants and embrace a world—was it left to *this* Gospel of mercy to do what none of the partial and exclusive covenants had ever done, namely, shut out from its purview and sacraments the sinless portion of our race—those that were unfortunate, but not actually guilty —those whose natures were defiled, but whose wills have not transgressed? Is it true that the good news announced at the advent embraced the disfranchisement of helpless and suffering infancy which, till then, had been embraced in every covenant of mercy? Blessed Jesus! Thou who hast sanctified infancy by passing through all its stages and assuming all its weaknesses and prerogatives, have mercy on those who would select the objects of thine unconditional complacency as the only beings in this redeemed world who may not share in thy covenanted smiles, who may not claim those exceeding great and precious promises which were intended as crowning tokens of thy universal and lasting love.

In his sermon on the "*Incarnation*" are these words:—

It is usually understood that Deity is *impassive*, or in other words is unsusceptible of suffering. This doctrine may be taught in the Bible and may be confirmed by reason; but I suppose it does not imply that God cannot exercise compassion. If so, I, for one, reject it. I know that the lament of Jesus over Jerusalem, and his tears at the grave of Lazarus, are ascribed to his humanity—and that may be according to truth; but certainly his language and behavior on those occasions scarcely equal in pathos the following: How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together.

Is not this the language of compassion? It may be said that it is "accommodated to our conceptions." Then it surely teaches that God is not all intellect; for it expresses "to our conceptions" the most benevolent and intense sympathies. If he is susceptible of no such emotions how are "our conceptions" aided by language which indicates them? I feel warranted by this and many similar texts to maintain, as an article in my creed, that the infinite God is susceptible of compassion, or at least of a sentiment which can be designated by no better word in our language. I mean by compassion, in this instance, a *benevolent state* of the divine affections, *under the hinderance of God's charity or mercy* through the *perverse tempers of free moral agents.*

From the sketch on "*Blessedness of Hungering and Thirsting after Righteousness*" we take another extract:

A sinner, careless and reckless, is all at once observed to change his deportment. He grows more and more anxious, till at last a change comes over him in an agony of desire. He cries, "Give me pardon or I die." Just then, when he hungers and thirsts, pardon comes.

A sober Christian, well-behaved, is found solemn and anxious. Watch him; he becomes more and more anxious, till his soul is again in a struggle—not for pardon, he has it; but he is weary of life through inbred sin, and cries out,—

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

Thus struggling, another change comes. As a general rule the change comes just in the struggle itself, when the soul hungers and thirsts after righteousness,—the righteousness of entire sanctification.

Go to the first one just risen from the altar, where, in an agony as of death he had struggled, and ask, What did you seek? *Pardon.* Have you found it? Yes. How many of your sins are pardoned? *All, all!* Dare you believe it? *Yes, all!* "*As far as the east is from the west*, so far hath he separated my sins from me."

Then he *is filled;* he can have no more of pardon. Gabriel is not more free from guilt than he. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." He hungered for pardon, and is filled with the righteousness of pardon. Did one sin remained unpardoned he would not be filled.

Go to the sanctified—ask him what he hungered and thirsted for? *To be holy in heart.* Have you received it? *Yes.* How far have you received it? The Lord has cleansed me from *all my filthiness*, and from *all my idols.* He has *cleansed* me *from all unrighteousness.* He hungered and thirsted for *holiness* and is *filled.* If one pollution remained unwashed away he would not be filled with the righteousness of purity.

These selections, taken almost at random from the two volumes collected by Dr. Hibbard, indicate the broad field he traversed. He could not have been otherwise than a many-sided preacher of truth. It is true that he often presented and urged, with commanding eloquence and wondrous unction, the great experience of Christian perfection. His statements of its nature were most felicitous, transparent, and in full accordance with the earlier writers of our Church. But he preached a whole and full gospel. He had fitting truth for souls sphered in sin, for trusting penitence, and for Christian believers, crying out for "all the height of holiness."

THE EDITOR.

In adition to the high vocation of the preacher, Bishop Hamline was disciplined in part, for his future elevation to the episcopate, by a participation in editorial toils, vexations, and responsibilities. At the General Conference of 1836 Charles Elliott and William Phillips were elected editors of the "Western Christian Advocate." The latter died soon after his election, and the Ohio Conference, which had the prerogative of filling vacancies, elected L. L. Hamline. The strong, majestic preacher entered upon a new life. True, the demands upon a Church editor were then less onerous in many regards than now, but most emphatically, editorial resources were fewer. There were no editorial contributors, no fund provided to pay for matter, and comparatively few in the Church had developed the ability for newspaper writing.

Mr. Hamline carried his high sense of honor and detestation of coarseness and vituperation into his editorial rooms. His pen, amid the ceaseless temptations of his lot, scarcely wrote a line "which, dying, he would wish to blot." In 1840 he was chosen editor of the "Ladies' Repository," and the editorship of the books published by the Western Book Concern was devolved upon him. The means at his disposal were small. Yet it is not too much to say that his success was not only respectable, it was really most remarkable. During this quadrennium several editorial articles appeared of such merit as to impress the entire Church. Hamline's editorial life was a success.

It has passed into a proverb that officialism in the Methodist Episcopal Church is injurious to pulpit power. Too many examples confirm the rule, and the reasons can easily be given. Preaching is a jealous mistress, to whom divided affections are offensive. He who permits any other work to come into his life so great as to command him from pulpit preparation and pastoral oversight, loses the possibility of ever attaining his maximum of preaching power. Editorial life is also dissipating in the extreme. Besides all this, a man must be charged with the care of souls if his best capabilities as a preacher are to be developed. He must preach with a sense of responsibility such as only the pastoral office gives. Fully believing all this, yet the writer must say that during no part of Bishop Hamline's career was his preaching more powerful or successful than during his eight years of

tripod-work. He did an immense amount of it. He blazed in revivals, and was called in all directions on special occasions. More than probably this excessive labor laid the foundation for his prostration of health, and occasioned his early retirement from active labor.

THE BISHOP.

How came he to be elected? The answer is not far to seek. In the West, where he was best known, he had steadily risen in public estimation as an able minister of the New Testament. His fame had gone beyond the West, and had become connectional. His editorial success had turned the eye of the Church upon him as an able defender of Methodist doctrines and polity. In the General Conference of 1840, though modest and reticent, observing men had seen and measured his power.

The crisis of that celebrated Conference of 1844 brought him at last to his feet in a historic speech on the powers of the General Conference. He made scarcely an allusion to the case then pending, called no names, expressed no opinion on the merits of the controversy, but with a logic entirely inexorable, and rhetoric truly Ciceronic, he pressed his conclusion as to the complete and unquestionable competency of the General Conference to deal with all questions of that kind, and at its option to vacate either or all of its episcopal chairs.

The controversies of that stormy time, succeeded by a long train of woes, let us hope have passed; the writer would do nothing to revive them. But in this historic sketch it is necessary to say that it was discovered by that General Conference that the eminent preacher and accomplished editor was also an able ecclesiastical jurist, and from that hour his election to the episcopacy was a foregone conclusion, and none were surprised when, on the 8th of June, 1844, the count of ballots cast in the Greene-street Church, in the city of New York, L. L. Hamline received one hundred and two votes, a majority of the whole, and was declared duly elected.

On the 12th of June, only four days after his election, he was in the chair, presiding over the deliberations of the New York Conference, assisting Bishop Hedding. On the 19th of the same month he opened his first Conference, the Troy, at Poultney, Vt., and there occurred one of those severe shocks of sickness prophetic of the break-

ing down which was to compel his early retiring from the place of *primus inter pares.*

As a Conference president, as long as his health continued even tolerably firm, he was remarkable for solemnity and efficiency. He promptly repressed every tendency to levity by suggestions of a devotional character. There were not wanting those who felt that he sometimes pressed this feature of his administration too far. A little pleasantry occasionally enlivens business, checks asperity, and lubricates the heavy wheels of work. Bishop Hamline inclined to look upon it as beneath the dignity of a grave convocation of Christian ministers, who were pledged to do every thing as in the immediate presence of God, and that communion with God was the best preparation for the transaction of the solemn functions of such a body.

His rulings upon points of order were ready and rarely controverted. Without parliamentary *finesse* he had thoroughly mastered parliamentary detail. His decisions of law points were clear. His judicial training had strengthened his naturally legal turn of mind. In the period of his episcopacy trials of traveling preachers mostly occurred in open Conference, and Bishop Hamline had his share, some of them being of an unusually perplexing character. Yet he met the expectations of the Church in this regard.

There were also occurrences demanding from him action most painful to himself and for which the past had afforded no precedent. Exhausting all possible forbearance and courtesy, at the last his position was taken quietly, with dignity, but with granite firmness. The senior members of the Ohio Conference will distinctly remember one memorable instance of this kind.

In his Conference sermons he preserved the same general sweep of which mention is made above, but it is due to say that he attended no Annual Conference where he did not clearly state and earnestly commend the great experience of "being made perfect in love." Holding, as he did, that this is a grand distinguishing feature of Methodism, and a secret of religious success, he could not restrain either testimony or exhortation.

It was known at the time of his election to the episcopacy that his health was frail, and the development of aggravated disease of the heart soon caused him to feel that he was constantly preaching under

the shadow of the cloud, and also occasioned painful apprehension throughout the Church that his useful life would be cut short. But down to 1850 there was no abatement of labor. He held his Conferences, and added to ordinary routine labor; he labored in revivals, delivered missionary addresses, preached almost constantly. The record of those six years' work is absolutely amazing. "In labors more abundant," may well be said of him.

From 1850 to 1852 his work was, per force, less. His health was broken; he attended some Conferences, preached occasionally, and did what he could. As the General Conference of 1852 approached, he carefully considered his duty, and after protracted prayer and meditation decided to resign the episcopal office. It was not broken health alone which led him to this decision, or a desire to be entirely free from care. He was actuated by a sense of high consistency. In 1844 he held and maintained with great force that the Methodist episcopate is not an exalted *order* of the holy ministry, but an *office;*—of grave responsibility and dignity, it is true, but still an office, and one which can be vacated for disqualification by the General Conference without the formality of an impeachment, or by the voluntary retirement of the officer. He had never hesitated to wield its full authority if occasion required; and now he would do the Church the service of showing, by example, that it could be vacated by the resignation of an incumbent. He meant in 1852 to emphasize the doctrine he taught eight years before.

Finding that he could not reach Boston, the seat of the General Conference, he addressed to that body a letter, in which he recited the condition of his health at the time of his election, its subsequent improvement, and the work of six years; its failure in 1850, and the judgment of eminent physicians that his heart was so diseased as to forbid future labor. He adds:—

> Under my official responsibilities, to be unable to discharge my duties was an affliction, especially as it bore heavily on the effective superintendents; but I was comforted under this affliction, and being persuaded that I had done all I could, more than physicians and counseling friends deemed incumbent or even warrantable, I have much of the time been calmly and cheerfully resigned to this trying inactivity, and now I think that the circumstances warrant my declining the episcopal office.

Eight years ago I felt that divine Providence had strangely called me to the office; I now feel that the same Providence permits me to retire. I therefore tender my resignation, and request to be released from my official responsibilities as soon as the way shall be prepared by the action of the episcopal committee.

Relieved of my official obligations, I think of nothing but cleaving to Christ with all my heart, and in my feeble retirement aiding to promote his blessed cause. I mourn over my unworthiness, both personal and official, but trust in our great Prophet, Priest, and King, for acquittal, cleansing, and eternal life.

The Committee on Episcopacy reported on this letter an expression "of sympathy with our beloved superintendent in his afflictions;" also recommended the passage of his character, and that the resignation be accepted. A brief, but historic, debate followed. And the final action of acceptance was an assertion of the Low-Church theory of the Episcopacy. An additional resolution was moved by John A. Collins, and adopted, in which the Conference voted, "That the bishops be, and hereby are, respectfully requested to convey to Bishop Hamline the acceptance of his resignation as a superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the General Conference, accompanied with a communication expressing the profound regret of this body that the condition of his health has, in his judgment, rendered it proper for him to relinquish his official position; assuring him also of our continued confidence and affection, and that our fervent prayers will be offered to the throne of grace that his health may be restored, and his life prolonged to the Church."

Such was the termination of his episcopal career, and it was worthy of the man. He had asserted a grave principle, he now vindicated it in his own person, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, by accepting his proffered retirement, forever rendered prelacy impossible in its episcopacy.

EVENING.

And now with his intellectual powers in their golden maturity, and with such ripe experience as would richly endow him for his work, with fields white to the harvest, Mr. Hamline calmly hangs his sickle on the wall and retires from the field. He had known unsparing toil, and comprehended the meaning of the words "hard work," but the Master had never set him so difficult a task as was now before him. But he accepted it cheerfully.

His property had increased in value, and he made liberal donations to the various causes of Christian benevolence. Dr. Elliott says, "his liberality in distribution of his temporal means was liberal to a fault." Twenty-five thousand dollars were given to a Western college, besides most liberal donations to others, and various grants made to Churches and the great societies. He did not escape sharp criticism from some whose applications were denied. He selected his own objects of beneficence, and aided them according to his own carefully chosen plan, and endured the murmurs of the disappointed with all meekness.

Nor was this all; before he should choose that quiet western home, where the evening of his days was to be spent, a storm of unprecedented violence was to burst upon him. Charges of gravest character were made by a party who, like himself, was responsible to an Annual Conference. It is enough to say that the Conference, deeming the charges clearly malicious, and regarding them as deliberate slander, by a unanimous vote expelled the offender. He availed himself of his privilege of appeal, and after a protracted hearing of the appellant, the General Conference affirmed the decision of the Cincinnati Conference. Bishop Hamline did not attend the latter Conference during the investigation, but, though his character appeared to be suspended upon the result, he left all to God and the Church, remaining at his residence in Schenectady.

The years 1853, 1854 were mostly spent in Hillsdale, New York. He returned to Schenectady and remained there until 1857, when the family removed to Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, the place providentially chosen as the scene of his latest sufferings and triumphs, and from whence his ascension was to be made. Here the still more rapid decline of his health rendered his remaining necessary. All who knew him during this period of his life saw that he was ripening rapidly for glory. His correspondence was redolent of heaven, and in the sharpest and sorest of physical sufferings he was wonderfully sustained. In 1860 he thus wrote:

I am now impelled to write down, for my family, intimate friends, and for my own edification, a few of God's dealings with my poor soul. I have with comfort to myself spent thirty-two years in the ministry of God's holy word, and believe the Lord called me to the work. . . . I am thankful now, in closing up life and its labors, that I did not refuse to enter on the work and strive to

preach Christ. . . . For eight years I have been superannuated, and God has tried me as silver is tried; but he has often sweetened those trials by his presence in a marvelous manner, and now, day by day, my fellowship is with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ.

In this retirement and suffering his mind was active. He surveyed the great mission field of the Church, saw the difficulties and the possibilities as with an eagle's eye, and from his sick room sent words of cheer and exhortation. He was thoroughly roused at the announcement of the terrible Civil War, and his letters to Senator Harlan and others show not only an intense loyalty, but also a wise prevision of the measures necessary to insure peace.

About the first of July, 1863, I visited him. Providentially, in one of my two calls, I found him comfortable, and able to converse freely. His home was plain, but delightful. Adjoining the main building he had caused a class-room to be constructed, and supplied with all the appurtenances of worship. Here was his Bethel. He was no longer able to go to the public service, but in that consecrated room choice spirits came to enjoy with him and his excellent wife the communion of saints. There he sometimes expounded briefly the great and special promises, or listened to others, and there sometimes he bowed at the holy Supper. In appearance he had greatly changed. His hair was white, but retained its thickness, while his full beard was of a silver shade. His appearance was eminently patriarchal. At the second call, after disposing of an item of business relating to a church site on his property in Chicago, former days, past events, common friends, the state of the Church and the country, were talked over. His voice had its old sweetness, and his style was never clearer or more forcible. Some remarks on the relations of Christians to scientific thought, and sense expositions of holy writ, I regret not having preserved. His spiritual sky was clear, and the joy-birds came at morning and evening to accompany his devotions.

Through all of 1864 his approach to the grave grew perceptibly more rapid, his sufferings grew sharper, and his faith more constant and radiant. He dwelt lovingly upon the power of Christ to save unto the uttermost; and on the depth, sweetness, and power of perfect love. The brain became so abnormally sensitive that conversation was impossible, the voice even of a friend jarring him fearfully, and

conversation was by means of a slate. Yet ever and anon the tide of love surged over, and joyful or sublimely trustful whispers witnessed that all was going on well. At times he gave most thrilling exhortations, and again would break forth into prayers sublimely comprehensive, and resplendent with glowing faith. One of the last of his utterances is recorded by a friend as follows :—

I do not want one thought that is not fit for heaven. I have of late thought much of that, and when any wrong thought comes into my mind I say, That is not fit for heaven, till I get rid of it. . . . Jesus is able to give us victory over our hearts. O wonderful! wonderful! He came to seek and to save that which was lost. He goes out and seeks them, hunts them up and saves them. Just think of it—out seeking those that are wandering and bringing them back. . . . I KNOW THIS TO BE TRUE."

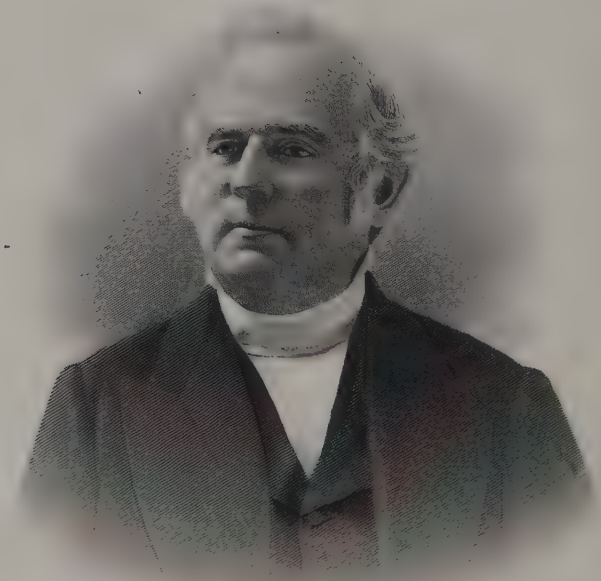
At last, on the 23d of March, 1865, the final struggle came in terrific physical agony. Few have endured more suffering in the last hour. He endured it with patience until the day which had commenced with fervent prayer was consummated by the bliss of heaven.

His old friend, Dr. Charles Elliott, officiated at his funeral.

He was temporarily interred at Mount Pleasant, and subsequently removed to Rosehill Cemetery, between Chicago and Evanston, where a slab of gray Scottish syenite marks his grave, inscribed simply LEONIDAS L. HAMLINE. There is no title and no panegyric. In accordance with the request of the sleeper no words are added. There is nothing which tells that all that could die of the strong thinker, the majestic preacher, and eminent bishop, is there buried. May not his own words be fitly read at his grave?

The grave of every saint is blessed. Jesus wrought the work when he lay in the tomb. He is, therefore, said to have *perfumed* the grave, because as fragrance delights our senses, so, through his death and burial, the tomb has pleasant odors. Its prisoners rest in hope. Christ has almost wedded the grave and the everlasting throne. He passed from crucifixion to burial, and from burial to heaven. Thus, greatly to our comfort, he has blended in close union death, the grave, and the glory which shall follow.

The writer of the above sketch acknowledges material obligations to the admirable volumes collected and edited by Dr. F. G. Hibbard, "Hamline's Works," and also to "The Life and Letters of Leonidas L. Hamline," by Walter C. Palmer, M.D.



E. S. Jones.

Edmund Storer Janes.

BY REV. JAMES M. BUCKLEY, D.D.

In presenting to our readers a sketch of the life of Bishop Edmund Storer Janes, one of the most revered of the "dear fathers and brethren" of the Methodist Episcopal Church, so widely known and but recently deceased, we are met at the beginning by peculiar difficulties.

To record facts known to the whole Church, and such facts only, would seem barren of interest; to omit them would conceal from all living who were not personally acquainted with our subject, and from the new generation of Methodists about to enter and to continue entering the Church for which he did so much, the materials necessary to the formation of a true idea of the man and of his work

Another perplexity arises from the completeness and symmetry of his career. He was not a "man of war," nor was he the hero of thrilling adventures, nor yet the leader of a party. He was neither eccentric in manners, nor of extraordinary presence, nor did he seek notoriety. He was not desirous of attracting attention outside of his own denomination, nor did he seek to come before the public in the secular or even in the religious press. He was not a writer of books, nor a lecturer, nor found in fashionable centers, literary, commercial, or social. He was never impeached or attacked, and never assailed others; and left to those who enjoyed it or had taste or time for it, the conception and promotion of brilliant schemes in Church and State. He was never shipwrecked nor imprisoned, nor charged with immorality or ministerial or personal "indiscretion."

Thus, as the artist finds it more difficult to make a striking picture in representing a dome than in portraying a more irregular structure; so, from the very completeness of the character of Bishop Janes, and his devotion to the work of his life, it becomes more difficult to worthily represent that life.

If the task be more perplexing it is, nevertheless, more pleasant;

for here, at least, there is nothing to conceal, nothing to varnish, little to extenuate. It is also important, for the life to be portrayed for imitation is not that which dazzles, but that which leads those who emulate it to go about doing good.

And let it not be thought there is a paucity of materials out of which to weave an interesting narrative. The difference we point out is that between the orbit of a planet and the apparently eccentric movements of a comet or a meteor. It is to the superficial observer only that the latter may be more striking than the former. The astronomer is equally impressed by the phenomena of law and force wherever they are manifested; and those who reflect on the career of Bishop E. S. Janes, and are competent to weigh it, will accord to him as lofty a tribute as any friends, however ardent, if discriminating, would desire.

The outline facts of his life until he enters the ministry are as follows: He was the son of Benjamin and Sarah Janes, who resided at the time of his birth at the small town of Sheffield, Massachusetts. The date of his birth is April 27, 1807, and he was named Edmund Storer Janes. His father was a carpenter in moderate circumstances; that is, he had saved something, but not enough to live without strict attention to business, which in that trade in a country place means exposure and hard work. The sons of such parents have the great advantage, for the loss of which no other inheritance can compensate them, of being early impressed with the necessity of taking care of themselves, of earning their living, and making their own way in the world. Hence the "simple annals" of his early life are in these words: "He took care of himself, working on a farm in the summer and going to school in the winter, until he was seventeen years old." To how many of the most influential and learned men of this country, in every denomination and profession, in the commercial and political worlds, would these words not apply? A small minority. Such labors imposed on the youth of fifty years ago, and often at the present time, imply no less affection in the hearts of parents than is felt by those who gratify every propensity or caprice of their children by lavish expenditure. But "necessity knows no law," and often the father and mother looked upon the hard working boy with unutterable love and pity. But the pity was misplaced, for a *man* was grow-

ing. Childhood was to be transient and preliminary, not perpetual. He improved rapidly, and from the time he was seventeen until he was twenty he taught school continuously. He is said to have been converted, and to have united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, when he was but thirteen years of age. In his twentieth year he began the study of law, and was admitted to the bar. It is also affirmed that the "sudden death of his prospective partner led him to serious reflection, and he gave himself to the work of the ministry." This may or may not have been the deciding cause. Very often young men hesitate a long time, and when they reach a decision it is attributed to the last improtant circumstance which preceded the final action. There is every reason to suppose that Edmund S. Janes, if he had retained his piety, sooner or later would have found his way into the ministry whether any thing extraordinary had occurred or not.

To many characters this remark would not apply; but his whole nature would have cried out for entire devotion to ministerial life, and would have been restless without it. Nor would the Church have overlooked his gifts, nor the Spirit have failed to guide him. External events had their due effect, but it is impossible that *he* never thought earnestly of the ministry till a "sudden death led him to serious reflection."

In the year 1830 he was received into the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church "on trial." The Conference at that time included the State of New Jersey within its limits, and opposite the word Elizabethtown, in the Minutes for 1830, we find the name of E. S. Janes; and the same entry was made in 1831. In 1832, having remained during the full term of two years, he was stationed at Orange, and re-appointed at the next session of the Conference. During these four years he exhibited business qualities of a high order; in particular a singular clearness of statement, which made financial questions intelligible and not uninteresting to an ordinary mind, and so, impressive to an audience. This led to his appointment, in 1834, as agent for Dickinson College. In 1835 he was re-appointed to this position, having as his colleague Charles Pitman. The "Cyclopedia of Methodism" states that he was appointed agent for Dickinson College in 1838. But reference to the Minutes of the Philadelphia

Conference would have preserved the compiler of the article from the error. In 1836 he was stationed at the Fifth-street Church, in Philadelphia, and in 1837 he was transferred to Nazareth, in the same city, and re-appointed in 1838. At the close of his full term at Nazareth his connection with the Philadelphia Conference ended by his being transferred to the New York Conference and made the pastor of the Mulberry-street Church. This society was the foundation of the present St. Paul's. Here he remained two years. The same qualities which led to his appointment to the agency of Dickinson College, and which he had signally exhibited in the prosecution of that work, now led to his selection as "the financial secretary of the American Bible Society." This position he filled until he was elected in June, 1844, to the office of bishop.

In 1841, 1842, and '43 his name appears in the "Minutes of the New York Conference" as appointed financial secretary of the American Bible Society; but in 1844 no allusion whatever is made to him. It would be impossible to determine from a study of the "Minutes" of 1844 whether he had died, withdrawn, been expelled, become superannuate or supernumerary, located, or been transferred. His name simply disappears. The explanation of which is, that in 1844 the New York Conference did not assemble till June 12, after the adjournment of the General Conference in the same city; but at that General Conference E. S. Janes had been made a bishop; and as the Conference had no further jurisdiction over him, the secretary had no right to call his name, nor could his character be passed upon there. It would appear, however, that some entry should have been made to complete the account of all who, in 1843, had received appointments at that Conference. The custom now becoming general, of publishing the names and histories in epitome of the members of the Conference at the close of the "Minutes," and of continuing in the list the name of any member of the Conference who may have been elected bishop, will, perhaps, cover this point. From 1844 until his death he was engaged in the duties of the episcopal office.

When the General Conference met, in 1840, the bishops were Robert R. Roberts, Joshua Soule, Elijah Hedding, James O. Andrew, Beverly Waugh, Thomas A. Morris. In the interval Robert R. Roberts

had died, so that Joshua Soule became the senior bishop, and the others remained the same, and signed the address to the General Conference of 1844. At that Conference James O. Andrew was disqualified to act except on conditions with which he refused to comply. Leonidas L. Hamline and Edmund Storer Janes were elected and ordained, and the records were attested by Joshua Soule, Elijah Hedding, Beverly Waugh, Thomas A. Morris, Leonidas L. Hamline, and Edmund Storer Janes.

Subsequently the Church was divided, so that E. S. Janes was the last bishop to receive the vote of the original undivided Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon afterward the Southern Conferences seceded and established the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the senior bishop, Joshua Soule, and Bishop Andrew, went with them. In 1852 Bishop Hedding died, in 1858 Bishop Waugh also died, and in 1874 Bishop Morris ended his long life. In 1852 Bishop Hamline resigned, which left Thomas A. Morris senior bishop; but he for many years being very infirm, and necessarily inactive, Bishop Janes was practically the senior bishop for nearly twenty years.

The circumstances of his election were remarkable. In the first place, he was only thirty-seven years old; the youngest man ever elected bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. R. R. Roberts and James O. Andrew were thirty-eight; Francis Asbury, thirty-nine; and Joshua Soule thirty-nine when he was first elected and declined, and forty-three when he was ordained. Bishops Whatcoat and Peck were over sixty; M'Kendree, Scott, Thomson, Kingsley, Bowman, Harris, Foster, and Haven, were over fifty; and George, Hedding, Emory, Waugh, Fisk, (who declined,) Hamline, Simpson, Ames, Clark, Wiley, Merrill, Andrews, were over forty; and seven of these last nearer fifty than forty. O. C. Baker lacked a few weeks of being forty, and T. A. Morris had just passed his fortieth birthday. It is undoubtedly the case, whether it bodes good or ill, that the importance attached to age in this country, both in Church and State, as one of the essential qualifications for positions of unusual responsibility, has steadily diminished; but the ages of the bishops elected in the Methodist Episcopal Church for the past forty years—in fact, from the beginning—have been sufficiently advanced, in view of the work demanded of them. That,

however, at the most critical period in the history of the denomination the youngest man ever elected should have been placed in that position, is a fact worthy of special examination.

It is also true that E. S. Janes had never been a member of any General Conference, and was not a member of that which elected him. The following extract from the "Journal of the General Conference of 1844," is also of great significance:—

> First ballot for bishops: On counting the votes cast in the first ballot, it was ascertained that no one had received a majority of all the votes. The chair therefore announced that there was no choice. On counting the votes in the second balloting it appeared that there was a larger number of votes than members of Conference. . . . Dr. Capers moved that the Conference, by a rising vote, confirm the election of Edmund S. Janes.

This did not prevail, and on the third ballot L. L. Hamline and Edmund S. Janes were elected.

The philosophy of the election of this young man and of the motion of Dr. Capers, the leader of the South Carolina Conference, to elect him by acclamation, now deserves attention. The piety, prudence, and excellent intellectual qualities of E. S. Janes had become widely known. As agent of Dickinson College, and as financial secretary of the American Bible Society, he had made many personal friends in the South, and in both positions there was not only no need for him to take a partisan attitude, but it would have been fatal to his success if he had done so. Literature and the Bible are nonpartisan, whatever the use made of them in advocacy of special causes.

As he was not a member of the General Conference of 1844, he had no responsible connection with the fierce and heated controversies that took place in that assembly, but preserved relations of "amity and comity" with the members from all sections.

No distinctively Southern man could have been elected at that Conference, and not more than one Northern man who took an active part in the controversy. In times of great commotion one leader will generally concentrate the full strength of those whom he represents, but upon others there will be division. Hamline was elected on the issue which he represented, but none of the other leaders could have been. Many in the North had no objection to

Bishop Janes, and none in the South had. So that Dr. Capers had it in his heart to move to make his election unanimous. This probably caused some of the more radical of the Northern delegates to regard E. S. Janes with suspicion. But if he had been a member of the General Conference he would have been drawn into the debates or would have tried to preserve a noncommittal position. If he had attempted the latter he would have failed, and "would have fallen to the ground between two stools." In the former case, his youth and the bitterness of feeling excited, would have rendered his election impossible. An attentive study of the situation leads to the conclusion that his election resulted from his not being a member of the General Conference, his occupying positions that shielded him from controversy, his acquaintance with, and the high esteem in which he was held in, the South, the desire of many to have one bishop who would be equally acceptable North and South, the general recognition of his fitness for the position, and the impossibility of alleging any thing against him.

If it be mentioned that his pre-eminent fitness alone is sufficient to explain it, we reply that his pre-eminent fitness was then undemonstrated; it was rendered probable by his previous career, and though that probability under ordinary circumstances might have led to his election later in life, it is improbable that had he taken an active part either in or out of the General Conference in the controversies then raging, he would at that time have been elected one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Since that event his career has been known to the whole Church; and has afforded abundant material for an analysis of his intellectual and moral endowments, as well as a delineation of his personal qualities.

His religious character had several strongly marked features, of which the following may be pointed out as alike obvious and estimable. He was a man of *inflexible uprightness*. What he believed to be right he did not shrink from, and his views of the right were generally clear and consistent. He was "happy in that he condemned not himself in the things which he allowed." His conscientiousness appeared to be extreme, and extended to the smallest details of duty as scrupulously as to the great outlines of moral and religious obligation.

This rendered him thoroughly reliable. Every thing he felt that he ought to do he endeavored to do; whatever he promised he surely performed. He was characterized by great spirituality—we may say, unusual spirituality; but not of the dreamy, contemplative sort, which at the best is but a reverie, and at the worst a delusion, but genuine devotion that never lost sight of duty. This gave him an average power far greater than that of those sometimes appearing to sweep the skies in a chariot of fire, but usually either creeping the ground or hidden in the clouds of mysticism. He was a man of great liberality; ready to give, giving both from principle and impulse. His religion did not obstruct the flow of natural generosity, or weigh every act of kindness; but usually the impulse prompted the deed, and reason interpreting Christian principle was ofttimes called in rather to restrain than to impel. Of some it may be said, that they never give except when duty calls; of him it might be said, that he seldom restrained his benevolent impulses except when duty required. He was a man of regular religious habits and of seriousness; and when he prayed, he prayed for that which most absorbed him at the time, rather than repeated an inventory of suitable petitions. Of his intellectual qualities it may be observed that he had clearness of perception and tenacity of grasp, two things quite different and not always united, and it is difficult to determine which is the more essential: clearness without tenacity being incompatible with energy and influence, and tenacity without clearness degenerating into mere brute obstinacy.

He had an indomitable will. In that respect he was a study. With mildness of manner, softness of voice, and deep religiousness, there was never a man more determined and persistent than he. Growing out of this he had unsurpassed perseverance. This he illustrated on every occasion, and none attest it more thoroughly than those whom he befriended. A merchant now of high standing came to New York twenty years ago poor and sick, with a family to support; Bishop Janes, becoming interested in him, determined to get him a position, and did so after repeated trials. The merchant has since informed the writer that he never saw such perseverance, and that it inspired him with the purpose to succeed; for if another, so pressed with care as was Bishop Janes, could do so much for him, what should he

not do for himself? His acquirements were great. We have already spoken of his study of the law, and have now to add that during his residence in Philadelphia he thoroughly pursued the study of medicine, not designing practice as a physician, but for the love of knowledge and to further qualify himself for the prosecution of his work in the ministry. He understood the mutual helpfulness of the professions, and knew that human nature is many-sided, and that many maladies are not curable by either spiritual or physical medicaments alone. His reading and acquisitions were in these fields rather than in general literature; although he had accumulated considerable information in all departments of thought and action. His self-possession certainly was unusual. If he was ever consciously embarrassed in later years he never exposed it to the most careful scrutiny.

On one occasion he gave to the writer certain suggestions concerning public speaking, which depended upon the speaker's being entirely self-possessed. On the writer's observing that those suggestions would not be of the slightest use if the speaker lost his self-control, Bishop Janes replied: "A minister of our Lord Jesus Christ who means to do his duty, and has the Holy Spirit to keep him, ought always to be self-possessed. What right has such a man to be embarrassed?" Once, when he was preaching in California, the lights suddenly went out, on which the bishop remarked: "The gospel light shineth in dark places," and went on with his discourse, the audience remaining quiet until lights were brought. It has been observed that men who attain such a high degree of self-control generally pay a very high price for it, no less than the loss of oratoric fervor—of the susceptibility of being thorougly aroused by a subject or an occasion. But Bishop Janes retained that susceptibility to the very last, and in his sermons, platform addresses, and debates in the missionary and other boards with which he was connected, would often thrill and sometimes astonish his hearers, and carry his point as much by his fervency as by the weight of the considerations which he submitted.

He was a man of great readiness in speech; and had a mastery of two great elements in a perfect style, namely, simplicity and purity of language. His most unaffected talks, stenographically reported, read

like extracts from some of the more chaste and terse of the old English divines. In the second year of the writer's ministry he formed the acquaintance of a lawyer noted for his critical knowledge of the English language, who was at that time, had been for many years, and continued for a long time, the superintendent of the board of education in his native city. He was not a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, nor of any other. Said he to the author: "What has become of that small man, a minister of your Church who traveled through this country twenty years ago representing the American Bible Society?" On being told that he was then bishop, he replied: "He spoke the purest English of all the ministers whom I have heard. I thought his name was Janes, and knew that there was a bishop of that name, but was not aware that he was the same. I have always remembered him as a master of his native tongue."

He spoke extemporaneously in the Attic simplicity with which Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, wrote; both modeled on Addison rather than on the ponderous Johnson, or the florid speakers and writers since so popular. The chief faults of extemporaneous speech are extravagance, repetition, and want of proportion. It will be conceded that the sermons and addresses of Bishop Janes were free from these defects. He often expressed the same ideas in different language, but not in the same sermon or address; and when he repeated his sermons they were never verbatim, much being added or omitted, and the parts retained couched in other forms of speech.

He never, or very seldom, wrote his sermons, but prepared a speech resembling a lawyer's brief. Yet that he could compose in the best style, the "Bishops' Address to the General Conference of 1876" abundantly shows, since, though the expression of all the bishops, and containing suggestions from all, it was principally, and its composition wholly, the work of Bishop Janes. So fine a piece of work was it, that it extorted from one of the most competent and yet merciless critics in that body the tribute, "The finest thing he ever did or ever will do, even if he has been incubating it for months."

He was a man of great practical sagacity, which he exhibited in his dealing with the much-debated questions of lay delegation and the management of the Book Concern. His judgment of measures was, however, more generally correct than his estimate of men. In

the former he rarely failed, but in the latter he was often deceived and imposed upon. In fact, it may be assumed that this was the chief, perhaps the only point, where his penetration was often at fault.

As a presiding officer his abilities were of a high order, his natural clearness, and legal training, fitted him for a parliamentarian. If his somewhat autocratic temper occasionally led him to infringe upon the prerogatives of the assembly in his desire to facilitate the business, the moment his attention was called to it his decisions would be conformed to the strict letter of the law. Of his industry it is only necessary to say that he kept the rules laid down by Wesley; he was "never unemployed," "never triflingly employed, never remained any longer at any one place than was strictly necessary."

We may now offer some reflections upon his views as affecting his discharge of his episcopal functions. He had a high estimate of the powers, responsibilities, duties, and prerogatives of his office. He was in thought and feeling, yet in no bad sense, "every inch a bishop." Coming to the position of senior bishop in the maturity of his powers, on account of having been elected at the age of thirty-seven, and the early retirement of L. L. Hamline, responsibilities were early placed upon him which developed a prelatical tendency, which, had it not been modified by his unfeigned humility and genuine spirituality would have been inharmonious with the genius of Methodism; but as it was thus modified, the result was beneficent.

In the Roman Catholic Church he would have taken rank with the most renowned of confessors and propagandists, for the tendency of his mind was to place the Church, and loyalty to the Church, before all human interests and passions. Ease, rest, pleasure, were mere words to him. He carried every detail of the Church on his own mind; and in his own house he was, through the pressure of episcopal duty, "only a visitor," yet ever the most delightful one the household entertained. His theories concerning work would ruin many, but he carried them into practice himself. He did not "lay burdens grievous to be borne upon other men," without being willing to bear as much.

The "cabinet," when he held the Conference, was no place of ease, nor were the presiding elders able to spend much time in society life; but to the last moment of the session he kept them at work conscientiously comparing, adjusting, changing, in the hope of doing just that which was, all things considered, the best thing to be done. With all his marvelous self-possession he never could throw off the weight of care. He recognized the fact that Methodism is in a state of transition; and when changes which he did not originally approve became inevitable, instead of vainly denouncing the innovation, and exalting the past at the expense of the present, he applied himself to making the most of the situation for the Church. Thus, though not in the outset in favor of the introduction of laymen into the General Conference, when he saw that it would either prevail or be lost by a small deficiency, the latter alternative, if it became a fact, to be followed by further agitation and final reversal, he threw his influence powerfully in favor of the movement, and assisted in its subsequent adjustment by friendly and sagacious counsels.

In like manner, for many years, he doubted the expediency of distinctive theological institutions in the Methodist Episcopal Church, fearing that they would tend to assimilate Methodist preaching to the cold and scholastic style formerly general in other denominations, and that they might become hot-beds of heresy; but when they were established he exhibited the liveliest interest in them, and expressed himself gratified with their progress and influence thus far.

The question may arise in the mind of the reader whether a mere eulogy is designed, and not a just analysis of the man and his work. To this it is replied that we have reserved to this part of our sketch the impediments with which he had to contend.

His "personal appearance was weak," until long after he had passed middle life; he seemed to lack masculine vigor; in fact, his appearance would be described as effeminate. Like many others, however, to whom this remark would apply in early life, as he grew older he greatly increased in weight, so that for the last twenty years he would not have been called a "little man," except in contrast with some of his gigantic colleagues, nor did he wear the aspect

of feebleness. His voice also was weak, high pitched, and of limited compass, having no natural strength in the lower tones. It did not, therefore, counteract the impression produced by his appearance, but intensified it. It had, however, two redeeming qualities—it was exceedingly clear, and it was musical; and he had attained great distinctness of utterance, and in a quiet assembly, however large, he was better heard, or at least more easily understood, than many speakers possessing sonorous voices. He could not command a tumultuous assembly, and when in England, on being introduced to a vast concourse in a building of rather inferior acoustic properties, he could not make himself heard. As is always the case in England, and often every-where, an audience that cannot hear becomes noisy, and, after a few ineffective attempts to command attention, Bishop Janes took his seat. The chairman had the courtesy to say, in a voice loud enough to be heard a great distance, "It is not, bishop, that they do not wish to hear you, but that they *cannot* hear you, that they are uneasy."

He was of a rather irritable temperament, or, if not naturally so, his overwork and ill health had made him sensitive to interruption, to blunders, and neglects by others. On one occasion, at the close of one of the longest sessions of an Annual Conference ever held, in which there had been much confusion and many things to try him, and in which he had shown that he was greatly tried, he said, just before reading the appointments, that "he had endeavored to transact the business thoroughly, and to possess his soul with patience, and if he had failed in any degree he begged the Conference to believe that nothing incompatible with Christian love was allowed to dwell in his heart; but that a constitution now systematically overworked for a quarter of a century, gave him much to contend with." For many years he was a very sick man, yet he gave himself no rest, and it is wonderful that he controlled himself to the degree he did. To the sustaining grace of God he attributed it; and that, no doubt, taken in connection with his exceeding conscientiousness and native good sense, and his high regard for propriety, is its explanation.

Bishop Janes was a grave man, but he was ordinarily a cheerful

man, and by no means destitute of a sense of humor. The writer once heard him say to a class of candidates for admission into full connection with the Conference: "Brethren, if people sleep under your preaching it is your fault. Interest them and they will keep awake." But one of his colleagues, infirm and just returned from a long journey, was at that moment in the pulpit behind him, *asleep*. In the "cabinet" that afternoon he was told of the coincidence. He enjoyed it very much, and one of the presiding elders said that many times afterward he would smile and say, "Well, the bishop was asleep, was he? The young men must have thought that my doctrine was not sound, or that I gave them a precept without practice."

The influence of Bishop Janes on the whole Church was deeply religious. He had a profound sense of the reality of revealed religion, and he impressed it upon all whom he met. He exerted a special influence on the ministry. He was never light, never extravagant; there was nothing of the "pulpit jester" in him. His piety was never questioned, and he was never accused of worldliness. Every-where he went he promoted the real interests of the Church. He had both knowledge and grace. His goodness elevated his intellect, and his intellectual qualities gave a peculiar luster to his unaffected piety.

Considering the agitated condition of the Church when he was elected one of its "superintendents," and its immediate disruption, and the "troublous times" that followed, we may thankfully adore the wisdom of God in his selection.

His domestic life was unusually happy, though his work as bishop for many years greatly interfered with his enjoyment of home. He married Miss Charlotte Thibou, a lady of refinement and piety, in every way adapted to promote his happiness and usefulness. Their children were four in number, three daughters, of whom one, Matilda, died in the peace of God at the age of sixteen; another, Charlotte, is the wife of the Rev. Charles E. Harris, of the New York East Conference; and the third, Miss Sarah E. Janes, remained with her parents until they died; and one son, the Rev. Lewis T. Janes, now preaching in the West.

The family lived simply, in comfort, but without display. The richest and the poorest of his guests could sit in his parlor or at his

table without the former seeing any thing to criticise as defective, or the latter led to suspect the host of extravagance or worldly-mindedness. In this respect his example might with propriety be followed not only by all ministers, but by all the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church whose means would allow the moderate expenditures which he made. His financial affairs toward the end of his life were affected by the generally depressed condition of the country, and he died before the return of prosperity.

Mrs. Janes, after a most painful sickness of eleven months, died on the 18th of August, 1876. This event made a profound impression on the already greatly weakened constitution of Bishop Janes, and "about a month after, returning from the Book Room to his house, he was seized with his last illness." The writer was among those who reverently gazed upon him as he lay in his usual attire, slowly and painlessly dying. No change had taken place in his appearance, and it seemed as if he must open his eyes, and ask his usual questions: "How are you, my brother, and how is your ministry prospering?" But he never spoke again.

It is almost superfluous to ask how such a man died. There was but one way for him to die. Having lived the life of the righteous, his "last end was like his." For *him* to express himself satisfied, or to say, as he is reported to have said, "I am not disappointed," is superior to all the flights of fancy which have made some death-beds celebrated, and furnished materials for glowing description in speech and song.

It is, indeed, a pleasant thing to hear from the lips of a dying friend words of triumph and encouragement, to be relieved from the necessity of trying to strengthen the timid, and to find our own grief diminished by the vivid delineations which the departing give of the visions which open before them. How fondly we recall their "last words!" But it is far better to have a whole life of piety to remember than to be dependent on death-bed conversations for evidence either that our friends love us or that they love our Lord and Saviour. Bishop Janes had expressed his views of death and of the future state on many occasions, to the great comfort of those who had been bereaved, and his piety visibly deepened as his years declined toward the tomb, so that with much less exaggeration than is often seen, it

may be said that his life and death furnish an illustration of God's word, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

And the Methodist Episcopal Church will long cherish his memory.

"As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light forever shine;
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age;

"So, through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears:
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb."

Osmon Cleander Baker.

BY REV. L. D. BARROWS, D.D.

A MODERN critic has said: "He who leaves a useful *idea* to posterity leaves a legacy." But the richest bequest ever left by man to his survivors is a strong and spotless character. As the present is born of the past, it may be safely said that our chief inheritance of good and evil has come to us, under God's arrangement, from our predecessors.

It is the chief purpose of biography to encourage this transfer from age to age of all that should repeat itself in society, and to stop, as far as possible, all currents that corrupt the popular mind and morals. Such is the mission of the modern press; and if true to its high and holy calling, what speedy and powerful revolutions would be wrought in commerce, politics, and literature!

All who, like the writer, would contribute their item to such an object, find their work beset with neither few nor small difficulties. To read and delineate character correctly is as difficult as it is responsible. Perversion, through ignorance or prejudice, seems almost inevitable. A sound judgment, a critical taste, and unyielding integ rity, alone can be trusted. A translator is expected to reproduce his original with no dazzling ornaments added. It is the pride of many scholars that they have completed their knowledge of the Iliad by translating it.

It were no small nor unworthy aspiration to imbibe the spirit and character of a Homer; but if the present writer and reader may hope to approach the noble character of the subject of this fragmentary biography, it would be "a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

When I was a boy, perhaps in 1833, I heard my father ask our circuit minister: "Have you in your Church any young man coming on who will fill the place of Dr. Fisk when he is gone?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, "we have a young man in college now,

Osmon Cleander Baker, who bids fair (if he takes a good course) to become his equal." From that day our youthful curiosity followed the subject of this writing.

Osmon Cleander Baker was born in Marlow, N. H., July 30, 1812, and was the son of Dr. Isaac and Abigail Baker, who were persons of piety and more than ordinary culture. Without great affluence, competency, comfort, and quiet refinement gave character to the happy household. Osmon was the youngest of three sons, with two sisters, also older.

HIS BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

Exhibited nothing remarkable except the quiet refinement and modest bearing that he showed all through his ripe manhood. Rev. Eleazer Smith, of the New Hampshire Conference, a life-long companion, speaks of him at four years of age as a beautiful boy, bashful, modest, and manly, of an excellent disposition, and disinclined to great activity in either work or play.

Beyond the common school advantages Osmon, while young, attended more or less on the Chesterfield Academy. His parents became Christians in 1826, and became acquainted with Rev. Dr. Fisk only a short time before he took charge of the Wilbraham Academy. In Dr. Fisk's association with Dr. Baker's family young Osmon attracted his attention. And when the doctor went into Wilbraham Academy he took with him his promising young friend. Dr. Fisk and other efficient fathers in our Church looked after the coming man.

Here, in 1828, being about sixteen years of age, yet unconverted, he was duly enrolled a student at Wilbraham. In the boarding-house there, March 14, 1828, he records his happy conversion to Christ, and was baptized by Dr. Fisk on April 13th, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church on probation the next day. The day after his reception into the Church, two days after his baptism, he speaks of receiving "a great blessing at Stony Hill."

After his conversion he commenced a diary, which is very regular and full. Notwithstanding the narrow limit of this article, we shall quote sufficiently to show the *mind*, *character*, and *habits* of the man, and *how they were formed*. From the first to the last stroke of his pen, the ruling feeling shown is a *longing desire for more grace, and*

a deeper religious experience. He seemed to comprehend at once the most exalted view of Christian *growth and maturity.* Scarcely a date or record that does not breathe this strong desire, and restlessness with all that he saw before him as his duty and privilege. But he was singularly free from all cant, or technicalities about the *degrees* of his religious attainments. Yet his standard was high and pre-eminently scriptural.

He followed his studies in the academy for some time before any indications occur in his diary of any plan for future work. This is first shown by his frequent allusions, though incidental and very brief, to "*the theological class,*" in such expressions as these: "The theological class met to-night at Dr. Fisk's;" "Felt the pressure of God at the theological class this evening;" "A. B. joined the theological class this evening," etc., etc. Very little he says about the purposes or exercises of this class while he remained at Wibraham. The most that can be gathered from his unsatisfactory allusions to it is, that nothing but the most primary and general exercises were had. No recitations are spoken of; but doctrinal discussions, and plans of sermons, or an essay for the "New England Herald," are spoken of in the class. It evidently met only weekly, and in the evening.

Quite early in his Christian experience he shows a careful inquiry into the *doctrines* of Scripture. To this field of thought the noble Fisk turned the attention of his Christian young men. As early as May 26, 1829, it is recorded in his diary: "Conversed to-day with my roommate upon *unconditional election.* To my mind there is nothing in the Scriptures or in reason to support his views." At another time he says: "Brother Hamilton conversed with my chum on doctrine. O that he might be dug from the mire of Calvinism! The more I examine that system the more I see its deformity and inconsistency." He speaks afterward of writing on that doctrine, by appointment of the class, for the "New England Herald."

Much of the larger portion of his journal relates to personal and experimental religion. He seems almost afraid to allude to any thing else, and feels so rebuked when he does, that he drops it in the shortest way he can. He frequently refers to the hinderances to his own growth in piety. He says: "Some of the young converts are

very much cast down; they are so much addicted to laughter and lightness of mind." To this subject he often recurs. He laments almost continually his own free disposition to laughter; and often attributes his lack of spirituality and comfort to this cause. Loud laughter he thought was wicked. Judged by the present common standard of Christian judgment, even, his conscience on this point was morbid. For smiling, even, he condemned himself. Many times he refers to it in his diary, in one year. Then and there, we judge, he trained himself to his future habit of laughing without noise. His nature was cheerful and kind. Keen and chaste wit he greatly enjoyed, and even repartee; but he seldom perpetrated a joke or encouraged mirthfulness. Our acquaintance with his ripe manhood, has not suggested to us, as his journal has, that his great reserve and quietness were so largely the result of his early, continued, and severe discipline. Yet in after years he grew more liberal with himself on this subject, and no doubt smiled at his early asceticism. To be sober was cardinal in his practical theology; and if others tempted him to smile, he would go away to long agonies of prayer. But he gives us no clue to the origin of this singular conviction of his.

He records, July 30, 1829: "This day, I am seventeen years old." Up to this time he has spoken often of "the theological class," doctrinal discussions, sketch writing, talking in social meetings in the seminary, and neighborhood; but no word has been dropped about the *ministry*, except this brief minute, June 21, 1829: "I have been in some agitation this afternoon and evening about preaching and exhorting. I wish to know and do my duty. I do not wish to be set about the work by the devil, who, doubtless, influences many to take the work of the ministry upon them when they are not called of God. O that God would direct me aright in all things!"

In August, 1829, he shows great anxiety and trouble of mind about preaching and going to college. Went into the pulpit for the first time, September 6, 1829, in his native town, with Brothers Fay and Tenny. He says he "went with trembling steps; but had considerable liberty in exhorting and praying." September 16 he started again for Wilbraham, with this remark: "Some think I had better enter the old Methodist College (the itinerant ministry) and

complete my education there." Five days later, he adds: "Commenced to-day my studies in the languages." But all this time he is filled with great hungerings for more grace and deeper piety.

December 13, 1829: "This morning went with Brother Jason Lee to Springfield Plains, and spoke to the people from Lamentations iii, 27, 'It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.' I was quite well prepared for speaking, and enjoyed considerable liberty. Spoke about three-quarters of an hour. Before I went I was full of fear and doubt; but after I had spoken my heart enjoyed a calm peace. This is the first time I ever attempted to speak from a text. I have many temptations about preaching; but I am determined to serve the Lord, even if I have to preach the gospel."

December 25, 1829, we find this minute: "Theological class met this evening. Dr. Fisk asked the minds of the brethren about granting Brothers Patten, Hill, and myself, exhorter's license, though we had not applied. We were recommended."

In a crisis hour of his life, December 29, 1829, he writes thus: "This evening prayed in the family, but did not have quite my usual liberty, and this laid the foundation for many trials. It has been a day of trials and afflictions in meditating upon preaching. This evening I walked out, and reflecting upon this subject as I traversed the lonely fields, my reasonings were as follows: I have not the gifts of expression which some have, and I think that this is my greatest obstruction. But yet, I say, if it is the will of God that I should preach I will do so. But then the conclusion seems to be this: if my utterance was perfect, then I should not consider my present convictions as sufficient evidence of my call. And, again, if I was in reality called of God to preach the gospel, I should have clearer evidence of it than I now have; therefore, the difficulty of communication should not be a hinderance. Again, if all things were perfect, then there would be no growth in abilities. These things troubled my mind to such an extent that it was with much difficulty that I could study. I have conversed considerably upon this subject with Brothers Patten and Hill. I have been tempted to give up my religion, or to go to New Hampshire. But yet I am resolved to serve the Lord. I am sensible it has hurt my enjoyment, and that I do not stand as high in Christian experience as I have

done. This evening Dr. Fisk preached in the hall concerning the witness of the Spirit. After meeting, my chum and myself got into the spirit of laughter. O that I might have control over myself through grace!"

January 1, 1830, his journal states: "This evening the theological class met in No. 3. After prayer, Brothers Patten, Hill, and myself, received license to hold prayer and exhortation meetings in the Methodist Episcopal Church, signed by David Kilburn, presiding elder, in behalf of the Quarterly Conference of Wilbraham Circuit." Before this, however, he had prepared and delivered many discourses which he deemed unworthy to be called sermons.

Just at this point a little of his experience will be read with interest and profit: "This afternoon I have been writing on Solomon's Song, ii, 16. It is my practice to write my discourses before I deliver them. Neither nature nor grace have given me the happy art of doing things as some can, without deep thought and research, and this I can do best on paper. . . . If a person who is called of God does not have his mind dwell on the subject before he speaks, then I am not called." Very much like this not a few young men have been heard to talk, since the commencement of young Baker to preach. To any soul who may read this we commend a subsequent fragment of his experience.

Sabbath, January 31, 1829, he had, with a brother, an appointment to preach in an adjoining town. But he says: "My colleague, Brother Lee, had gone to B. to hold a meeting, and the whole appointment lay upon my own shoulders. Some of my brethren (especially Brother P.) had led me to suppose that they would bear half the burden. Yet this morning it so happened that it was not thought desirable for P. to go with me. Brother W. also declined on account of some things which he thought an ample excuse. Brother H. (my chum) declined for want of a disposition. Thus was I brought into the strait. I argued the case very zealously, as I had prepared but one discourse, and as I had written all my discourses previously. My courage failed not; and I was determined to go and do the best I could, and trust in the Lord. As I had a few skeletons written, I took one of them, on 2 Peter iii, 18, and started for my appointment. I prepared and arranged my first discourse, on Peter, while I was traveling, in the best manner I

could in my present circumstances. The meeting commenced, and I had good liberty. From these mercies of God I learn to trust in him in all things, knowing that God will stand by his word, and that I should be more fully engaged in his service."

At this point of his diary is a note of reference to a comment of his on this matter *nine years later*, in these words: "In the morning [in the unwritten discourse] I felt more liberty in declaring the truth than I did in the afternoon. Thus my confidence in myself was increased; and from that day to the present my public exercises have been extemporaneous." Let timid young men who lack faith in themselves and in God go and do likewise; but, "prepare and arrange," as he did, without dependence on paper.

His hard struggle with temptation, and his deep experience, are well set forth in the following: "This morning, before meeting, I was disconsolate—felt I was cast off by my brethren. In meeting held a long conversation with the adversary, and felt no good resulting from it. It appeared some of the time that the jaws of hell were clinched around me. And, by tracing back effects to causes, I find why it is so. The fault is wholly in me. It flows from pride and unwillingness to do duty, running round the cross, and a distrust of God. These things ought not so to be. It appears that I cannot, neither would it be best for me, to do any thing in our public meetings, unless God has sanctified my soul wholly. I look around, and there are not many who profess this blessing. If they live the blessing of justification without striving for full salvation, I am sensible that I cannot. I have written for that blessing; I have exhorted publicly; I have contended in private conversation for it; I have in some degree lived for it; but, alas, I have not *believed* for full and perfect salvation. . . . I cannot live without a sanctified heart. The devil attacks me on every hand—preaching, sanctification, etc., etc. But, after all, I rest in hope." Thus the convert and feeble Christian can see how the great and good of other times have struggled with Satan, and with the same doubts and fears they now suffer.

At another time he speaks of a terrible temptation about "a revised Epicurean system,"—the origin of the material world—the pleasures and the troubles of the imagination; but in every successive assault, with the simplicity of a child, he sought refuge only in prayer

and holy trust. His childhood education had most thoroughly taught him the subordination of all things to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, from which no storms of Satanic rage could shake him.

The spirit of his school-boy days, and the cast of his mind, are well indicated in the following extract from his journal, March 18, 1829: "This evening there was a prayer-meeting held in the dining hall. During prayer time divine worship was seriously disturbed by the irreverent responses of one of the students. After rising from our knees Brother L. turned to him and addressed him in the following words: 'Thou child of the devil; thou limb of Satan; thou firebrand of hell; thinkest thou that we cannot discern between the voice of the sheep and of the goats?' The propriety of using such language in a religious meeting I very much question. Yet, perhaps, I may gain some wisdom by noting the effects which this produced." Here is seen the gentle, cautious, but analectic cast of his mind.

He took much interest, and spent much time, both while at Wilbraham and at Middletown, in holding social meetings, and in visiting and preaching in adjoining towns and neighborhoods: so much so that Dr. Fisk remarked that it somewhat retarded his studies. Yet he expressed no wish to have him do less of that work. The doctor understood and believed in *practical* education.

We have now sufficiently opened to the reader's mind, especially to the young minister, the history and character of young Baker's early years; before his great life work was either commenced or fully determined upon. His was a boyhood that all young persons, particularly young men, can safely and profitably study.

After this date he records great struggles and great doubts about his duty. He especially felt himself, at times, called to preach; but his health and voice were weak and his lungs not strong. Then, too, with many kind and appreciative words from friends about his early efforts at preaching, he had received, as it was best he should, some pointed criticisms, which had the effect to shake his confidence in his call. One decided criticism which he had heard of, came from a brother who, to his face, had complimented his sermons. This greatly shocked his pure and unsophisticated mind.

About going to college, also, he was in doubt. "My feelings," he says, June 21, 1830, "have been quite averse to entering college. I

am afraid if I enter I shall lose my religion, and consequently, my soul. The Lord direct! . . . When I look toward the college it appears to me that I could not live so holy, as I might in traveling a circuit. I never saw a person who, in time of college studies, was shining in gospel purity." July 12, 1830: "Conversed with Dr. Fisk upon my present and future course. It is his mind that I enter college. . . . I am doubtful concerning duty about college. It appears to me that should I commence traveling at present, I should preach all I know in once going around the circuit; so that a famine of the bread of life would so evidently ensue, that it might in truth be said, *Ουτως ιερευς ουτως λαος*. Later he says, "I am at a great loss to know what course to pursue in reference to my future life. I have a thousand plans suggested to my mind, but none of them perfectly suit me. I have about entirely given up the idea of ever entering the ministry. My constitution is weak, and particularly my lungs. When I enjoy tolerable health my lungs do not trouble me in ordinary business, but when I attempt to preach they fail me." Soon after this he adds: "I have been considering the propriety of commencing the study of medicine. I desire the sanction of Heaven upon my course. Life is so short and important, that I wish to have it well improved. May Wisdom divine guide me aright in all things!" He did commence the study of anatomy, not knowing, he said, whether he should ever use it; and three years after he entered college he was not fully settled about his calling in life. *Query:* Was this setting back of his religious life in college—this doubt and hesitation for three years of college life—the result of what he feared three years before, if he went to college? We have looked carefully to find in his journal while in college some expression of happy disappointment of his fears as to its religious influences, but have looked in vain. Therefore we are left, from his experience on this subject, to the conclusion that more than forty years since, as we judge it is now, the religious influence of our seminaries was much greater than that of the college. That there is the least necessity for this presumed state of things in college we have no idea. Why, then, is it allowed to exist, if it does exist? and if it does not, how comes it to be the impression and testimony of the students who pass through both seminaries and colleges?

October 6, 1830, he makes this record: "Started in the stage this

morning at half past six o'clock, with Brother Patten, for Middletown, Connecticut, by the request of my parents and friends and the candid advice of the preachers and brethren, and the corresponding feelings of my own heart. I have started for the college grove."

But his journal does not seem so full during his college course as while he was in the seminary. He treats mostly of his religious experiences, and touches lightly and seldom his studies or other outside matters.

In his sophomore year he was appointed class-leader in college, and seems to have been faithful and useful therein, continually expressing desires for a full salvation, as had been the case with him from the day of his conversion.

In March, 1831, he speaks of a great baptism of the Spirit on himself and others in a prayer-meeting. Some of them found themselves "prostrate on the floor." Toward the latter part of the course he writes: "I have been seeking sanctification; and because I did not obtain it, felt sometimes discouraged, or permitted a stupid frame of mind to take possession of me. I have been striving to pray for grace to live *now*. Sanctification will not give us a stock of grace which will be inexhaustible, and always support us: it will only enable us to give the whole soul to God continually, and live in the flames of love."

Osmon exhibited from his earliest experience remarkably clear and correct views of Scripture doctrines and Christian morality. His conscience was well informed, and very authoritative. He observed a weekly fast, living by simple, strict, and uniform rules. When Paley's "Evidences," as a text-book, was introduced as a Monday morning recitation, with either the requirement or the habit of preparing the lesson on the Sabbath, he left this wholesome minute on the subject: "I think I shall not study in this manner any more on the Sabbath. I would rather leave college than be bound to prepare any collegiate study on the Sabbath." And during our acquaintance with him, of more than thirty-five years, we never saw his conscience toned lower than this on any point of Christian morality.

Nothing more need be said to indicate the elements and formation of Bishop Baker's character. His later modes or habits of life, and the noble work he did for Christ and the Church, only remain to be considered.

HIS MATURE LIFE AND CHARACTER.

He left college on account of illness a little before he had completed his course of study, but finished it afterward, and took the second degree with his class.

Soon after this he married Miss Mehitabel Perley, of Lempster, N. H., who was of excellent parentage, culture, and consistent piety. They mutually understood and appreciated each other. The happiness of their domestic life was unclouded, save by the shadows that death threw over them in the removal of three beautiful and promising children.

Bishop Baker appreciated and loved his friends, taking great pleasure in their company, and in entertaining them. In idle gossip he had no interest; but all educational, religious, and ecclesiastical subjects shared his close attention, and drew out all the life, sympathy, and energy of his great soul. That portion of society interested in such subjects was drawn toward him, and not to be disappointed. His business or financial ability, also, was known and appreciated by his best acquaintances; and in the city of his longest residence, Concord, he held office in one or more of the banks. His counsels were widely sought in financial matters by his numerous acquaintances, as well as by the clergymen and societies around him. And it is quite safe to say, that seldom, if ever, was a Church or a friend injuriously involved in business matters who strictly followed his advice.

The most striking peculiarities of his mind were clearness, precision, and quickness. In clothing his thoughts with language he was not as ready and rapid as many, but singularly accurate. He seldom changed a word or mended an expression. Thoughts were conceived more rapidly than they were uttered. The whole situation he comprehended at a glance; but spoke with deliberation. The result was, few mistakes or occasions to "mend his translation."

His feelings, as his thoughts, were quick and sensitive. His love and sympathy, his sorrow and disappointment, were as quickly apparent as his far-reaching perception. If he ever exhibited anger we never saw or heard of it. Sudden and unexpected opposition he seemed powerless to resist; but with the artlessness of a child he looked around for some one to assist him. Once, in his strong manhood, we saw him by a sudden and unprovoked assault completely

thrown. It was on the floor of his own Conference. The assault was uncalled for, and by a life-long friend; but sudden and rough. He was struck dumb. His perfect rectitude was apparent at once to all; but the surprise unfitted him to state clearly his own case. The shock was too much for his exquisite nervous system. We never, before or after, saw him under a guerrilla fire. That was not his mode of warfare.

The highest order of thought and the most perfect refinement of feeling constituted his realm of action. He was at his ease nowhere else.

When the Newbury Seminary was opened, in 1834, the year after he left college, he was elected professor; Rev. Charles Adams, principal. In this capacity he served the Church in faithful and modest toil for five years, when, on the resignation of Principal Adams, he was elected to fill that position, with Rev. C. T. Hinman as his first professor. Five years he remained principal of the institution. As a teacher he was most remarkable for his clearness, conciseness, and lively interest. He read his pupils at once through and through, and, without comment on them, he set himself to develop them as best he could. And with what success hundreds have pleasant recollections.

These ten years of continuous instruction imparted to his pulpit style in after life something of the easy, cool, and precise manner of the professor's chair, as distinguished from a declamatory style. As a disciplinarian he was of few words, mild, firm, and uniform. His pupils all loved him, for, on thorough acquaintance, they never failed to discover, beneath his peculiar reticence, the uniform and tender sympathy of an unselfish soul. Those who saw but little of him, and that at a distance, knew him not at all. He had not the faculty of easily and readily forming acquaintances. The seminary was prosperous under his care, and the board of trustees, as well as the pupils, greatly lamented his resignation.

But the ministry was the great object of his desire, as well as of his admiration. Being already a member of the New Hampshire Conference, he asked, in 1844, for a pastoral appointment. After having been stationed at Rochester and Elm-street, Manchester, he was, by the unanimous and urgent request of the preachers, appointed presiding elder on the Dover district. Greatly beloved by his preachers and official members, we are of opinion that this was one of the happiest years of his life.

Before his first year on the district expired he was elected professor in the General Biblical Institute, which had just been removed from Newbury, Vt., and located, as a separate and independent institution, at Concord, N. H. He was doubtful about accepting. He was happy on his district, and his preachers clung to him. But then, on the other hand, he had been an early and chief mover in originating a Methodist theological school, now, for the first, taking form. He was urged to accept, and did so, with Rev. John Dempster, D.D., and Rev. Charles Adams as his associate professors, followed by Rev. S. M. Vail, D.D., Rev. David Patten, D.D., and Rev. J. W. Merrill, D.D. It was said in the board of trustees that elected the first faculty at Concord, "Professor Baker has done more to organize and give shape to this new institution than any other man; and he is now looked to as one of the chief men to fashion its future."

Here he became more widely known and appreciated. No student in that school ever left without carrying with him for life more or less of Professor Baker's impressions. A more detailed account of how he made that strong impression on the pupils, we think, would be of much service to our present and future theological professors, as his methods were largely different from others with which we are acquainted. Our limits forbid any thing but a word or two in that direction. Aside from his regular recitations, he spent much time with his pupils in hearing and criticising plans of sermons, their arrangement, doctrines, delivery, language, grammar, rhetoric, and elocution. This, too, he long practiced in the Conference Seminary at Newbury, and is what should to-day be practiced in *all our Conference seminaries*. In these exercises he breathed hope and courage into the timid, took the conceit out of the vain, rounded off the rough corners of the unpolished, and tore out by the root those unconscious bad habits of the otherwise promising ones, which hindered their rising to a higher plane of popular usefulness. These criticisms were always in the most gentle spirit, and in respectful language, but with the most unbending fidelity. Surprise and grief sometimes followed, but tears of joy and gratitude were the final results. The pupils were allowed to see their good and strong points, as well as made to *feel* their bad and weak ones.

In the institute he prepared and delivered to each class an extensive course of lectures on "Clerical Manners and Habits." These

should have been published long since. They are exhaustive and invaluable, not for young ministers only, but for all young persons. He says, in his introduction to them: "I shall descend to the minutest particulars, and shall comment on the several topics with plainess and severity." The following are some of the topics of the lectures: "Clerical Manners and Habits:—In the pulpit—Gesture—Voice—In the family—Visiting with his family—The pastor's horse—The pastor in the street—The pastor receiving presents—Conversation—Political—At the table—In the parlor—Pastoral visitation—Manner of introducing religion—The infidel—The backslider—Visiting the rich—Visiting the poor—Visiting the sick—Visiting enemies—Visiting other denominations—Conversing with strangers," etc., etc. One of these lectures, on "Conversation," has forty-three points or suggestions. They are all replete with incident and illustration. Our young clerical readers with good habits of composition will receive some idea of this course of lectures, by *filling up* in their imaginations the following outline of the first lecture on the topic: "The Minister in the Pulpit. Never hurry or bustle along the aisles to the pulpit as if on a wager. Rev. —— fell, running up the pulpit steps. Never survey the congregation as you ascend the pulpit stairs. Never sit carelessly in the pulpit. Do not squint about, as if counting the congregation. Rev. —— turns his whole body as if to see who is behind a pillar or stove-pipe. Do not spring or leap up in the pulpit, but rise slowly and solemnly. Assume no airs. Avoid all singular movements. Rev. —— was supposed to have the St. Vitus' dance. Do not flourish or play with pocket-handkerchief, or thrust it into improper places. Avoid *all* unnecessary movements in the pulpit. Make no unnecessary noise, hemming or coughing. Rev. —— used to hem at the close of every sentence," etc., etc.

During the five years he spent in the Biblical Institute he performed a vast amount of literary labor, of which his most intimate friends had no knowledge until after his death. Looking over his manuscripts, which he left unpublished, we find among the many: "The Life of Augustine," "The Birth and Childhood of our Lord," "Exegesis of the Acts of the Apostles," "Exegesis of the Epistles," with many and able dedication and ordination sermons, missionary addresses, etc.

During his visit to Kansas, California, and Oregon, early in his episcopal duties, he wrote and published a series of full and able letters descriptive of those portions of the country, and especially of our domestic and Indian missions. When he had the episcopal supervision of our China and Indian missions he published in "Zion's Herald" very extensive and minute accounts of those missions. These letters will be valuable some time in making up the history of our vast missionary work.

It is proper to notice how this quiet and undemonstrative man was so suddenly, and to many unexpectedly, raised to the highest position of honor and trust in the Church.

It was not until 1848, when he was first elected a delegate to the General Conference, held in Pittsburgh, that he began to be known beyond the bounds of his own Conference. Nor did he then, or subsequently, make any marked impression abroad, as he had a constitutional aversion to all public demonstrations. His influence was at once felt, however, on several important committees. Still it was essentially true, that his name and influence went abroad from New England through his friends at home. He never, up to this time, made for himself any special reputation abroad, as he traveled but little, and had written comparatively nothing for the press.

It was his strong and growing *home* reputation that first suggested his name as a suitable, and then as a probable, candidate for the episcopacy. Hence it was not strange that when, prior to the General Conference of 1852, his name was used in connection with the office, and it became known that the first choice of New England for bishop would probably be Professor O. C. Baker, the inquiry at once arose, "Who is this Professor Baker, of New Hampshire?" Most of his writings for the press up to that time had been to aid in the establishment of a theological school, and in that he had been mostly personally unknown.

At the General Conference of 1852, held in Boston, he was elected bishop on the same ballot with Dr. Scott, Dr. Simpson, and Dr. Ames. And though he knew his name had been mentioned in that connection, and that some of his New England friends would probably vote for him, yet his election was evidently a surprise to him. After his election, and before his ordination, he sought a private interview with the

writer, during a long and lonely walk, to ask advice whether or not he should accept the office. His own mind was evidently undetermined as to his *duty*. He exhibited the deepest and most prayerful solicitude.

The editor of "Zion's Herald," Dr. A. Stevens, on the occasion of his election, says of him: "Like Dr. Ames, he is round and blooming with health. His features present a very interesting expression. There is a manifest modesty about them. You would take him to be incapable of any discourtesy, however slight or sudden, of any egotism or obtrusion. His head is large and intellectual; his eyes of hazel color, and protected by spectacles; his nose is prominent, and his mouth large and expressive of generosity. His brethren have shown their confidence in him by two elections to the General Conference, and by electing him secretary of his own Conference for quite a number of years. An occasional sermon, and a Sabbath-school gift-book, 'The Last Witness,' are all the books he has published. He has a volume in manuscript to which we have occasionally alluded. It is entitled, 'The Methodist Preacher's Hand-Book.' We hope it may be published before long. Bishop Baker is a thorough Greek scholar, a rare instructor, and noted among us for his familiar acquaintance with the Methodist economy. His place in our biblical school cannot be easily filled. New England feels not only satisfied, but honored in his election."

The spirit of the man as well as his delicate modesty are shown in the brief and unpretentious address he gave before the New Hampshire Conference over which he first presided:—

DEAR BRETHREN—It is not expected, I presume, that I should make any extended remarks to you on the opening of this session; but as my name is about to be stricken from your roll, I cannot allow the erasure to be made without a passing remark. It is now about thirteen years that my name has been associated with this body; and with some of these venerable men it has been my happiness to hold intercourse for more than a score of years. It is not strange, therefore, that in severing those relations my heart should be deeply moved. The kindness and affection which my brethren have ever shown me, I cordially appreciate, and I take this opportunity to express to them my grateful acknowledgment. My connection with them has been every way most grateful to my feelings. There has been but one consideration which has marred my pleasure; in accepting those offices and laboring in those fields where my brethren have

placed me, I have always felt that I did not bear my share of toil and suffering with them.

In accepting my present office, I trust that no unworthy motives influenced me. If there is honor connected with the office, I have not sought it, and lightly esteem it. I have been happy in my work—in the ordinary duties of my calling as a Methodist preacher. I am happy in my domestic relations, but if I am called to toil, privations, and sufferings for Christ, why should I claim exemption? I have seen too much of the goodness of the Lord to withhold from his cause any service which I can render. I enter upon my work trusting in the arm of God, and relying upon the indulgence and aid of my brethren, and consecrating to Christ all the powers of my being.

We have assembled, my brethren, to consult upon the most important interest of the Church of Christ. Our action will have a most important bearing upon the interest of religion in this State during the coming year, and, perhaps, during the distant ages of futurity. I trust, therefore, that we have come together with prayerful hearts, looking to God for divine guidance. May the great Head of the Church shine upon all our counsels. Let us cherish the deepest sentiments of affection for each other, and endeavor to promote, as far as we are able, the cause of Christ among us.

For the episcopal office he seemed to combine almost every desirable quality. With a perfectly balanced judgment, great sympathy, a quick and tender conscience, delicacy and refinement of feeling, with ease and dignity in the chair, he was a superior presiding and cabinet officer. None were his superiors in parliamentary law and usage. Hence, without hurry or confusion, he was ready and rapid in dispatching business.

Some unknown writer who was present at the first Conference over which he presided, speaks thus of him in "Zion's Herald: "He is so calm and dignified, so deliberate and judicious, that you would not think him new, were you unacquainted with the fact. Indeed, there is hardly friction enough about him to make you feel that he has not yet been used. You insensibly forget to extend that kind of sympathy which you suppose all beginners have a right to claim. As you sit in the Conference, remembering that he was not a bishop a month ago, you expect, and even desire, the novelty of an occasional blunder. . . . You have now waited session after session for a single mistake that may comfort you, and all is still marked by consummate wisdom and prudence . . . and you exclaim, How perfectly adapted

to his office! What a selection! What an excellent man!" Though this sounds almost like flattery, yet, no one who was present on that occasion will pronounce it over-wrought.

In making the appointments of the pastors he was very conscientious and prayerful. While as tender and careful of the interests and feelings of all parties concerned as the circumstances would possibly allow, he regarded the great interests of Christ's Church as of the first importance and entitled to the first consideration. Still, it never came to our knowledge that in a single case he was ever accused of coldness or indifference toward the personal or family interests of the preachers. The resolutions of approval and admiration passed by the Conferences over which he presided would fill many pages of this volume. So, too, the correspondents of the press were abundant in his praises, and almost invidious in their comparisons.

Wherein was the great power and usefulness of the lamented Bishop Baker? We cannot claim for him the pulpit eloquence and enthusiasm of some other deceased or living bishop. *His* strength was in another direction, just as positive and marked, when his life and character are correctly analyzed.

We are impressed with his great usefulness during fifteen of his best years in one of our earliest and largest Conference Seminaries, and in the pioneer Theological School of our Church, together with his scholarly pulpit efforts almost continually from 1829 to 1866, when he was stricken down on the mountains of Colorado, *crushed* with the unreasonable burden and exposure of his office.

The great and lasting service he rendered the Church during his active and useful life cannot be further considered within the brief limits of this article. It remains for us, however, to notice two particulars in his life-work, in which the character and ability of the bishop were specially shown and powerfully felt. In a quiet and modest way he was the leading instrument of introducing and working measures that have already resulted in an epoch in our Church history and usage.

His "Guide-Book in the Administration of the Discipline"—the result of years of research—has wrought a sudden and almost entire change in the administration of discipline in our Church. Prior to this great work of the bishop several causes led to a very lax, diver-

sified, and irregular administration of our Discipline. The book of Discipline itself is small and condensed—*multum in parvo*—and without note or comment. It is of authority over this whole continent, and in all our foreign missions on the Eastern Continent. Our ministry in the years gone by had not been generally trained in colleges or theological schools; therefore, any thing like a careful and exact administration could not be expected. The result was irregular and even *mal*-administration, by which thousands of valuable members were lost to the Church—nor are we yet exempt from this evil. But a marked change for the better has come over us. No pastor now considers himself any more prepared for the administration of our Church affairs without "Baker on the Discipline," than he considers himself prepared to preach without a Scripture commentary. Hence now, in most cases, our Church trials, appeals, and arbitrations, are conducted with about as much regularity and precision as are the civil courts. Thanks to God and Bishop Baker for this new *régime*, so invaluable to the Church.

Providence as manifestly raised up that judicial mind to supply an urgent want in our Church of his day as he raised up a Fletcher and Fisk to check the Calvinism and Universalism of their day. Those of us who have long been pastors have a sad knowledge of the vast amount of disaster and loss to the Church through the ignorant, careless, weak, or selfish work of lax administrators. But now what a remedy for this, and what a help to the young and anxious pastor, is found in this "Guide-Book!" Not even yet has the ministry fully realized its obligation.

The second great providential work accomplished by him was his leading agency in introducing what, at that time, was the greatest of all human aids that the Methodist Episcopal Church required—some kind of a theological school.

His true position in the history of this great movement, theological education, is not generally known. This we aver from our personal knowledge, having been associated with him at the time. His great modesty concealed his name in much that he did to accomplish that object. Hence we will state briefly, but carefully, the historic facts justly attributable to his name in this matter.

When Professor Baker took charge of the Newbury Seminary, as

far as we can learn there was not in existence in the Methodist Episcopal Church any theological school, nor even what could be properly called a theological class in any college or seminary of ours. Yet before this Dr. Fisk, at Wilbraham and Middletown, had a class, so-called, which met weekly, (for a time,) holding some sort of exercises appropriate for young men who were looking to the ministry, but with no regular studies or recitations. As we have already shown, young Baker was a member of this class. Our impression, however, is, that it was not long kept up, either at Wilbraham or Middletown, after Dr. Fisk's day. Some six or seven years after (in 1840 or 1841) Professor Baker left Middletown, he organized in the Newbury Seminary a class much after the style, we judge, of the one under Dr. Fisk at Wilbraham, only more extended and regular in its course of study. At first he probably contemplated nothing more than a class or department in that seminary. But the class and its importance grew on his hands and in his heart. At that time our Church was opposed—seriously and ludicrously opposed—to all theological schools. Still, the first result of the Newbury class, which became a daily class, was the formation of a "Theological Society" at Newbury, of which Professor Baker was president, Rev. L. D. Barrows, (pastor,) was vice-president, and of which Revs. O. Scott, Solomon Sias, B. R. Hoyt, E. Adams, Clark T. Hinman, and all traveling and local preachers in the school and town were members. It was largely in this "Society" there grew up the idea, first of a large department, and after considerable discussion and delay, also the idea of a separate and independent theological school named "Biblical Institute," as a compromise with the widespread and fearful prejudice against all theological schools. Professor William M. Willett, of New York, was called to the department, and labored four or five years efficiently with Professor Baker to build it up; and to him much credit is due. From this small beginning under Professor Baker and his helpers sprang all our theological schools. That little root has its three branches, Boston, Evanston, and Madison.

The method of its growth was briefly this: This theological society at Newbury, under the leadership of Professor Baker and Professor Willett, acting at first with and through the trustees of the Newbury Seminary, proposed to all New England Methodism through its Annual Conferences to unite in a general, separate, and independ-

ent school, to be located by a new board of trust appointed by the united and patronizing Conferences. At this point of its history Rev. John Dempster, D.D., was called into its service, who probably did more than any other man to remove the prejudices of the Church against the school, and by his clear logic and lofty eloquence to raise endowment funds. But the silent and working power, as well as shaping hand behind all this, was Professor Baker. His published articles—not over his own name—were clear and convincing in defense of the school. Many other men did much thus early to aid and prepare the way, which a full history should here name. The Conferences that entered into the arrangement (all the New England, Troy, and Black River Conferences) raised funds and appointed trustees, and located the school at Concord, where in 1847, it went into operation. Thence it was subsequently removed to Boston. To this school at Concord Professor Baker gave his best and untiring energies until he was elected bishop, in 1852, nor do we think any of his worthy and efficient associate professors will be grieved with our opinion that he, more than any other man, gave shape and tone to the school while in it. He was elected president of the school after he entered the episcopal office.

Professor Willett, who taught Hebrew at Middletown with Dr. Fisk, while he had his theological class there, says: "Dr. Fisk felt the necessity of proceeding in his new undertaking with great caution, so as not unnecessarily to awaken prejudice against what he deemed an important step in the education of the ministry. . . . In Newbury, Vermont, the case was different. They breathed a freer air, and soon the New Hampshire and Vermont Conferences united in a hearty support of the new school. Bishop Baker was one of the warmest friends of the new enterprise; and, as we have intimated, so far as his other duties would allow, cordially united in the effort to make the school what it became. Professor Hinman and Dr. Barrows (then stationed preachers at Newbury) were also strong and ardent friends of the school. This was, in fact, the origin of what are now called theological schools in the Methodist Episcopal Church, though the first germ was planted in the Wesleyan University." (Letter in "Zion's Herald," December 25, 1871.)

Different opinions were held of Professor Baker as a preacher.

All, however, were agreed that his sermons were thoroughly prepared, clear, logical, and very instructive. Also, that his style was chaste, simple, and impressive, rather than boisterous or powerful. He addressed himself directly to the understanding and best moral feelings of the hearer. There was not with him the slightest approach to attempts at display, only so far as unadorned gospel truth would lead. With no affectation, and little gesture, you saw evident sincerity and deep devotion to the truth he uttered. But his eloquence was far removed from the stump-orator kind. His voice was pleasant, but not strong, nor was it well trained. His elocution could not be called good. This he seemed never to have studied, which was about the only noticeable defect in his pulpit efforts. More of the imaginative and poetic, and less of the professor's style, would doubtless have made him more effective as a public speaker for the masses. His modesty was usually thought to be extreme; and in some cases, no doubt, it diminished his influence, but in other cases it gave him increased power.

In his own home the bishop was one of the happiest of men. Having a competency without affluence, with a wife every way worthy such a husband, showing herself neither above nor below her position, with two mature and cultivated daughters, the sun of domestic happiness was long unclouded in that happy home. He always enjoyed the society of his friends, while his nature shrank from rough contact with his fellows. Bland, sensible, and brief as were his utterances, they were cheerful, but never trifling. Coarse and flippant words in his presence were never invited, but received only the silent rebuke of an uplifted look of surprise and grief. A life-long companion of his, Rev. Eleazer Smith, says: "From his boyhood I have known him intimately, and for ten years I lived but a few steps from his door; and yet, in all these seasons of confidential intercourse I never heard a sentence that savored of envy, uncharitableness, or bigotry, or that might not have been safely spoken in the presence of any one who was the subject of our conversation." What a record for the tombstone of any mortal man is this! Blessed is such a memory!

But the last few years of his life were spent in a cloud. In June, 1866, fourteen years after his election to the episcopacy, traveling in Colorado to meet the Conference at Empire City, he was arrested by a partial paralysis, particularly of the vocal organs. He had traveled

by a hard stage route some five hundred miles, with no rest, and poor and irregular food, before his attack. He reached the seat of the Conference, however, and examined and ordained the candidates in his own private room. Fully aware of the serious nature of his illness, he turned his steps homeward over the same dreaded and intolerable route, as the only one open to him. That he reached his home alive was wonderful.

With the best care and medical treatment he slightly improved, and as his mental faculties seemed unimpared, for two or three years he met several of his Conferences and attended the episcopal meetings. He was able to travel, visit, and attend worship at his home church, in Concord, till within a few days of his death. But at length his noble frame and constitution gradually sunk away, and his power of utterance slowly failed. But he gave utterance to a uniform peace with God. He said that "through all his feebleness he had felt fully resigned to the will of God; and enjoyed an uninterrupted evidence of his acceptance with him." To his dear companion, just before his death, he expressed perfect peace in Jesus, and entire trust in him. Among his last expressions were thanks to his brother for coming to visit him, thanks and love to the writer of this brief sketch, (who was then in Georgia,) with the expressed hope to meet him in heaven. Then, on the 20th of December, 1871, in the bosom of his own dear family, he peacefully passed away from scenes of suffering and toil to one of heavenly repose and holy delight.

"Devout men carried [him] to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." In a few weeks after his death, the eldest daughter, Mrs. Rev. E. F. Pitcher, a lady of rare culture and piety, followed him to her final rest, joining the precious tender branches of the family gone before, where, in blissful enjoyment, they still wait the coming of the wife, the mother, and surviving daughter, who will restore and complete, in God's good time, the now broken circle.

His funeral, at Concord, was numerously attended, a large deputation being present from the Boston Preacher's Meeting. Rev. Brothers Adams, Manson, Drew, Kellogg, Haven, Warren, Upham, Smith, Patten, and Pike, took part in the solemn exercises. Dr. Warren spoke of the bishop as the president of the first theological

school of our Church. Dr. Upham said, a discourse he heard him preach at Middletown had influenced the whole course of his life. Rev. Eleazer Smith said he had known him from a little boy, beloved, mild, and dutiful, and he could not recall a single harsh or improper word of his. Dr. Patten had met him more than forty-three years before, at the seminary in Wilbraham, and they went to Middletown together, roomed, studied, prayed, and were licensed to preach together; and for fourteen years have dwelt side by side in Concord; and he felt that his place was among the mourners, etc.

At the request of the Boston Preacher's Meeting, memorial services were held there subsequently. Here, Rev. Elisha Adams, D.D. read a well-written and appreciative eulogy.

He showed how the lamented bishop *filled* the apostolic episcopal character given by Paul. Blameless, sound in doctrine, the husband of one wife, (a suitable one,) vigilant, sober-minded, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach, not given to wine, no striker, not given to filthy lucre, patient, not a brawler, not covetous, one that ruleth well his own house, not a novice, of good report of those which are without.

The religious and secular press followed with many appreciative notices and eulogies, and the whole Church and citizens, especially of New England, joined in the more intense sorrow of the ministry and family, for all felt there had fallen a *prince in Israel.*

Edward Raymond Ames.

BY BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

DEATH is the problem of the ages. Life is according to visible and working law. Not so death. "Thou makest life in man and brute," is perceivable with the eye of reason. "Thou makest death," is without reason. "He cometh forth as a flower," one can believe rational. "He is cut down," is irrational. Evolution does not require this disruption and corruption. It does not demand that the form which was the abode of the highest living, should become dust and nothingness. It does not admit of that event in its line of progress. Death breaks into its law, defies it, destroys it.

Many thoughts arise within us as we pause at the pausing bier that bears all that is mortal of Bishop Ames. They may be classified thus: His powers, his work, his influence.

His powers, original and developed. His native ability was of no mean order. Few men have appeared in this land, prolific of great men as any land, that have been his equals; none, in his line, his superior. Born of the best New England stock, a kinsman of Fisher Ames and all that not unknown family, artist, judge, orator, inventor, manufacturer, the uniter of the continent with the railway that has also united Asia and Europe by way of America, surely there is something in the blood that tells. The first of the name came over in 1633 and settled in South Braintree, adjoining Dorchester. One son survived that sire. From him all of that name have descended, of whom this last is, in no few respects, the first.

His father moved to Ohio in 1787, and he was born in a town that bears his family name, in 1806. To his father and others who went out with him from this section, of whom was, notably, Col. Battelle, from whom have descended several Methodist preachers, is it due that Methodism was introduced into that part of the State. Sternest of Puritans, they became the most active of Methodists. It was at the State College of Ohio that he met his change and fate. Dr. Trimble

tells the story in his semi-centennial sermon of last year. They were classmates, roommates. A revival broke out. He went first to the altar, and his slower companion followed. At a camp-meeting he says he heard a little girl pleading in prayer for her mother, and his proud heart broke, his strong will surrendered. A little child did lead him. Each entered into Christ then and there. He had thought of entering the law, but he was thrust into the ministry. A license was forced upon him, and he was constrained, within and without, to enter on the sacred calling.

He went by direction of Bishop Roberts into Illinois, then a region of miasma, wolves, and Indians. Among its scattered settlers he began his work. His clear-headed, strong-headed qualities soon revealed themselves. He rose almost instantly to that not unimportant superintendency, the headship of the educational department of the Church in that State. Hence he was called to the pastorate, and early in his ministerial career to the district eldership. The wise superintendent who had taken him from an Ohio college for work on the Mississippi, put him into yet higher work on the farther frontier. Bishop Ames never tired of talking of Bishop Roberts. He had many a quaint story to tell of the pioneer Bishop who first broke the line of a celibate episcopacy, and that, too, by New England votes and management. He revered him as his real Church father. This first of the anti-celibate Bishops was the last of the exclusively horseback Bishops. He used to tell how greatly Bishop Roberts deplored the degeneracy of the age when he learned that Bishop Soule had sold his horse and taken to the stage-coach. The Church had lost its power when its superintendents indulged in such luxuries! What would the Indiana forester have said had he seen his successors flying over the land at thirty, and even forty, miles an hour, lapped in the luxury of a Pullman car? But without such luxury their lives would cease much sooner than if riding on the old Methodist horse, best of its class, as stories told even of Bishop Roberts show, who was like Ariel, not in style but in swiftness, and who rode, like him,

> "Thorough bush, thorough briar,
> Thorough flood, thorough fire."

This westernmost Bishop having enticed the Ohio youth to Indiana

and Illinois, now gets him across the Mississippi as missionary to the Indians. The old blood that probably fought King Philip, and had no small share in those first wars of the colonies, was still powerful to contrive and conquer, but was directed in another channel. It was not to fight, but to protect, the Indian that he went. From the great Lake to Texas he rode, visited, preached, organized, became everywhere the friend and confidant of the red man. He sat at their council fires as still as they. He spoke as few words and as weighty. He subsided into silence after speaking, as stolidly. He was their master in their own line.

A story reported of him strikingly illustrates this Indian-like trait. Their law of hospitality forbids their murdering a guest. A chief, deadly hostile to the whites, killed every such a one who came within his domain. Mr. Ames was warned by another chief of this habit. He walked into his lodge, flung his blanket on the ground and said, "I shall sleep here to-night." A white man slain was thrown across his body in the night. He quietly removed him, said not a word, rose in the morning, and left. That was out-Indianing the Indian. And this when a young man but little rising thirty. He soon began to attract public attention. At the General Conference of 1840, of which he was a delegate when only thirty-four, he was elected to the missionary secretaryship for the frontier. He traveled six thousand miles, or round the earth, in that quadrennium. In 1844 his name was more prominently before the Conference for Bishop than that of any other western man, but he himself declined in favor of Dr. Hamline, who was thereby elected. He labored in the general work for eight years, when he was placed in that chair. How admirably he has filled it all the Church knows.

The Christian Church, which is one and the same in all ages, always proves its divine origin by its providential leaders. States rise and fall, fall when it seems as if they must continue to rise. They have no more real life in themselves than individuals. They have a mission while they live, as have certain men, but no continuity of life. No scholar has yet been able to explain how it was that the long-haired, yellow-haired Achaians on the rocky isthmus of Corinth, shot up into such a wonder of literature, and art, and arms, and laws, and every thing that makes a State, even to a new religion, most beautiful of all

non-Christian faiths; how they bred poets, philosophers, warriors, sculptors, architects, orators, every sort of genius to its utmost capacity, and then in four or five centuries as completely and utterly disappeared as an originating force. From Achilles to Alexander—that is, about the length of time from Joshua to Daniel—this Greek life existed. Whence came it, why went it, none can tell. Equally marvelous and mysterious is the Egyptian age. We know not even its chronology. We should not even know of its existence but for the startling monuments that yet stare at us, with wide dilating orbs, out of the slime of the Nile. "We only know they came and went."

Thus, too, with later and older empires. Assyria, Babylon, Persia, what are they now? What have they been these twenty and thirty centuries? What, too, are now the Moorish splendors of Spain, or even the greater splendors of the Spain of Charles and Philip? What has Holland to do with the world? Yet it filled the world's eye when Alva sought to extinguish it, and when the Silent William saved it. But contrast this decay of empires with the Church. Even the apostate and apostatizing Churches exist. Rome would have never been heard of again, after the overthrow of the fourth century, but for the Church. When Constantine created the new Rome on the Bosphorus, the old Rome was ready to vanish away—did vanish away. The Tiber covered its palaces with its mud. The streets were empty of people; there was no sound nor language; their voice was not heard. Then a minister of the Church kept the old flame alive, nursed the old spirit, fought for old Rome, and split the Church because new Rome refused to recognize his supremacy, and set up again the throne of the Cæsars as it is unto this day.

What keeps the Greek Church alive? As in the days of Polycarp, is Smyrna to-day. As in the days of John, is Patmos. As in the days of Chrysostom, will be Constantinople. No one doubts, least of all the Sultan, that St. Sophia will yet, and ere long, hear the bursts of sacred song, the Gregorian chant and hymns of John of Damascus, which our own Hymnal contains; will yet repeat the prayer of St. Chrysostom, which the English prayer book daily repeats; will yet listen to the voices that shall proclaim, not "God is great and Mohammed is his Prophet," but, "God is Love, and Christ Jesus is his Son, our Saviour." The Church lives, not men, not nations, save as they

live in it. Weak, perishable, contentious, corrupt even, it does not die. It struggles out of its weakness and corruption, fights its own sins, raises up foes of its own household to save the house, creates new branches of the same vine, finds Athanasius, Augustine, Huss, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Cranmer, Wesley, whenever the exigency calls, always finds them, and thus moves on and up, eternal alternation, but eternal existence.

This law of all time, traceable on the life map of man as clearly as the seasons are traced on the face of the earth—this law, which bred Enoch, Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, David, Daniel, as the age required, as surely works to day, and in our and every true Church of Christ.

It brought forth a Fletcher, as even an enemy of our Church asserts in his late history of the Church of England, to uphold the great doctrines of Wesleyan Methodism when Wesley himself had neither time nor training for that especial work. It brought forth Coke to run through the earth, and get the world ready for the coming of that formal and organized Church. It brought forth Asbury, taking him from the sheepfold to make him the founder of our American Israel —the David whose kingdom, despite many a revolt and conflict within and without, shall never be taken away from him. It brought forth a M'Kendree to open the vast West with his eloquence and organize it with his common-sense. It brought forth a Lee to attack and capture the granite hills and hearts and heads of New England, and who, had he been like faithful with M'Kendree to the Church Wesley had created and Asbury was governing, to its instincts and aims, would have also been co-administrator with M'Kendree and Asbury over the regions his eloquence, piety, and faith had conquered.

Under what line of providential interposition does Edward Raymond Ames appear? A glance at the Church at his coming on the stage will show. Born in Oxford, reborn in Baltimore, our Church was compelled to go through all the conditions of infancy and vassalage. It was a child in its nurse's arms in England during all the life of Wesley, up to the creation of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Of high birth, it was of low breeding. The first scholar of his country begat it, as did the first scholar of his country, the Gentile Church; but neither Wesley nor Paul could make the Church

which, under God the Holy Ghost they had created, instantly self-reliant or socially recognized. It was of slaves and freedmen in the days of Paul; it was of miners, and those of no reputation, in the days of Wesley. Not many mighty were called. Yet each in its own order. The Gentile Church slowly grew to its imperial height, assimilating school and State to its own vital idea. The Church of Wesley has grown according to its law until school and State recognize its power and largely acknowledge its sway.

To do this needful work new instruments were needed. Neither Paul nor Wesley could have done the work the Church demanded a century after their time. Lesser men, perhaps—lesser certainly in creative gifts—would be larger men at that later hour of its growth. Wesley could not be an Adam Clarke nor a Richard Watson. Asbury could not be a Wilbur Fisk. "New times demand new measures and new men."

The new measures the Church demanded at the incoming of Ames were twofold: those relating to its own internal structure, those adjusting its relations to the State and the whole world. In a word, there was needed a careful study of its economy or polity, that it might be the more equable, more pliable, and more forceful; and a no less careful study of the Church as a unit in its work outside of its central idea, the saving and sanctifying of souls, that is, its educational, literary, political, missionary duties.

The Church came out of the conflict of '44 a vastly different organization from what it went in, even as the nation came out of its conflict for right and for existence a vastly different being from what it was at the beginning of the war. Both Church and State in that struggle with the slave power reeled and staggered, and well-nigh became first its slave and then its victim.

How near the Church came to that enslavement can be seen by reading that dreadful decree issued in Baltimore in 1840, forbidding the saintliest sister testifying against the most corrupt man who had his name on the Church books at a Church trial, if so be said destroyer was a white man, and said sister was a slave, be she black, brown, yellow, or, as not a few of them were, white.

Then the Church bowed itself; then it well-nigh tumbled into destruction. Even so, close to the hour of the Church's humiliation

did the State bow down, banish from the mails written or printed words favoring human liberty, forbid the right of petition, and at last, in 1850, order every man to help rescue a freeman flying from slavery on penalty of fine and imprisonment.

See how this leader showed that he was the new man for the new measures. He was of the old States-right, pro-slavery school of politics, the political friend of Jesse Bright and his school. So prominent was he in their councils, so wise and weighty, that he was offered a United States Senatorship from that State when that offer meant, to a man of his capacity, the Presidency. Yet he left that school ecclesiastically before the Conference of 1844. He came back from those long tours through the wilderness full of blood and youth and sagacity a free man, a free minister, determined to aid in establishing a free Church. Full of phlegm and purpose, quiet as the Indian with whom he had so long associated, and as intense, he appears in New York to take part in the great work of saving the Church from becoming the slave of the slave power. Not known in debates, he is known in council, in caucus—that wise but much-abused word—in planning and pushing on the side of Christ and humanity. He emerges next to the front, the leading nominee who nominates the successful candidate.

Eight years later the young man, now ripe with middle-life, takes the helm. The Church is yet distracted and enfeebled, is yet rent with internal divisions on the great and ever-increasing problem. How will this adherent of the party that had been changed from its original aim of universal liberty to becoming the adherent and propagator of human bondage; how will this man, as full of prejudices as an Indian, and these prejudices all against the abolitionists, deport himself toward the growing question? Let a single incident answer.

He came officially to the New England Conference at its session in Lynn in 1854. Great curiosity, and I may truly say, great wrath, awaited his coming. At a session of the Philadelphia Conference held a few weeks before, a few brethren—Lamb and Long and one or two more, zealous for the enforcement of the Church law against ministerial slave-holding—had arrested the character of several supernumeraries, able men, some of them, on the ground that they held slaves. The young Bishop curtly, and in his style so familiar for so

many years, said to the questioners as to whether they held slaves, "Why don't you ask them if they washed their faces this morning?" Of course our Conference raved, and we hot-heads determined that he should answer for the insult when he came here. The news was hardly cold when he walked up the aisle of the old church in his old style, quiet, dignified, resolute.

Nothing betokened his knowledge of any thing peculiar to New England, or of this controversy that was racking the Church, until the report on slavery was read. It was an off year, and a mild brother had drawn a mild report. As soon as it was read the Bishop said, "That report needs to be strengthened. It is not up to the doctrine of the Church. Our fathers knew what they were about when they legislated on slavery." Such a "laying out" of the abolitionists was never seen in this antislavery body. Of course there was an inward chuckle, and his victory over the Conference was complete.

This word illustrates the sort of man he was. He detected the weak point in his adversary, and struck it hard and quick and deadly. He was not merciful in these blows. He loved sarcasm for its own sake. Like the biting Johnson he enjoyed keenly his victories. He delighted to lay his antagonist dead with a rapier thrust that appeared accidental, so indifferently, seemingly, was it driven home.

It also reveals another trait in his character, adhesion to law. "Our fathers understood what they were about." "The Discipline, the Discipline is the Constitution of the Church," was his motto. It may be wrong, but it must be legally made right. His was a judicial mind that studied the bearings of his every official act in the light of law. When petitioned earnestly to re-appoint a brother in this Conference, whom another Bishop had appointed, as he judged, beyond his right to do, on the plea that nobody would know it, "What I do here meets me in Oregon," was his reply. And when the next General Conference censured his colleague for that act, and a gift of $30,000 was saved to the Church only by that censure, the wisdom of the refusal of Bishop Ames came potently to every eye, and to none more clearly than to the Church he had refused to favor. "I have sought through your record," said a distinguished adversary of his, "to find occasion to complain of your administration, and I can find none." "Because I never give occasion for such complaint," was the confident

reply. This was the first characteristic of his nature, "Obey the law as it is."

The second was like unto it, Move slowly to its modification. How slowly he did move often! How we complained that he set himself so firmly against all new movements! How the radical in polity or principles often denounced him! Yet, strangely enough, when the victory was won, he was the first to be at the coronation. He probably had more triumphs of this sort than any of his colleagues. He was the first Bishop who presided at a Conference when a colored man was voted into membership with his white brethren. It was at the New England Conference, when our honored Brother Mars was seated at our side. He was the first to appoint such a brother to a Church chiefly of white members; and when he was told that, a year or two later, that brother was invited to such a Church, "Had I been presiding," he said, "I would have appointed him." He was the first to preside over a lay Conference. With an eye to that fact, for he had an eye to every thing, he took the East Maine Conference, in 1871, where the first Electoral Conference was to be held. Though he had opposed the movement, he had done it so as to give force and stability to it. When it had conquered, he still determined to give it force and stability. Invited to preside at this lay Conference, he remarked, "I will go. This is history." The address made on that occasion, full of loyalty to the Church, was the key-note of every subsequent Conference and address.

He was slow to accept a new idea. Steadily he fought against the ministerializing of woman. Yet, had he lived, we doubt not, some General Conference, not far off, with his approval, would have given her official and clerical recognition, and his hands would have been the first to have been placed upon her head.

Chaffing an ardent devotee of the black man, he said, "I sat at the table with colored ministers at New Orleans, though I confess it rose against the gorge so to do." "O," said the other brother, "I did that years ago." "Cock crowing at midnight," was his curt reply. He never crowed till dawn of day. At midnight, like the wise virgin, he slumbered and slept, but he was always ready at break of day to hail the morn, and lead it with his shrill clarion, up the skies. That wise sleeping was his mode of wise working. He did not so much

oppose as slumber. He was not hostile, he was indifferent. In this respect other men labored and he entered into their labors.

In all this tumultuous season between 1844 and 1860, when papers were being established to confront the rising idea, when General Conferences were full of debate as to how to settle the unsettleable, he was silent. He gave the enemy no help, if he gave the cause none. He steadied the ark, as a priest had a right to do, while it went slowly moving up the rough hill to Zion's chosen seat. When he saw the tide rising he waited, seemingly indifferent, slightly hostile, never helpful. When it was at its full he "took the flood and rode to prosperous fortune." He managed successful ideas rather than labored to make them successful.

This quality of his nature gave him the claim to his title of the statesman of the Episcopacy. It is the function of a statesman to manage the ship of State now, not yesterday, not to-morrow. What makes Beaconsfield rule, and Bismarck, is that they discern the times. What gave Washington his pre-eminence is his knowing just what and when and how much to do. Adams, a far keener intellect, lacked the governmental faculty. Bishop Ames had this faculty in excess. It was his strength and his weakness. It made him wise in the hour of triumph, but sometimes too slow in seeing the necessity and surety of triumph. He threw obstacles in the way because he wished the progress, if it was to be, to be slow. The same quality of nature made the leaders of thought cry out against Lincoln, and made Lincoln himself say, twenty days before he issued his edict of emancipation, "It is the Pope's bull against the comet." He did not see that the hour was ripe until it was fully ripe. That twenty days changed Lincoln's whole point of view and of duty. "These are my views to-day," said the same wise leader. "I can't say what they will be to-morrow. I let events bunt up against me." So did Bishop Ames. He never ran after events. They rose to him. When he felt them he accepted and led them.

He was ready to improve the workings of our system, so that it should run the more easily. Bishop Janes introduced into the work of the appointments the more patient investigation of every Church and preacher. Bishop Ames added to it the open Conference with Church and minister. Some of you well remember the intense secrecy

which brooded over those meetings, when not a leak was sprung through a whole week of intense excitement. I remember when a member of a Conference, expecting to return, took his seat in a side pew to see the faces of the other brethren as the announcement shot them up or down. The second name he heard was his own, and he heard no more. Sometimes that secrecy yet partially prevails, but the silence is for the most part broken. This silence was broken first by Bishop Ames. As we were walking once in the corridors of the Senate Chamber at Washington he remarked that he was the first to request the elders to confer with the brethren as to their appointments. He broke that silence so that to-day the preacher on the poorest work is as apt to know where he is going as his most popular brother. He also was the first, at least in this generation, to hold only afternoon sessions of his cabinet. This usage he rarely, if ever, violated.

His admirable business habits, his rapid faculty of generalization, his quick perception of men, his almost unerring instinct, which made shams hardly even dare to presume to be realities in his presence—these gave him an easy mastery both of Conference business and of the complicated work of arranging preacher and Church.

These qualities of mind found a satisfactory realm for their fullest exercise in the office and work of a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was never possessed with the fault-finding spirit as to his own Church. As years wore on and wore him down, his confidence and joy in his Church grew and prevailed. He found for all his faculties amplest room and verge in her communion. Her doctrines it was his delight to preach. He did not cavil and palter in a double sense, but preached the fullness of her truths from the fullness of his soul, mind, and strength. He had no new gospel either of the Bible or of Methodism. How rich were his sneers at modern sciolists, too often in the ministry of our Church, who think they have new light on inspiration, the atonement, the resurrection of the body, or any other great Bible doctrine! Gaussen was good enough for him on inspiration, and equally stalwart works on other Christian doctrines.

No less faithful was his attachment to the order of the Church. He had no sciolism here. It had served him well even while on his hardest circuits. It could serve no son of his worse or better than himself. He was proud of its doctrines and discipline, of its position and prospects,

of past and future. He had seen it grow from the day of his accession to the superintendency to such port and power as attracted universal attention. A broken, dismembered, distracted Church, cleft in twain from top to bottom by ecclesiastical civil war, he lived to see it fill the whole land. He believed in its organic idea before he became one of its rulers, as well as when he ruled so wisely and so well.

He never questioned the Church idea, was never looking enviously at his neighbor's Christianity, never aspiring to the prelacy of papacy, or mere Episcopalianism; nor was he, on the other hand, belittling his own Church, and wishing it to be like the less organized bodies about it. He was Wesley to the core, and that mighty master would have found no more congenial or appreciative spirit in all his followers than that of this ascended son.

Bishop Ames was a grand American. As his Church was good enough and great enough for him, so was his country. He never saw a foreign shore except on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence. How often has he been urged to visit England, that he might give our illustrious brothers of that illustrious land an American specimen unlike any of his distinguished brethren whom we have sent, and who have so nobly represented us! His wit and wisdom, his pathos and penetration, his pure English gift of cold, cutting sarcasm, that gives its leader control of Parliament, would have amazed and delighted our British cousins. And that vast fabric of social and civil life, venerable, and potent, would have reinspired him. It will be a long regret that he never saw England, and that England never saw him.

But his love for his own country was not unlike their love for theirs. It was a passion. It possessed him wholly. He had not threaded those pathless forests, rode, solitary and alone, over those more pathless prairies, and not felt the sweeping power of the patriotic passion. He grasped the grandeur of America as fully as did his grandfather at Valley Forge, whose inspiration was drawn from that fount which kindled a co-operative spark at Lexington, and which blazes forth yet on the monument on its green, "Sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind." Sacred, indeed, is the soil of America, sacred to man and to Christ. Our friend felt this in every fiber of his soul. He was first, last, always American.

But we must keep the bier waiting no longer. Time would fail

us to tell his many traits of strength, his keen blade of satire, which was not always judiciously, though often judicially, swung; his giant's strength, which he sometimes, forgetting, used as a giant; his penetrative preaching, so wisely dividing the word of truth, making the driest fact and theme blossom as Aaron's rod under the touch of his quickening spirit. He was pre-eminently a preacher to preachers. Not so crowd-drawing as some, he was clergy-drawing above almost every rival. *Conciones ad clerum* might his sermons and addresses well be called. How greatly is it to be regretted that these wonderful talks at Conference, talks in his chair, talks at odd moments, and for but a moment, have not been gathered up? For years I have felt that a stenographer should have accompanied him from Conference to Conference, unknown to him, and have taken down these sententious sayings. Alas! they are as water spilled upon the ground. They can never be gathered up. No Plato will reproduce this Methodist Socrates; no Boswell this American Johnson.

Like Johnson he was a good talker, like him a clubable man. He loved to talk, man to man. He could say his best, which was often his worst, face to face. He disliked oratory. He was a conversationalist of high degree. His stories were as numerous and odd as Lincoln's, with more of a sting to their point, though no more to their teller. For he struck the blow from love of striking, and scattered his firebrand, and felt, if he did not say, it is sport. Yet it should be said that no man treated better those who struck back. He liked blow for blow, took as well as gave, respected a fair foe, and never held malice in his heart. How many an encounter have his brethren witnessed in his Conferences. Yet the low smile that just gleamed about mouth and eyes betokened the feeling within, that he wished to make a point and not to kill his adversary. No keener wit has been seen in our Church or out of it. South was not more brilliant; Father Taylor and Cartwright and Lee and Eddy, and other Methodist celebrities in their line were not his superiors. He was like and unlike himself all the time, original, often extraordinary. Could a volume of his sayings be secured, they would be prized as a literary phenomenon.

But another touch should here be given to the portrait. He was not a mere wit, cutting without cause. A punster, cheapest of wits, he never was. He disdained that college height of intellectual sport

as below the dignity of a man. He never lost his dignity, not false and strained, but natural and easy. To a stiff-laced brother, he said, in his low but shrill tones, "You groom your dignity carefully, put on a brass-mounted harness, drive it about in a very stately style. Mine runs loose on the prairie; but I reckon I have as good an article as you." That was the key of his nature. He was ever self-conscious, self-respectful. He carefully fulfilled Bacon's direction, "Out of office assume not; in office, be as if born to it."

He was the most dignified of all his colleagues when in official place. No one ever became the royal seat better than he. His very jests put on the purple robe. They were distinguishing jests, keeping him and those he was talking with, each in his place. He was every inch a king.

As a preacher he was persuasive as well as practical. His last tour of camp-meetings illustrated this trait. For years his enfeebling health had prevented these old-time deeds. But the year after the last General Conference he made up a list of camp-meeting visitations. Stories are told of his marvelous power over those great congregations. Feeble health made him begin almost in a whisper, but he rose in feeling and voice till his tones resounded through the woods. The old-time shout was in the camp. Ministers were surprised and shaken. He strode round the platform, shaking hands and shouting. The younger men had never seen him after this fashion, only the old men of Indiana and the trans-Mississippi. To one looking a little cool, an editor, and therefore officially critical, the Bishop, as he gave him his hand, seeing his critical displeasure, said: "I do not often get excited, but when I do, I'm as wild as an Indian."

That tour undoubtedly shortened his days, but it also carried out his idea, which he never abandoned, to cease at once to work and live. He knew he was past the allotted boundary. He knew the earthly house of his tabernacle was dissolving. He meant it should dissolve heroically. The old chief would die at the head of the army. He would shout on the embattled hosts as he dropped from the saddle.

But few specimens of his sermons survive. Dr. Eddy has portrayed him in a sketch published in his life. Dr. Stevens also. A scrap lies before me which gives a faint idea of one type of his power. It may be worth your hearing as a specimen of one style:—

I imagine when Christ calls home his old, scarred, battered veterans of the cross, who have stood up against sin, hell, and the devil and wicked men—stood as the anvil to the stroke—when God lets them in through the gates into that city, the angels will say to each other, "Look! there is the travail of his soul; there is the purchase of his blood; there are human beings from the dusty battle-fields of earth—from that land of sin; there are those who stood up for God—who counted not their lives, fortunes, or any thing else dear to them, that they might win Christ." I don't know about this, but some of us will know before long. We shall be introduced to those who have gone home before. We shall not be ashamed of Christ, but rejoice in that he counted us worthy to suffer for his name's sake. I think when that time comes, every redeemed soul from earth will be a sort of walking wonder in the golden streets, to be gazed at and admired of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. Then we shall hear the finale of the whole matter, "Well done!" Brother, did you ever think what that means when God Almighty speaks it? That "well done!" means heaven, glory, immortality, eternal life! When God says, "Well done!" there are no temptations, trials, or dangers after that.

We must bring this life to its close. He died as he lived, loving his Church, loving his Saviour, not weak in either love, not unmanly. To Bishop Simpson he talked, only the day before his death, of men and matters pertaining to the Church.

He talked freely with Dr. Edwards, Presiding Elder of the district where he lived. He spoke of the resurrection as a living reality, not as a coming out of Hades, not a mere going up from the body, but as a truth, the word of God, simple, clear, sublime. One night, when he could not sleep, he said he had passed it contrasting his own condition with that of the early Christians. "What a difference between this room as a place to meet death and the caves and dungeons where many of God's saints have been compelled to die! I would sin if I murmured." The day before his death, to Dr. Kynett and Bishop Simpson, he remarked, "In my Father's house are many mansions, some here, some there. I go from these to those." How could that be said better!

He often dwelt on the *truth* of the Gospel, on the *pledge* of the Lord Jesus. "Dying gives me no concern," he said. "The Lord has engaged to look after that, and if he fails to carry out his word he will lose more than I will. I have tried honestly and faithfully to serve him. I have done it very imperfectly. I know I am an

unprofitable servant. But the atonement covers my shortcomings. I think the Lord makes much of good intentions when they are backed up by the right kind of effort to please him. He is not going to give me up now, when I have never meant to give him up." How characteristic that expression. So is this: "Death is only a parenthesis thrown into life." "We only begin to live after we die." "I can have a comfortable time to-day," he said on Easter Sunday, "in communing with a living Saviour. Because he lives I shall live also."

The last hours were after the same pattern. "I am so weary," was the cry of nature. "O land of rest," the cry of faith. "Very weak," was his dying whisper. "All right!" his ascending shout. Surely, "How blest the righteous when he dies!" How true in his case what, alas! was far from true in his who penned the grand lines:

> "Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity,
> Until death tramples it to fragments. Die,
> If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
> Follow where all is fled! O hasten thither!
> No more let life divide what death can join together."

Two thoughts, and the bier moves on. Bishop Ames was like all men, finite, and finite means limited. None would have condemned indiscriminate praise more sharply than he. While a general reader in his youth, and a liberal quoter in his sermons prepared at that period from the older British poets, pre-eminently Pope, he did not pursue literature as largely as he might in his later days. His reading was in lines. In those lines he was an expert. He read every work on Africa as soon as it came out; a standing order to send such books being at the depository in Baltimore. He watched with steadfast eye the journalism of the Church, not only as to its loyalty, but as to its ability. Still, he lacked somewhat the graces of scholarship. He did not seek to improve his talent, which he could have greatly done.

He erred in not using the pen more. Like his great colleague who had just passed on before him, he put nothing to paper. Had he committed his thoughts to paper the Church would have had a treasury that would have grown richer and richer with advancing generations. What stories of Indian life, of pioneer experiences, of

planting the Church on the Pacific coast; what suggestions, what opinions, what conceptions would not the book have contained! It is too much to hope that some secret closet may hide such a treasure. Wesley lives more after death than before, by his written words, and when his journal is all published and his cryptograph translated, he will rule the world and the Church yet more.

Still, while he personally neglected this duty, he encouraged it in others. The first articles published by one of his colleagues after his election, which were over-much adversely criticised because they dealt with national duties, were advised by him, and one of them written at his house. For a long while he urged a Bishops' Year-book, which should give extracts of their annual work, the profits of which should be a fund at their disposal for helping the Church where they might decide to dispense it. To him was due the seal of your every parchment. Till his election, each Bishop had his own, as they of the Church South have to-day. He suggested a common seal, and its device an open Bible and the motto, "Preach the word." Bishop Morris wished the pastoral work referred to, and added, "Feed my sheep."

Thus he was not cultureless, though too little inclined to certain kinds of desirable culture. The same defect exhibited itself in his indifference to art. No picture hangs on his walls; no thought of music, or art, or such like polish, seems to have been craved by him, though it should be said that the tender melodies of the Church easily drew tears from his eyes. He was to the last something of the Indian, with whom he was so long identified. He despised much which society solicits. He almost seemed at times, in his proud, stalking indifference, to verify Longfellow's hexameter:

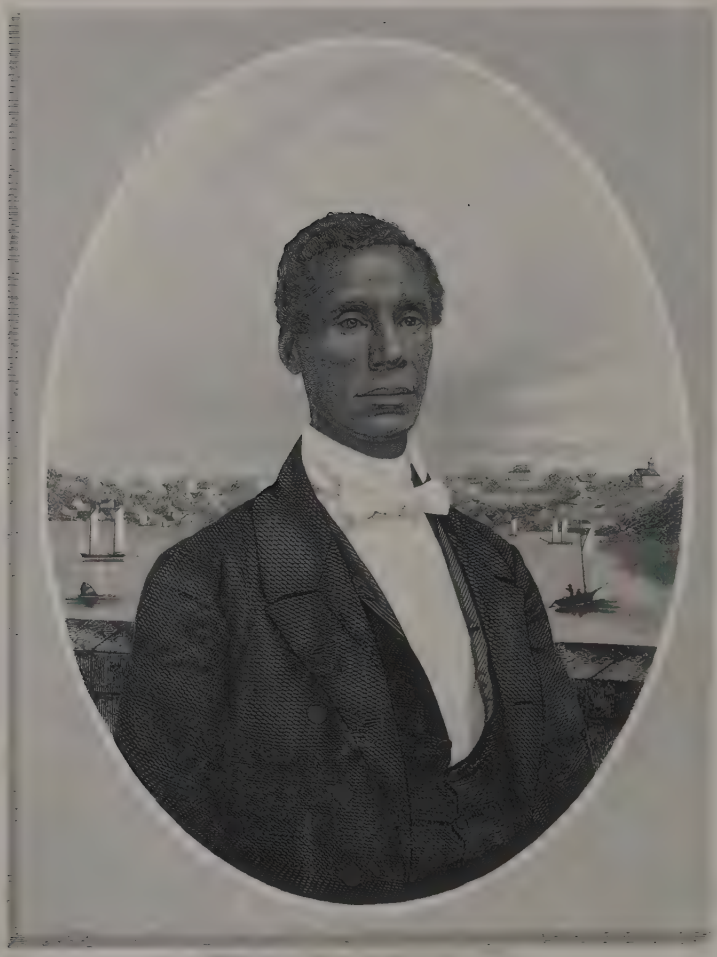
> "How canst thou walk in our streets, who hast trod the green paths of the prairies."

This defect was adjoined to a like characteristic scorn of pomp and parade. *Simplex munditiis* was his idea of house and person. Gravely, neatly, not over-richly dressed was house or person. A costly house, but costly with simplicity, was his idea. In others he liked display, just as he liked in others art and literature; for himself he exhibited a stately indifference, not unworthy of a nobleman of high degree.

He was fortunate or otherwise in accumulating wealth. It came easily to him; too easily, perhaps. But the defect attending such accumulation was alike easy. It is not easy for a clergyman to increase in riches, and not have set his heart upon them. It is not germane to his profession. He can increase in scholarship, governmental ability, pulpit renown, and not be covetous of these proper results and rewards of his profession. But accumulation of wealth is not ministerial, is, in fact, antiministerial. And he that too assiduously seeks money is in danger of becoming its idolater. Grand as have been the vision and the aims of this Churchman, the means afforded to further those aims have not been commensurate. A little hardness the heart revealed when these appeals came before it. May we hope that the reported accumulations which he acquired may ultimately find outlets upon the many active church enterprises he inaugurated or so widely expanded?

A man has four periods after he is a man: The first ten years, from thirty to forty, give him his position; the second, his achievements in his position; the third, his confirmation or establishment of his achievements; the fourth, the adjustment of these achievements to those which the men of the second decade behind him have brought into human evolution; and then he takes his place among the stars and "rains influence" upon the generations following.

Among those who will rain such influence from the heavens is Edward Raymond Ames. His grave, unfortunately separated from his predecessors—Asbury, Lee, and Waugh—but in the same city, will be visited by many and many a youthful preacher of his Church. His name will be a tower of strength to those who love that Church, and who will pass it on to the future more strong, more perfect, after its original idea. They will find in his life the *stimulus* to the utmost zeal and the utmost freedom.



Francis Burns.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D.D.

THE time was December 5, 1809; the place, an obscure street in the city of Albany, N. Y.; a small unpainted cottage, of two rooms, and a single story, a few plain articles of household furniture, a low cot bed in one corner of a small room. Here, on the above-named day, a man-child is born. The humble and poor parents are black, but respectable, hard-toiling persons. Whether they or their ancestors had been in the house of bondage we cannot say; yet the probabilities are, that at some past period they had been under the yoke, as there are very few colored people among us whose fathers did not pass through that fire; but the parents of this new-born child bore the badge of an oppressed race; an incubus is upon them which they cannot throw off. Here is poverty, here is ostracism, here is the demon of a baptized diabolism, projecting its dark shadow even into a free State, and claiming the right to brand this child, and fix its status for all time.

There is a bitter satire in the picture of William A. Seward, at this time a lad of eight years, born and living in the same State, declaiming in the village school the stirring words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Well and bravely said, Master William, and you shall thunder these words in tingling ears of recreant senators and truckling politicians. They are ringing words, which have shaken the world for a hundred years, and now, at last, have thrown the moloch, slavery, from his pedestal, and shattered his kingdom.

But how about this child just now born? Many other children have been born since we have been looking into this cabin, in all portions of the earth: white children, red children, tawny children, to each of whom, of whatever nationality, the "glittering generalities"

above quoted have a clear and fitting application: each may go on his way to build his own future, to mold his own character, to shape his own immortality, with nothing to oppose him or obstruct his way, save the common ills of humanity. But this waif thus cast upon the wild current, (his parents will call him Francis, their patronymic is Burns,) has a black skin, and the scant covering of his little round head is curly, like lamb's wool. "And what of that?" asks a portly spectator with a gold-headed cane, and large, ancient seal dangling from his fob, who happens to be present. "What of that?" Why, much of that, Mr. Burgher, and your honorable burghers of the good old Dutch city of Albany; much to this poor child lying before us: your sons will call him a "nigger!" Your schools will furnish for him no form, nor make provision for his education; your church doors will be closed against him. Not one of your mechanics will take him as an apprentice to learn the "art, trade, or mystery" of even a "cord-wainer;" no one will admit him as a clerk in your grand warehouses, or employ him as messenger in your State-house, or as turnkey for your jail, nor, depth of meanness! can he be admitted to your common poor-house. But, bless you, the child need not die for all that; he can do something for a living! Yes, gentlemen, he can, perhaps, become a barber, and perform the symbolic act of taking your aristocratic noses between his thumb and finger and shaving you; and there is a grim humor in the fact that his race have commenced this tonsorial operation in some places in a sense somewhat above the original appreciation. Yes, he can, and will, do something, and be either a barber or a bishop!

And so we leave the little stranger for four years, when we again revisit the cottage, and there he is, toddling about, the prospective barber of the white man's election, the true bishop of Jehovah's choice. A puny looking child, slim, with sloping shoulders, (he takes after his mother in this,) with a head altogether disproportioned to his body; too large for a barber, unwieldy for a boot-black; his eyes large, serious, and dreamy; his perceptive faculties well developed, causality large, and a good show of ideality; his organ of benevolence is large, and he has full conscientiousness, so that he will not be likely to drive a very hard bargain with the patrons of his future calling; while the back part of his head, where firmness sits enthroned, stands well up,

indicating that he will be likely to stick to his calling, be it barber or bishop.

His mother says he is a home boy; he is not inclined to ramble, or seek the society of other lads; he has the art of self-amusement. But the times are hard, we are at war with England, it is 1813, and poverty lays its hand heavily upon the little cottage. The father finds it difficult to provide for the wants of his growing family in the narrow limits of his labors, as he is permitted to do only negro's work. He can sweep out a store, or push a hand-cart, provided no white men wish to monopolize those employments. Any raw, unwashed, and uncombed scallawag just landed from the old world, if he has a Caucasian complexion, may crowd to the wall this native-born American. The wife does all she can to help to keep the wolf from the door, and to keep her children together. But the struggle is vain—some of them must go, which shall it be? But the eye of the All-seeing is upon this poor dwelling, and a call comes to this little four-year-old, just as clear and distinct, as shown by the circumstances and results, as that which came to his illustrious predecessor in founding a new era, "Up and get thee out of thy father's house, and I will make of thee" a bishop of my people. True, he did not hear a voice, or receive an impression, even; he heard only his mother's sad sigh as she sent them to a supperless bed. She did not hear it; she heard only her own moaning over the sufferings of her little flock.

But God is preparing a warm nest for this little fledgling. If he stays at home he will die, and there will be no Bishop Burns, and so he must go out. But where? how?

Just at this time there came one day to the city of Albany, with the products of his land, and for supplies, a farmer from Greene County by the name of Atwood. In some way, perhaps in passing the humble home, he saw this little child and took a fancy to him, and the parents offered to give him to Mr. Atwood if he would take him home, to which he assented. He takes the baby into his carriage, and drives home. We would like to have been there when he unrolled the treasures from the city, among which was a black baby! And it was a gift, a princely gift for the poor parents to make; for in a southern market, or in the capital of Washington, he would have brought from $300 to $500 in gold, and there were plenty

of white-faced scoundrels who would have been only too glad to have negotiated the sale for a percentage; and it would not have been the first baby, by many thousands, sold to replenish the *Lord's treasury.*

It must have been a divine impulse which moved the heart of this man to assume such a responsibility. Years must pass before the child can be of any service in the family. It was not that they were childless; they had children of their own. But God wanted Francis Burns, and Burns must have a home where he can be fitted for his life work.

But Mr. Atwood and his pious wife, who was herself a class-leader, a most devoted Christian, shall live forever in the annals of the Church and the gratitude of all Christian people for this heroic act, in the face of such prejudice, to receive into their house as one of the family, not a grown man or woman who could pay their way and more, but a helpless black baby, whose condition demanded constant care and nursing, and who could give in return not even the prospective promise of repaying the debt when age and infirmities should rest upon his benefactors. They had often read, "I was a stranger and ye took me in;" and ere this, where they all gather around the throne, they have heard the words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

And now our little hero has enough to eat, warm clothing to wear, and a Christian home, and is removed from numerous temptations which would have beset him in his old home in Albany. He has the same care, and the same culture, moral and intellectual, as is bestowed on the other children of the family. He is put into the summer school. He is four years of age, life is just opening to his personal consciousness; he will remember but very indistinctly facts, scenes, and incidents prior to his translation to this paradise.

The dusky faces of his father and mother, with the tears of the parting scene, will gradually fade from his memory; the old Albany home, with its privations and want, will soon be as though they had not been, while his new home with its comforts fill his young heart. He will soon begin to receive the rich lessons God teaches through nature. He is out in the green fields, out of the crowded and filthy streets of a great city; the birds sing to him, and the brooks murmur in his ear, and the cloud-shadows gambol over the shimmering glades,

and the sun-beams creep into his little chamber through climbing vines and rustling leaves. He will begin to think he is among white associates altogether, and so his African idiomatic language will be changed, and he is hedged in by strong religious influences. His musical ear is daily filled with Christian song, not the puerile trash often heard in our modern Sabbath-schools, but the grand old hymns of the Wesleys and Watts, and he bows with the Christian family in prayer. Who can doubt that the guiding hand of God was in all this, as in the infant life of Moses? If he is not a Christian from childhood, he is saved from many of the vices of that impressible period; the seed is being sown in a good soil, and while we do not know if his pious foster parents lived to witness the full harvest, we do know that they lived to see that their "labor was not in vain in the Lord."

Thus four years more of his life pass. Mr. Atwood is satisfied that the experiment will prove a success, and, fearing lest the boy should be enticed from his home, just as he may be of some service to himself, goes to Albany, and the parents of Francis execute legal indentures by which the lad is bound to Mr. Atwood until his majority, "to learn the art, trade, and mystery of an *agriculturist*."

He is in school with the white children of the district, who manifest no repugnance to associating with "Squire Atwood's colored boy," though in Albany the popular sentiment would hardly have tolerated such freedom with the son of the "negro Burns."

Country schools, it is well known, are periodical, not continuous as in cities and large towns; two or three months in the winter for the older scholars, and a few months of a "woman's school," in summer for the little ones who are of no use on the farm. It was this summer school which Francis attended at first, and his application and great proficiency were most gratifying to his teacher and friends, and he thus demonstrated that the difference between the white and colored scholars was in the *pigment* under the epidermis, rather than in the brain.

Mr. Atwood, pleased with his attainments, and fearing for his health, as some symptoms appeared indicating a pulmonary affection, kept him in school both summer and winter.

He is now to take an advanced step in his career, he is not a

Christian by experience, although he had a thorough Christian training. Upright, honest, serious beyond his years, he had the entire confidence of his foster parents, and the respect of the whole community, and on this he reposed; he had not raised the great question, "What is sin?" and his introspection had revealed nothing wrong. He had not consciously broken any law of God or man, and so was not a sinner, like many he saw around him. "What have I done?" he would ask when urged to repent; he had not been in circumstances to test his integrity, and to show his self-righteousness.

But a change came on this wise: The teacher of the summer school which he attended was a Miss Stewart, daughter of a Baptist clergyman of that town. Pious and devoted, she looked as carefully to the hearts of her young charge as to the heads. She drew the hearts of her pupils to her by a powerful attraction; she shall not be forgotten. Mr. Burns himself bears a positive testimony to her piety, intelligence, firmness, and impartiality. She cherished a lively interest for this colored boy, the only one in all that region, and watched him with a motherly care, while he in return gave her the confidence and love of his ardent nature.

One day (she tells the story) he had been guilty of some misdemeanor, and on being called to answer, to screen himself he framed a falsehood. To detect her favorite pupil in a deliberate lie was a most painful thing to the teacher. She took him alone, laid the whole matter clearly before him, with tears in her eyes she told him of his sin, of God's cognizance of his guilt, and the peril of his soul, and brought him to repent and turn from his sinful course.

The arrow went to his heart; his self-righteousness received a fearful shock, his self-respect was gone; he had betrayed the trust and forfeited the confidence of his kind teacher, and grieved the Spirit of God; he was in great tribulation, "the pains of death got hold upon me, and the sorrows of hell compassed me about;" and then "called he upon the name of the Lord;" he earnestly sought and found regenerating grace; he was filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

His conversion was as distinctly marked as had been his self-righteousness; his mouth was filled with praise; and now the bright colored boy is a Christian, to the delight of his numerous friends: and the

immediate exercise of his gifts in public were listened to with wonder and joy by the whole community.

Two years slip by; he is now seventeen; still at school, but at work on the farm in the vacations. He is a growing Christian; he has a faithful leader in the person of the pious Mrs. Atwood. He is baptized and received into the Methodist Episcopal Church, where God had prepared for him a wide field of labor. And now the Spirit began to move him in the camp; his public testimonies became more methodical and moving; he evidently possessed gifts of a high order. Of colored preachers he had never heard; no one had opened the subject of a divine call to him, and yet, he is impressed that he must preach the gospel.

But all earthly considerations are against him. He is a black man, subject to the opposition and prejudices of his race; he is a mere boy; he is bound until twenty-one; four years yet remain of service; he is deficient in the educational qualifications for such a work; all is against him, he cannot go. But with this decision he has great sorrow and darkness of soul; he struggles on sinking deeper and deeper in the slough of despond; at last he compromises the matter with God and his conscience; if he can be excused until he is of age, he will go; he finds in this comparative quiet.

But now he must be educated; his thirst for knowledge is a torture. He has about exhausted the resources of a common country school; he can "read, write, and cipher," as far as the "rule of three," and this was the "*u lima thule*" of these young explorers; but our young friend from this point looks out upon the illimitable sea beyond with the intense longing of a Columbus gazing upon the open Atlantic.

For years it has been his habit to carry a book in his pocket, with the addition of a small pocket-dictionary, and his leisure moments were employed in reading, with constant reference to his lexicon. He is now struck with the fact that for his present necessities here is a vast redundancy of *words*, a much smaller vocabulary answers his purpose quite as well. As his eye ran over this bewildering mass of terms, he said to himself: "I must know the meaning of more of them, these words must have a signification; somebody must need them for the expression of thought; to such they have significance,

why not to me?" The vast expanse of science, art, and philosophy, spread out before him, he must enter and explore these fields; he is athirst, he must find the spring.

Let no cynical, color-hating reader say, "O, this was the aspiration of the white blood—this was the Caucasian element that stirred within him." Thank God! he hadn't any white blood in his veins; no touch of the Saxon; he was God's type of the black race, and was raised up to illustrate the unity of humanity. Look on his manly face, black as night, "black, but comely." A noble manhood stirred and moved his heart: touched by that Spirit which "brooded the dark elements, and order brought from chaos," he felt the impulse and followed the drawings. "Self-made, was he?" Of course, self-made. All men who are made at all, and who make any thing, are self-made: they seize the opportunity and employ the instrumentalities. You cannot, with all the complicated enginery of educational institutions, pump true manliness, with *force* and *power*, into a passive and indifferent soul. One must go out after the treasures of knowledge—must "separate himself, and seek and intermeddle with all wisdom," in order to find it. On such seeking God smiles, and gratifies the desire.

It is not the college or university that makes the student or the man; these are the helps, but the man must make himself. Year by year there come throngs from college halls—human forms, polished, wrapped in tissue-paper, bound, corded, stamped with the maker's trade-mark, a diploma of strange words signifying nothing, not even "sound and fury," put on the car of transportation, and dumped into eternity, that's all. "Self-made!" Of course this child of misfortune will be self-made. He is bursting through the hard, superincumbent mass of prejudice and poverty, and all the *débris* which human diabolism could heap upon a race. He is struggling to free himself, like Milton's coming lion,—

> "Now half appeared
> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts; then springs as broke from bonds,
> And, rampant, shakes his brindled mane."

Every thing seemed against young Burns but God, and how wonderfully He cleared his way!

There is a high school at Lexington Heights, Greene County, under the tutorship of William M'Lauren, and he is advised by his spiritual guide, Rev. D. Terry, to apply for admission to its classic halls. It seemed the wildest and most absurd attempt—no colored student had ever been admitted to a high school or academy in the country—a black man in an aristocratic white high school? Impossible! He can hardly hope for success in his application. But Francis believed in God. He might secure his admission, and if he should gain admission it would be next to heaven. He will, instead of a direct application to the trustees, first apply at head-quarters; the school belongs to his Father—He will not reject his application. He goes to his closet, talks with his best friend about it, reminds him of the covenant between them, of his wants and unfitness for his prospective life work, and comes out with an assurance of success. He makes his application in person. His modesty, his earnestness, his reputation, his good character, so long maintained in the community, favorably impress the gentlemanly principal, and he is admitted; the first instance of the kind on record on this continent. Heretofore a colored man who desired an education must go to Europe in order to pursue a course of study on terms of equality with whites. There stands, in one corner of my parlor, a guitar which the writer purchased of a fine looking young colored man, in 1849, who wished to raise funds to reach England that he might enter a medical school, as all doors were closed against him in the United States.

Not one word was uttered against our young hero in or out of the school; nay, he was treated with marked respect by both pupils and teachers. He won their confidence and love by his gentleness, his Christian deportment, and his application and remarkable proficiency in his studies.

He does not relax in his religious zeal; he grows in grace, and seeks and finds a full consecration to God, and proves in his deep experience, that the "blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." He lives in a new world, there is to him a "new heaven and a new earth." "The joy of the Lord is his strength."

He now begins to "hold meetings" in the neighboring schoolhouses, and the delighted brethren hear with surprise his clear and persuasive exhortations; and the conviction is strengthened that he is

indeed a "chosen vessel unto the Lord;" and in this conviction, judging him to be a suitable person, as he has clearly "gifts, grace, and usefulness," the Church adds her outward to the Spirit's inward call to the ministry of the word.

After a quarterly meeting, held on the Windham Circuit, he was given a license as local preacher, now about twenty years of age. He is not idle, his license was no mere compliment, but authority by the Church to call sinners to repentance, and he enters every open door, aided and encouraged by the circuit preachers.

But now appears another remarkable phenomenon in the career of this man. He is engaged to *teach* the common school in his own neighborhood—the first colored teacher of white youth in the land. His success was marked. He had the confidence of the entire community. By his consistent Christian life, and affectionate, kindly disposition, he had endeared himself to all the people. He had honored God, and now God gives him favor with the people.

It is now 1830, Mr. Burns is twenty-one years of age. A great and wide-spread interest is awakened for Africa, whose degraded millions appealed to the American Churches for help. Her stolen children had enriched our land by their unpaid toil; we can do no less than to send the gospel back to them. At once men volunteered to go. Cox, Wright, and others went out to suffer and to die; and one after another they fell, and their dust awaits the resurrection call in the cemetery at Monrovia. It was soon demonstrated that white men cannot live in Africa, and that if the work is prosecuted at all it must be by colored men, or such as have been acclimated in hot, malarial climates. But the dying Cox had struck the key-note of the enterprise in his last utterance: "Though thousands fall, let not Africa be given up."

Rev. David Terry traveled the Windham Circuit, which was the residence of Mr. Burns. He had noticed the young colored man in the congregation, was impressed with his manly bearing, and heard with much interest his testimony in a class-meeting after the public service. He sought and obtained an interview with him, learned the main facts in his history, and advised him to turn his attention to theological reading, with such studies as would fit him for ministerial work among his own people here or in Africa; and at the same time Burns gave him an order for a copy of Clarke's Commentary.

In 1833 the New York Annual Conference met in Poughkeepsie, and the young colored man was introduced to Bishop Hedding, who, after a brief examination, was satisfied that he was a laborer specially prepared for the new field in Africa. He was struck by the marks of divine providence in his history. Like his great prototype, he was providentially raised up and fitted for a leader of his people. His lowly birth, his casting out by his parents under the law of poverty, more flexible than the law of Pharoah; his rescue and nursing by a greater than the daughter of the Egyptian king, that "elect lady," Mrs. Atwood; his sojourn in his *Midian*, keeping the flocks of his benefactor; the burning bush, the white high school, which gave him *authority* by fitting him for his work; and now his call to go and lead his people out of their long servitude, are all interesting coincidences, fanciful only to the unbelieving.

But such a man is wanted just at this time for a special work, and he is found in the "hill country" of New York, where he has been in preparation for two decades of years, and now comes to the front at the call of circumstances. If a peculiarly shaped stone is wanted in the erection of a building, and one is found among the material which fits the place, and no where else, it is fair to infer it was designed for it. You may call it chance, we call it divine providence, watching his work and providing for exigencies.

The year following the interview with Bishop Hedding a man arrived in this country from the West Indies, who had been long in the missionary work among the blacks in those islands. He was at once engaged to go to Liberia to superintend our mission work; and so this man, Rev. John Seys, became the Aaron of our Moses, and our Albany waif, the student, the scholar, the pious and devoted young local preacher, is engaged to accompany him to that distant and perilous field of toil.

Light now flashes on all his dark past, and God says to him, "For this same purpose have I raised thee up." This is just the field he would have selected had it been left to his choice; his heart exults in the prospect.

September, 1834, sees them off, the second division of the forlorn hope hurled against the citadel of superstition, barbarism, and bestiality in that land "shadowed with wings" of error.

After weary months of sailing, the low shores and dark mangrove swamps of Africa appear on the horizon. But, alas! no warm welcome greets them from successful predecessors; they are all in their graves! A handful of converts greet them, but the terrible fever has been nearly as fatal to the colored immigrants as to the whites. Color is no certain defense against the fatal malarial fever; Mr. Burns was at once prostrated by the foe, and for two years he suffered constantly-returning attacks, but his strong constitution triumphed.

He had entered upon his work as a teacher in Monrovia Seminary, and now added to that task the wearing work of an itinerant preacher, which he faithfully prosecuted for ten years, when he returned to this country for a short rest, and to receive ordination, having "purchased to himself a good degree." He was ordained by Bishop Janes deacon and elder in succession. He spent a few months in visiting the Churches and presenting the claims of the African mission, and his stirring addresses will not be soon forgotten. He then returned to his field of labor. He was appointed principal of the Monrovia Conference Seminary; he was editor of "Africa's Luminary;" he was presiding elder of Cape Palmas district, and preacher in charge of Cape Palmas station; and for six years he was appointed president of the Liberia Annual Conference. "Who is weak, and I am not weak?" he might well exclaim. No mortal man could long stand a strain like that. Yet he never complained, nor asked to be relieved. His letters to the board of the Missionary Society at New York were full of cheering news and statistical information, so that the managers at home knew quite as well the state of the work as though on the spot themselves.

His was a true apostolic life, modeled after that of the great apostle to the Gentiles. He had laid himself upon the altar without reserve, and he would not spare himself. The Church gave him her entire confidence, the world held him in profound respect, while the friends of the abolition of slavery pointed exultantly to him as a demonstration of the capabilities of the African race.

The General Conference of 1856 took up and discussed the question of a missionary bishop for Africa. It was almost certain death for a white man to visit and remain any length of time in that region: and then the superintendency by one of their own race would, it

was thought, strengthen the work by throwing them more and more upon their own resources. The day was passing when white pastors were a necessity to colored Churches. "Throw them upon their own manhood," said the advocates of this measure; "confide in their honest integrity; let them feel that their friends and patrons expect them to walk alone, and you lift them above a feeling of dependence." And so it was voted that the Liberia Annual Conference should elect a superintendent for themselves, and the choice was Francis Burns. This was in 1858. It was a well-earned honor—none more so.

But this movement was anomalous, and entirely outside of Methodist usages and constitutional guarantees. There was no provision in the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church for a diocesan or limited episcopate. One is bishop, if properly constituted, of the whole Church, of co-ordinate authority and equality of privilege. He is elected by the representatives of all the Annual Conferences in their quadrennial convention, and set apart for the work of a superintendent by the imposition of the hands of the acting bishops; not raised to a higher order, as in other episcopal bodies, but to a distinct office. His duty is, in part, "to travel through the connection at large," says the Discipline, and "To oversee the spiritual and temporal business of our Church."

The General Conference authorized the Liberia Annual Conference to elect a candidate for the superintendency instead of doing it themselves, and so gave their sanction to the election, calling home the candidate for ordination. Mr. Burns obeyed the call, came to the United States, and Bishops Janes and Baker set him apart to the office and work of a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The act was performed at the session of the Genesee Annual Conference, held in Buffalo, N. Y., 1858. It was an occasion of surpassing interest. It was the first act of the kind in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The sable candidate for episcopal honors was a native of New York, and was, therefore, at home. Crowds were gathered at the seat of the Conference, eager to see the man of whom they had heard so much, and to witness the ceremony. Mr. Burns had frequently preached since his return with great power, and his missionary addresses had stirred the hearts of the people as they had seldom been moved. "He had the polished manners of a gentleman," says an eye witness,

"with great sweetness of disposition, and retiring and attractive modesty, a highly cultivated mind, stored with choice knowledge, which made his company exceedingly interesting." And now, when this man knelt at the chancel, and the hands of the officiating bishops and elders were laid upon his head, and in the hush of that vast assembly, the solemn words were heard, "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop in the Church of God now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!" there was not a dry eye in the house. It was a great event—the veil had begun to rend, the sun went forward many degrees on the dial-plate of humanity; Africa was redeemed.

And now the little child of poverty, who was "given away" by his parents and adopted by strangers, is a bishop in the Church of God. With all the irregularities attending his election, he bears the title, and has earned the honor. If deep and uniform piety, close application to study, profound and ripe scholarship, rare devotion to his work as a servant of God, with marked success, are essential qualifications for the office of a bishop, then was Francis Burns worthy of the office of an overseer in the Church of God, while the undivided ballots of his brethren, the voice of the entire Church, and the solemn imposition of episcopal hands, surely confirm that claim; and he might go a step farther, and appeal to a higher test, and say, "Are they [apostles?] so am I. Are they ministers of Christ? I am more: in labors more abundant . . . in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all" Africa!

The solution of this vexed question of the ecclesiastical legality of Bishop Burns's ordination, which at the time created so much excitement and drew out so much discussion is, that he was a black man, and the time was 1858–'59. It would never do to have a black bishop traveling at large through the land, presiding at Annual Conferences, stationing white preachers, and ordaining them; hence he must be styled a "missionary bishop!" But point out in the Discipline, as it then stood, your authority for such an office. Show in the

ordination service the distinction. Do we make the same distinction in our Scandinavian, German, or Chinese work? If the bishop who goes to superintend the Liberia Conference is a missionary bishop, so is he who visits Germany and China and the East Indies a missionary bishop for the time, but when the term of such service expires he takes his place among his peers. And so if the acts of election and ordination give and secure to these officers of the Church this equality, Anthony Burns, when here, was among his peers; and had he, on his final return to this country, in 1863, claimed all the rights, privileges, and powers of a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the absence of all disciplinary limitations and restrictions, there is not a legal tribunal in the land but would have granted the claim. But those were days when slavery ruled Church and State, and the time had not yet arrived when a white bishop could dine and take an airing in the carriage of a respectable colored dentist and family without producing an earthquake, and ending this mundane conflict.

Our new bishop gave himself brief repose, but at once sailed for his distant field of labor, where he threw himself again into his loved work with a zeal which knew no abatement, and a heart that never grew cold; he would not spare himself. He had the care of the schools, of the printing press, and of the Churches and ministers; he must be every-where in the supervision of these interests, and this not for a few weeks, as in the case of a visiting bishop, and then off for home, but this strain was unremitting; the close of the year only introducing another of increasing care as the good work spread. And thus passed four years of additional toil. But the bow which had retained its strength for thirty years began to give way, and to lose its elasticity. His long exposure to that terrible climate, the frequent attacks of malarial fever he had suffered, and his herculean labors, had about exhausted a constitution not naturally strong, and he broke down. His physician commanded instant cessation from labor, and a return to the States.

He reached his native land in the darkest days of our struggle with the proud foe of his race. He was intensely excited. The land trembled under the tread of armed hosts, and he must have experienced a rare delight in seeing thousands of his own race marching to the field under the Stars and Stripes. But a greater joy awaited this toil-worn

son of oppressed Africa. On the second day of September, 1862, the nation was startled by the famous Proclamation of Emancipation, issued by President Lincoln, and on January 1, 1863, slavery ceased to exist in the United States. Some three months after that event Bishop Burns arrived in Baltimore, but only to die. His work was done; nature failed to rally her exhausted powers; and on the 18th of April, 1863, he quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

Bishop Francis Burns was a remarkable man in talent, attainments, piety, and self-sacrifice. Our excellent Bishop Janes sums up all in a letter kindly furnished to the writer in which he says: "I had a good deal of correspondence with him, and became very much attached to him. I esteemed him very highly as a minister of deep piety, refinement, general intelligence, mental force, and devotion to his work. The sermon which he preached before the Genesee Conference, at the time of his ordination as bishop, would have been creditable to any of our bishops."

Bishop Burns was married after his elevation to the episcopate, and as this event was as strongly marked by a mysterious over-ruling Providence as his own remarkable career, it deserves, and shall have, a separate and special notice.

Our heroic bishop was in no haste to wed, believing that He who said, "It is not good for man to be alone," would in due time, without the aid of the Darwinian dogma of "natural selection," bring to him the other half of the Adam thus left alone. He did not, as soon as he entered the Christian ministry, begin to peer about in search of a wife, and hence he avoided embarrassing engagements, and no morsel was furnished to the tooth of slander. He waited for her to come. "When I want a wife I will not call in the aid of that class of mischief-makers, the match-makers; I believe the God who has guided me through all these years, and whom I serve, will provide one," he said quietly to himself. Alone he toiled on in the burning air of Africa for twenty-five years, gathering souls into the fold of Christ. No breath of calumny rested upon him, no act of indiscretion marred the beauty of his life, but still there was found no "helpmeet for him."

But the same wise and gracious Providence which had always guided his affairs was with him still, and had been for all these years of labor and sacrifice, preparing for him a true helper.

Just about the time of his first visit to Africa a little girl of mixed blood, at the age of three years, was left an orphan, and thrown upon the charities of the world; her name was Lucinda J. Harvard, a native of the State of Connecticut, but in what town born we do not know. A kind-hearted man by the name of Warren Humphrey, and his pious wife, adopted the little outcast. In this kind family she was a cherished pet for seven years, when Mrs. Humphrey died. To the poor child this was a great loss. "It was," says Mrs. Dr. Raymond, from whom we have derived these facts, "the first great affliction of her life." In this family she toiled on in household labor until nearly twenty years of age, without remuneration, saving only food and clothing. She then, being of age, went into another family at stipulated wages of one dollar and a half per week. She was intent on securing an education which should fit her for teaching. In the course of two years she had saved of her small wages fifty dollars, with which she started for Wilbraham Seminary, then under charge of Rev. Minor Raymond, D.D. She at once entered upon her course of study, which she diligently and successfully prosecuted for some three years, a part of her expenses being paid by the Missionary Society, and in part by her own labor in the family of the principal, Dr. Raymond. Her heart was drawn toward Liberia as her field of labor. She sailed for Africa in the same ship which bore back to his field of toil the newly ordained Bishop Burns. On this long voyage they, of necessity, formed intimate acquaintance with each other, which grew into strong mutual attachment. They then entered into a matrimonial engagement. She taught for a season at White Plains Seminary, Liberia, and there they were married January 5, 1859.

They at once removed to Monrovia, the residence of the bishop, and took possession of the *episcopal palace!* Let not the reader smile incredulously at this. You shall have a picture of this palatial residence drawn by her own hand: "It was," she writes, "three stories in height, built of wood, with two rooms to each story, old and leaky; neither ceiled, plastered, nor papered—simply like a barn."

She bore no children, but adopted a number of poor outcasts. We cannot better describe her life in Africa than is done by her own pen in a letter to that "elect" lady, Mrs. Raymond, who has kindly furnished a copy for information, and in answer to the question, "Was she

[the bishop's wife] a helpmeet?" "The two eldest [adopted] daughters are married, so there are but five children at home, four girls, and a boy three years old. Mr. Burns, myself, and the children are all that sit at table daily. I have no hired woman constantly, but get one by the day as I need. As soon as it is light we are up. Mr. B. goes to his study, which is in another house, as there is no spare room in this. Some of us prepare the breakfast, while others make the children's beds, do the sweeping, and so forth. At eight o'clock Mr. B. comes home, when we have prayers and breakfast. Then the children go to school. We dine at two, but get no supper. Through the day I am attending to my housework, making and mending clothes for old and young, boys and girls, or visiting the sick and poor—giving this poor woman and that orphan child something to eat, drink, or wear. And O, there is so much of this to do! Not a day passes but some one is at the door begging, and, of course, I must satisfy myself that it is a worthy and needy case."

Mrs. R. writes, "Although the white and negro races were equally represented in her blood, and she herself was quite dark, yet she naturally shrank from contact with colored people, as all her associations had been with white people. Yet she writes: 'I recollect how I used to feel about talking and praying with the natives; yet all I regret about that is, that I do not have more of it to do.'"

When the worn and dying bishop came to this country with the hope of improving his health she accompanied him, nursed and comforted him in his last hours, and closed his eyes in their final sleep: then, taking his remains with her, returned over the wide waste of waters to her desolate home. She kept her family together and also taught a school. But the climate had broken her robust frame, and she soon sank under her increased burdens, and is laid by the side of her noble husband under the palms of the land they both loved to the death.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

D. V. Clark

Davis Wasgatt Clark.

BY REV. DANIEL CURRY, D.D.

NEARLY all of the chief men of American Methodism have been of the class popularly styled "self-made." It may be doubted, however, whether that designation truthfully applies to any man; for every one is more or less shaped by his conditions. Or if the use of such conditions by the individual is especially referred to by that term, then all who usually succeed are self-made. There is, however, a sense in which that form of expression may be taken that is not only true, but also eminently suggestive and worthy of attention. These men were chiefly from the middle grades of society: sons of plain and comparatively poor and only moderately educated parents, and were accustomed from childhood to frugal living, to labor, and to rely largely upon their own efforts for their present livelihood, and any possible higher attainments in the future. And these things, no doubt, contributed largely to their success in life; and the habits of industry imposed by necessity, coupled with the moral and religious influences of their Christian homes, made them such as they now appear—giants in manly virtues and heroes in the service of their God and of his people.

Of this goodly company of Christian worthies he of whom we now write was one, and by no means the least. Davis Wasgatt Clark was descended on the side of both parents from a good Massachusetts stock. His ancestors on both sides had in the generations before him removed into the Province of Maine, then an integral part of the State of Massachusetts, and settled in the new country near the sea-coast, to the eastward of the southern extremity of the province. The island of Mount Desert, so named from its character by the early French colony that first occupied this territory, lies just off the mainland, and upon this the grandparents of our subject—both paternal and maternal—made their homes. Here Davis Wasgatt, his maternal grandfather, whose honored name he has made still more

honorable, after having served his country in the army during the whole period of the war of the Revolution, resided for more than three score years, chosen by his townsmen to the principal places in their gift, both civil and ecclesiastical. Here, too, resided John Clark, a young farmer of good character, who wooed and won the hand of Sarah Wasgatt, and of the union so formed came, as their oldest son, the subject of this sketch. The traveler of these later times who may explore the interior of that island will find in the sheltered inland nook known as Beach Hill Valley a grave-yard, and among the tombstones two bearing, respectively, the names of John Clark and Sarah Clark. Not far off is the site, now houseless, upon which stood the modest dwelling in which, on the 25th day of February, 1812, was born he whom the great world has come to know as Davis Wasgatt Clark, D.D., bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The remote island home into which this future celebrity was born could offer him but scanty advantages beyond those of the household itself. By reason of its isolation and comparative poverty, it possessed but few of the advantages of advanced civilization. Its school, though kept in existence, afforded only the most limited primary instruction. A Congregational Church was established and maintained in the neighborhood, of which the venerable Wasgatt was for two generations an office-bearer; but the current of its religious life had become very feeble, and consequently its power was quite insufficient to restrain and renew the uncultured children of the forests and the sea who made up the population of the island. But there were better things in reserve for them. In the year 1815 a Free-will Baptist preacher visited the island as an evangelist, preaching in private houses, and wherever he could obtain access to the people. A remarkable religious awakening followed, and among the converts were John and Sarah Clark. The stranger evangelist presently departed, leaving his converts to the care of others, and many of them found their way into the only Church on the island. A religious revolution now took place in the household of which our subject was a child of scarcely four years old. The family altar was set up, and the daily oblation of prayer and praise was offered, and in all its affairs it was manifested that salvation had come to that house. With

a child's quickness to perceive, and sympathy to feel, the little boy took notice of these things, and felt their awe-inspiring expressiveness. The seed thus sown became abundantly fruitful in after life. But there arose an insuperable obstacle in the way of both the parents of our subject coming into the fellowship of the Congregational Church. It was required of all who sought to unite with that Church that they should accept and believe all its doctrines, including the extreme tenets of Calvinism, which neither of them could do. They, therefore, remained without formal Church fellowship, but kindled and kept alive the fires of their devotions upon their own domestic altar.

Here in the loneliness of that island home childhood grew into youth, and the unfolding intellect asked for a wider field, and the young heart struggled for larger sympathies. His home afforded these only to a very limited extent. He soon attained to all the learning that the local school could give him; he devoured with very little discrimination, because there was very little room for choice, all the books that fell within his reach, and through them caught glimpses of the great outside world. He mingled with and listened to the stories of the sailors and fishermen who had been out upon the great deep, and his rising ambition prompted him to be a sailor. But God had other work for him; and while the youth was thus marking out for himself another way of life than that designed by Providence, an event occurred which changed forever the course of his life.

In 1828, while our subject was in his seventeenth year, Mount Desert was first visited by a Methodist preacher, with the design to permanently occupy it. Rev. David Stimson was then in charge of Penobscot Circuit, with Rufus C. Bailey for colleague. The latter was a young man, and was sent over to the hitherto unvisited island, if it might be, to do something there for God and Methodism. He soon found his way to the island dell, under the shadow of Beach Hill, and preached Christ and a free and impartial gospel to the people. More than ten years had passed, during which some of those who received the word of God as preached by the stranger evangelist had earnestly waited the advent of another who should, in like manner, tell them of God's free grace. These were found a people prepared to receive the coming messenger of salvation. Among the names of the mem-

bers of the class first formed were those of Sarah Clark, and her son Davis W. Clark. And this record was, especially to the latter, significant of much more than appeared upon the surface. He had become the subject of a profound moral and religious transformation—was born again. This raised him into a new life, with broader, deeper, and more spiritual views than he had before entertained; and he entered at once upon a new career, the end of which he had but little understood, but into which he consented to be led by the divine Spirit to whose guidance he had submitted himself.

Two or three years more were passed at the paternal home, not idly, however, nor unprofitably, either for himself or others; though still he saw not how the pillar of the divine Providence would lead him out into the wider activities for which his heart was burning. He felt his lack of the needed mental preparation for the work to which his heart aspired, but saw not the way to obtain it. He had heard of schools and institutions where young men were prepared for their high career in life, but they appeared to be as utterly inaccessible to him as if they were in another world. They seemed to come nearer to him, however, when he heard of such institutions patronized and controlled by his own Church, and his desires grew with the faintest hope of their being gratified. The Maine Wesleyan Seminary had been founded a few years before, with a manual labor department, by which it was too fondly hoped that young men would be able to largely meet their expenses by devoting a part of their time to manual labor. This prospect decided his course, and in the spring of 1831 young Clark, at the age of nineteen, left his father's house and proceeded to Readfield, the seat of the seminary, and began his student life. His father reluctantly parted with his boy, already his chief dependence in all his farm work, but sent him out with all he had to give—his blessing. His services as a school-teacher in his own neighborhood had gained for him a small sum of money, and with that, and a strong heart, he went forth. He went to the seminary to obtain learning, but with only the most indefinite notions as to what all that signified—what he was to learn, to what extent he would proceed, or how the necessary expenses should be met. But time and events resolved all these. He continued at the seminary (with long absences, chiefly occupied with school-teaching)

for about three years; and in 1834 he entered the Wesleyan University at a somewhat advanced stage of its course of studies, and two years later he left it, bearing with him the diploma of a Bachelor of Arts.

His career in college seems not to have excited any very special attention from his instructors or others. His class-standing was always respectable, but not the highest, as it could not be expected that it should, since he usually had one or two more studies than properly belonged to his class. He was, however, graduated with honor, and the education he had obtained was to a good degree complete in both its extent and his mastery of the matters taken in hand.

But though released from the exactions of student life, he was not at liberty to pause and enjoy the much-needed leisure so appropriate to such a time. Only a few weeks later he entered upon his duties as teacher of mathematics at Amenia Seminary, Dutchess County, N. Y. Soon afterward he was licensed to preach, so that now double responsibilities were laid upon him. That seminary had then been in operation only about two years. Rev. (now Dr.) C. K. True was its first principal, who retired at the end of one year, and Rev. F. Merrick, (afterward president of Ohio Wesleyan University,) was now at its head. Under his able and skillful management, and after him under that of his not less able successor, the institution grew up to a high degree of prosperity, and became a great blessing to a multitude of young persons of both sexes, who availed themselves of the advantages that it offered.

About two years later two marked events occurred in Mr. Clark's affairs. On the 25th of July, 1838, he was united in marriage with Miss Mary J. Redman, daughter of Jesse and Frances Redman, of Trenton, N. J. Their acquaintance had begun at the seminary, and was extended and consummated in marriage, at the home of her who now became his bride. There is evidence, that, while Mr. Clark was not without the sentiment common to young persons in such cases, he also entered upon the state of matrimony with sincere and deep religious feelings. Life had ever been with him too intensely real to be now given up to sentimentality.

"Thus far," he wrote on the occasion of his marriage, "the

Lord has led me on, and still he continues to bless and prosper me. O, that we may continue to walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless."

The other event referred to was his election, by the trustees of the seminary, to succeed the late principal, Mr. Merrick, who at that time retired from the position he had so ably and successfully filled. The election was made unanimously, and accompanied with a strongly-expressed wish that he should accept the position. And the events more than justified the wisdom of the selection. He entered upon his duties resolved to make the institution something more than a school for secular learning. "These schools," he wrote, "must be conducted on religious principles, and must have teachers of genuine piety, and not merely formally religious." How fully and successfully he reduced this resolve to practice is shown by the history of the seminary while under his superintendency.

The whole term of Mr. Clark's connection with Amenia Seminary was seven years; the first two as an assistant, having charge of the department of mathematics, and the subsequent five years as principal and instructor in mental and moral philosophy and English literature. The government of the institution was entirely in his hands, with only a few general instructions from the board of trustees, and yet with a large body of pupils of both sexes, and many of them of adult age, there were very few occasions for discipline during the whole term of his administration. The attendance of pupils was large during the whole time, many of them drawn by the reputation of the institution from remote parts of the country. The grade of instruction was high, even for an academy, and many of its older boys and young men were pursuing the studies required before entering college. Of those who then and there pursued their preparatory studies, a considerable number have achieved a good reputation among scholars.

As an educator having the oversight of a body of young persons, Mr. Clark recognized his relations as devolving upon him the most sacred responsibilities in respect to the religious training of his pupils. The seminary was, by the design of its founders and official guardians, specifically a Methodist institution. Mr. Clark sought also to make it eminently an evangelical agency. There were regular services on Sabbath in the seminary chapel, at which the principal usually officiated.

A high state of spiritual prosperity prevailed during most of the time of his presidency over the institution, with extensive revivals during most of the terms; and because he took charge of these exercises, and was himself at the head of all the religious proceedings, any tendency to extravagance or fanaticism was entirely avoided.

In 1839, a year after their marriage, Mr. Clark and his young wife made a journey to the home of his childhood. A little more than eight years before he had gone out from that home, and by repeated removes he had gone farther and farther away, and with the lapse of years his returns had become less and less frequent. Evidently this enforced separation occasioned him real sorrow. His father's family was eminently a private one, and he seldom spoke of it except in the most delicate manner, and yet his heart dwelt in it with an affection that neither distance nor time could efface. His parents still survived, and his brother and sisters were yet about them, and his venerable maternal grandfather, whose honored name he bore, now a patriarch of ninety, still lingered with his descendants. Into that sacred seclusion the young minister, bringing with him his youthful bride, now came to look once again upon the scenes of his childhood, and to bless and be blessed among those who held his earliest love! His mother, especially, with the intuitions of a mother, now looked with a kind of prophetic awe upon this son of her solicitudes and hopes, and as he went forth again, followed him with her prayers and benedictions into that great world into which she saw him departing, led by a propitious providence.

In his new department of instruction he was brought into intimate contact with the more advanced minds of his pupils, and accordingly his own mind was drawn into a higher range of contemplation. His mental tendencies led him to take broad and deep views of things, and his literary tastes were gratified and strengthed by the studies to which he was called. And here, as through all his after life, he did more than to simply compass the routine of his duties. He extended his studies over the whole field in which he was called to labor, and he noted down for the use of others the matured result of his studies. As the great purpose of his teaching was to quicken and fashion the minds of his pupils after his own elevated ideal, and apprehending that labor and self-discipline were the necessary means to that end, he

made the art of self-culture and discipline a subject of special study. His studies and meditations upon this subject at length took form in a well-digested treatise on "Mental Discipline," which was published by him in 1847, the earliest of his literary productions in the form of a volume.

But while thus earnestly devoting his mind and heart to the work immediately in hand, he was consciously drawn toward another and still more sacred calling. He had gone forth from the home of his childhood with the Christian ministry as the great objective point toward which his heart was leading him. That point was, indeed, apparently a great way off, and the path by which it was to be reached was far from being plain to his vision; but he never lost sight of his object, nor failed to hope that it would be attained. To preach the gospel, and to serve as the religious guide and instructor of the people, he recognized as his paramount duty and his highest and most sacred calling. He therefore submitted, somewhat restively, to the restraints laid upon him by pecuniary obligation incurred in prosecuting his educational career, which induced him to consider and to condemn the practice of his Church in wholly failing to make provision for the assistance of young men preparing for the ministry of the gospel. His first essays as a writer for the press were accordingly directed to that subject, pleading that provisions should be made by which young men, duly approved, should be brought forward by the Church and aided in procuring the required preparation for the work of the ministry. His convictions respecting this matter were evidently quickened, and his feelings intensified, by his own experiences; but beyond any thing personal in the relations of the subject, the breadth and fitness of the views expressed, and the manner of their statement, indicate the mental and literary growth to which their writer had already attained. The mind of the Church at that time was passing forward to more adequate views of the utility and necessity of a thoroughly educated ministry; and while wise and pious men saw dangers in the changes proposed, others, their equals in both wisdom and devotion, saw in these things the guiding hand of Providence pointing out to his people the way in which they should go forward. Time and events have indicated the wisdom of the proposed changes of administrative policy in the Methodist Episcopal Church as to education for the ministry,

in relation to which changes the name of D. W. Clark deservedly stands forth as a leader of the advancing column.

While thus engaged in his labors and studies at the seminary, Mr. Clark was also pursuing an extensive course of reading in theology and general literature; and whatever he read he set down in regular and systematic order. He, therefore, became, almost without purposing it, a reviewer. He accordingly prepared a number of elaborate papers, as studies from his library and lecture room, which were printed in the "Methodist Quarterly Review." For more than ten years, beginning soon after 1840, and continuing till he entered upon the more engrossing duties of an official editorship, he was a not infrequent contributor to that periodical; and these papers, so published, secured for him a valuable reputation as an able thinker and a scholarly writer. There was about these productions a robustness of thought and manliness of utterance that pleased more than the finest rhetoric or poetic embellishments, though these qualities were not altogether wanting.

In the early part of the year 1843, after a residence of nearly seven years at Amenia, Mr. Clark determined to resign his place in the Seminary, and to enter upon the regular work of the ministry. His administration, it was universally confessed, had been eminently successful. In the address delivered among the closing exercises of his administration, reviewing his work, it was stated that more than a thousand young persons had come under his instructions; that of these more than eighty had entered upon a course of preparation for some one of the learned professions; and that about thirty had devoted themselves to the sacred calling of the Christian ministry. More than two hundred had been converted during that time—a fact of the highest interest of all. He thus terminated his first great public responsibility, which doubtless was, as to himself, the formation and fixing of his character, and his preparation for the still more conspicuous places to which he ascended.

The New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held its session for the year 1843 in the city of New York, commencing on the 17th of May. At that session Mr. Clark, having been duly recommended by the Church at Amenia, appeared as a candidate for the traveling connection, and was admitted on trial. His

first appointment was to Winsted, in the State of Connecticut. At that time the subject of slavery was producing no little agitation in the Church, and especially within the New England States. The New York Conference, however, as a body, held strongly to the conservative side of the question, seeking to repress all attempts at agitation, and even censuring any of its own members that dared to declare openly against the morality or even the policy of slave-holding. With this controversy, in its partisan aspects, Mr. Clark had taken no part, though personally he most decidedly disliked the accursed thing. The Church to which he was now appointed was most thoroughly and intensely antislavery; and suspecting that any minister that might be sent to them from the Confrence would be in sympathy with its spirit and opinions rather than theirs, the church authorities had made no provision for receiving or providing for any. Accordingly when the new minister came among them, with his family, he was coolly and rather inhospitably received. But however much he may have been saddened by the nature of his reception he was not disheartened, but went earnestly about his appropriate work, avoiding any controversy or discussions about the subject of slavery. Having to preach to his people twice each Sabbath, besides performing many other ministerial and pastoral duties among the people, he had abundance of labor upon his hands; and his Church, seeing him diligently and faithfully engaged in these, forgot their prejudices against him for reasons foreign to himself, and learned to honor him for his Christian fidelity and ministerial ability. Before he left the place he was confessed to be a good enough "abolitionist" for them. He received a salary of $350 a year, with a modest dwelling, for the two years of his pastorate at Winsted; and with this modest income he was content, because it enabled him and his family to live comfortably and respectably. His two years' service at this first appointment was long remembered by those whom he served with peculiar satisfaction.

Having been two years at Winsted, the law of the Methodist itineracy required his removal to another place; he, therefore, closed up his work at that place in April, 1845, and repaired to the session of the Conference. His two years' service on trial having proved satisfactory, he was admitted to full membership in the body, and clothed

with the full powers of the eldership. His next appointment was Salisbury, whose Methodist Episcopal Church was among the oldest of that denomination in all that part of the country, and of very considerable financial strength and social standing. The congregation was large and intelligent, but not especially devout. It was, in addition to the ordinary causes of spiritual decline, suffering from the prevalence of the "Millerite" delusion, and a terrible reaction had followed the former fanaticism, by which many had been alienated in spirit, and some had quite made shipwreck of their faith. But without complainings or confessed discouragement he labored diligently for the building up of the desolation, and under the divine blessing his labors proved abundantly successful. A spirit of quickening began to be manifested during the ensuing winter, which at length broke out into a deep and extensive revival. For several weeks the whole town was pervaded by a wonderful religious influence, during which almost every day religious exercises were held in the church. A deep religious impression was made upon the whole community, and about one hundred persons were converted and added to the Church. His two years of service at this Church were eminently successful; and the zeal and fidelity of their minister was warmly appreciated by the favored Church and congregation.

The session of the New York Conference for 1847 was held in the city of New York. For nearly three years the whole Church had been agitated by means of the action of the General Conference of 1844 with reference to slavery, and the subsequent separation of the Conferences in the Southern States, and the relations which the new organization and the Methodist Episcopal Church should bear to each other. As these questions involved the subject of the Church's relations to slavery, Mr. Clark's position could not be an uncertain one. He disapproved the "Plan of Separation," and united with many others to demand its abrogation, and rejoiced that the Church had been brought to a more pronounced attitude toward slavery and slave holding by its members. At that session the delegates to the General Conference to be held the next year at Pittsburgh were chosen, and Mr. Clark, though merely eligible by time of service, was chosen one of the alternative delegates, but was not called upon to serve. His appointment, given at the close of the session, was to Sullivan-street Church in the city of

New York—a church of some three hundred members, not rich nor yet poor in its temporalities, and in its spiritual affairs not below the average Churches of the city. After two years he was removed to Vestry-street Church, where he also continued two years. At neither of these Churches were there during these years any occurrences of a character that calls for their special notice. His ability as a preacher of the gospel, and his zeal and fidelity in his pastoral labors, were recognized by all; and through many succeeding years the fragrance of his memory remained with them.

During these years Mr. Clark was especially active in his studies and literary pursuits, for which his residence in the city offered him many opportunities and incitements. Several of the papers that appeared in the "Methodist Quarterly" were prepared during this time. He also engaged in the business of newspaper correspondence, writing statedly, and somewhat frequently, for the "Pittsburgh Christian Advocate," during several successive years, and also for the "Northern Christian Advocate," published at Auburn, in the State of New York. As a newspaper writer he possessed some decidedly valuable qualifications. He was well-informed, versatile, and ready, and at once vivacious and solid—gossipy, but very distinct in his utterances. He also occupied some of his spare hours in the preparation of two volumes for the press. The "Methodist Episcopal Pulpit," a volume of sermons prepared by some twenty living ministers expressly for that work; and "Death-bed Scenes," a work of very considerable merit, made up of records of the last hours of a large number of noted persons. This latter one was not published till some time later.

During the years of Mr. Clark's residence in New York the slavery controversy was especially earnest and bitter; and since in such a case none can stand neutral, his opinions and sentiments could not be concealed. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 sent a thrill of horror through all the land, and brought home the conflict to every one. At first, as always hitherto had been the case, there seemed to be an acquiescence in the frequently iniquitous determination of Congress: but there were even then, as in the days of the old prophet, a remnant who refused to bow to this modern Baal. Among these was the subject of these pages.

In the early part of 1851 the feelings of the people were greatly

moved by several exceedingly painful cases of slave-catching, the result of which upon the already irritated feelings of a large and influential share of the people was saddening and provocative of resentment. Acting under this influence, the Methodist preachers of the city, at their weekly meeting, adopted a series of resolutions deprecating the enactment and enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law as contrary to the spirit of the gospel and the explicit words of the Bible. The paper passed by the meeting was offered by Mr. Clark as a substitute for another of a more denunciatory and sweeping character. Owing to the morbidly sensitive condition of the public mind this action, apparently so inconsiderable, produced no little agitation among both politicians and ecclesiastics. A portion of the Methodist laymen, fearing that they might become compromised by this action of their ministers, publicly and formally protested against it, and made haste to record their "loyalty" to the laws of the land, and especially to the Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. Clark, because he was known as the author of the offending paper, was in a peculiar sense the object of the objurgations of the apologists for that piece of patent and flagrant wrong imposed by the Congress of the nation; but he quietly and bravely bided his time till the storm passed by.

In the summer of 1851 Mr. Clark received, entirely unsought by himself, from his *alma mater* the honorary degree of *Doctor of Divinity*, the first ever conferred by that institution upon any one of its own *alumni*. The bestowment in this case, was felt to have been well and deservedly made. Two years later, when the presidency of that University became vacant by the decease of Rev. Dr. Olin, he was supported by his friends for the succession. At this time, and still more at a later date, he was often earnestly requested to accept like positions in other literary institutions, all of which were declined.

At the session of the New York Conference for 1851 Dr. Clark, having been stationed in New York city for four consecutive years, was by law no longer eligible to an appointment in that city. He was, therefore, sent to one of the Churches at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson. Of his pastorate over that Church, which extended to a year and a half, as it was marked by no remarkable event, so no special account need be given. Here he was brought into very intimate relations with Bishop Hedding, who was then passing the closing

years of his eventful life at that place. The good bishop was steadily sinking under a complication of diseases, but was richly sustained by divine grace, and, as far as they were able, he was kindly cared for by the two Methodist pastors of Poughkeepsie, Rev. Dr. Clark, and W. H. Ferris, both of whom he seemed to regard with peculiar confidence and affection, and to the former of them at his decease, in the spring of 1852, he committed the difficult and delicate task of preparing his biography. The work was accordingly undertaken, and nearly three years later it was given to the public. Of its character and merits but little needs to be said in this place. In respect to its illustrious subject it is a faithful and appreciative life-sketch; and with his personal history is naturally interwoven much of the history of the Church he so well and faithfully served for half a century. Certain matters as to which Bishop Hedding's administration was somewhat earnestly criticised in his life-time, the biographer examines fearlessly and fairly, sometimes apologetically and sometimes with strong approval, but always so as to vindicate the illustrious deceased from the slightest suspicion of any lack of purity of motives. The work was issued by the Methodist Book Concern in the year 1855, and was most favorably received by the Church and the public. It forms a valuable contribution to our American Church history, both denominational and general.

At the General Conference held in Boston, in May, 1852, Rev. William C. Larrabee, of Indiana, was elected editor of the "Ladies' Repository" at Cincinnati, to succeed Dr. B. F. Teffts, who had conducted that publication for nearly six years previous to that time. But before fully entering upon his editorial duties, Mr. Larrabee, having been appointed to a responsible position in his own State, declined the former place. To the vacancy thus created Dr. Clark was now chosen by those charged with that duty, and after due deliberation, being strongly urged to do so by the publishers, he accepted the appointment. That magazine was then in its twelfth year, having been projected at the General Conference of 1840, and its first number issued at the beginning of the next year. Rev. L. L. Hamline was its editor during its first three and a half years, and when he was made bishop, in 1844, he was succeeded in his editorship by Rev. Edward Thomson. But the new appointee retained his position less than two years, and

was succeeded by Dr. B. F. Tefft, who, after filling out the broken term for which Dr. Thomson had been chosen, served still four years longer, having been elected by the General Conference of 1848. It thus appears of the persons chosen by the General Conference to the control of that magazine, to the time now under notice, three were afterward called to the episcopacy. Since then Dr. Clark's successor in that place, Rev. Dr. Wiley, has also followed his editorial predecessor into the more exalted position.

Following the requirements of his newly assumed position, the new editor removed to Cincinnati, which continued to be his place of residence to the end of his life. His editorial term extended over nearly twelve years, being twice renewed by elections at the General Conferences of 1856 and 1860. Of his adaptation to the work of a literary editor, and how well he succeeded in it, the limits assigned to this sketch precludes any extended examination; his repeated reelection to the place indicates the appreciation of his performance of it by the proper authorities of the Church; and while the improvement of the magazine itself is the best proof of his editorial skill and ability, the steady enlargement of its circulation indicates the estimate set upon it by its readers. Tried by these standards, which are perhaps as nearly just as any that may be selected, Dr. Clark's career, as editor of the "Ladies' Repository" was highly successful. He took to the duties of his position with a good degree of zeal, and labored in them with a steadiness that was characteristic of the man in all he did, and with a cheerfulness which showed that his duties were not irksome. He was well read in general literature, both standard and current, and possessed a correct and somewhat cultivated taste for *belles-lettres;* and these qualities of mind were now rendered available in his official duties. But the daily life of an editor is not usually marked with notable incidents, and, therefore, it affords very little matter for the biographer.

In his ecclesiastic relations Dr. Clark never belonged to any other than the New York Conference, with which he retained his connection during all the years of his editorship, and he seldom or never failed to attend its annual sessions. At the session of 1852 he was called to preach the "Conference" sermon, which he did, taking for his text St. Paul's profession of exclusive devotion to the "cross of

Christ." That sermon produced a profound impression upon all who heard it, both by its matter and the forcibleness with which it was delivered. It was published, by request of the Conference, and has had the rare good fortune to pass to a second or third edition. Of its high grade of merit as an able and deeply spiritual discourse the printed copies are sufficient demonstration, even without the peculiar force and unction that evidently attended its delivery. In 1855 his Conference chose him as one of its delegates to the General Conference to be held at Indianapolis in May, 1856. He accordingly served in that body, and was recognized in it as a wise, able, and safe counselor, and, though not a prominent debater, yet he was felt to be a not inconsiderable member.

His editorial duties extended not only to the "Repository," but also to all the books issued by the Western Book Concern. How much he did in this department of work to give form and substance and presentibleness to other people's productions can never be known nor guessed, except by those who have been called to render similar services. He also engaged in the more congenial work of compiling books for general reading, and especially for youth. Among those produced were a set of five volumes, bearing the common name of "The Fireside Library," a collection of much more than the average excellence of its class. During these years the "Ladies' Repository" presented a large number of female characters, illustrated both pictorially and biographically. These were afterward collected in a superb volume, with the title, "Celebrated Women." A companion volume soon followed this, called "Home Views," with over sixty landscape views, and accompanying letter-press description. He had some years earlier prepared and published his "Death-Bed Scenes," to which he now proposed a companion and alternative work, "Man all Immortal," presenting arguments for, and illustrations of, the future life.

His home history about the time may perhaps cast some light upon the origin and character of the last-named work. He was eminently in all his feelings a family man, and from the time that he became the head of a family his domestic affairs had been peculiarly happy and prosperous. His children had somewhat multiplied around him, and during these happy years death had not invaded

the sacred precincts of his household. But in the autumn of 1853 came their first great sorrow, by the sudden death of a daughter of only a little more than a year old, followed only a few weeks later by the departure of another of six years old. The stricken parents received these smitings of the Father's love with chastened and submissive grief; but the experience opened to their hearts new or deeper subjects of meditation. The future life became to them nearer and more real because of those who had gone into it from their own circle, and the theme of *immortality* became all the more sacred.

During his residence in Cincinnati, though not formally connected with any local ecclesiastical body, Dr. Clark engaged zealously, and wrought effectively, in the religious enterprises of the place. He preached frequently in not only the Methodist pulpits of the city, but also in those of most of the other evangelical denominations, and he was often called to officiate on public occasions in places at a distance. He also engaged in all the chief movements for the advancement of Methodism in those parts, in church building enterprises, and in the establishment of the Wesleyan Female College, and in a still wider and more catholic movement—the founding of a Theological and Religious Library Association, designed to bring within the reach of ministers and others of all denominations, at very little cost, the best religious literature of the age. He also co-operated actively with the Evangelical Alliance of the city, and had the honor to be chosen its first president. In the stirring times of the Rebellion he manifested his devotion to his country by earnestly advocating the cause of the Government against the insurgents, not refusing, when impending danger called every man to the defense of his home, to enroll himself, and take his place in the ranks of the city's defenders. At all times during these terrible years of conflict and suspense his influence was freely and earnestly given in favor of his country's cause; and at its successful close he rejoiced exceedingly, not only that the war had ceased, but also that the country was saved, and its worst curse, slavery, removed.

The General Conference of 1860 met at Buffalo, and Dr. Clark was again of the New York delegation, leading it by virtue of the largest majority of votes. He was selected by his delegation to serve

on the Committee on Missions, of which he was made the chairman, and on that of Revisals. That session was greatly agitated by the contest over the slavery question, which resulted at that time in the adoption of a declaration of the sense of the Conference, that the holding of slaves, "to be used as chattels," was an immorality, so placing the Church on a distinctively antislavery basis. This action had Dr. Clark's full sympathy and support; and he greatly rejoiced that he at length saw his beloved Methodism fully vindicated in this matter.

The General Conference of 1864 was held in Philadelphia. The nation was still engaged in the struggles of civil war, but the new day of peace was already dawning, and the changed position of the Government in respect to slavery was already assured, and the Church found itself securely entrenched in the position it had taken four years before. Dr. Clark was again a delegate from the New York Conference, and served on the Committee of Revisals, (of which he was chairman,) where he was especially concerned in preparing and carrying through the Conference the revised ritual of the Church, of which he was, more than any other, the author. Three new bishops were also to be chosen, and that fact very naturally occasioned no little interest. As there were no party divisions in the body, so there seems to have been a most commendable absence of all objectionable methods for obtaining votes for favorite candidates, and especially for any of those that were finally elected. The balloting took place on the twentieth of May, in open Conference, but without any open nominations having been made. The first ballot gave D. W. Clark, 124 votes; Edward Thomson, 123; and Calvin Kingsley, 100. A hundred and nine votes were required for election; and, therefore, Clark and Thomson were chosen on the first ballot. On the second, Kingsley had 114, and was declared duly elected. The ordinations occurred four days later, and so the tranformation of our subject "into something new," if not "strange," was complete. The General Conference closed its session only three days later, having sat just four weeks, a shorter time than almost any other, and the newly-chosen bishops entered at once upon their high duties. A strange providence is that by which, in so short a time, all of them closed their useful and successful careers in death.

Bishop Clark's first assignment of episcopal duty was to the

Conferences on the Pacific Coast, and in the Rocky Mountains. It was intended that he should proceed by the overland route by the mail stages, stopping at Denver to hold the Colorado Conference. It was afterward deemed best that he should first visit the Conferences farthest west, and hold the Colorado Conference on his return. Accordingly he left New York on the 28th of June for San Francisco, by the Isthmus route, where he arrived on the 30th of July. As the Oregon Conference was the first to meet, on the 9th of August, Bishop Clark took steamer at San Francisco for Portland, but through stress of weather and other difficulties, the place of destination was not reached for more than a week. He accordingly did not reach the seat of the Conference, at Salem, till Saturday evening, the Conference having been in session for three or four days, and accomplished nearly all its duties. Enough, however, remained to be done to afford him his first taste of Annual Conference work. He returned southward by the Willamette River, the Umpqua, and the Rogue River, over the Siskion and the Trinity Mountains, to the base of Mount Shasta and the head-waters of the Sacramento River—the region since made famous by the horrors of the Modoc war. On the 10th of September he dedicated a church at Nevada City, and after visiting Grass Valley took steamer for San Francisco, where he arrived on the 15th, and three days later dedicated a new German church in that city, and on the afternoon of the same day another new church on Mission-street. On the 21st he opened the California Conference, which sat for eleven days, but with the best of order, notwithstanding the peculiar difficulties that were encountered. He then turned his face eastward, but learning that the passage through the Rocky Mountains was rendered impracticable by reason of Indian wars, he reluctantly accepted his only alternative, and returned by way of the Isthmus, arriving at home about the first of November, having in four months traveled eleven thousand three hundred miles by ocean steamers; two hundred and eighty by river steamers; six hundred and fifty by stage; and nineteen hundred and thirty-six by railroads.

About the middle of November Bishop Clark was called to New York to attend the semi-annual meeting of the bishops. After this he was allowed a few weeks of respite with his family, and then again was off upon his tour of spring Conferences. He first went to Cleve-

land, to meet with the committee appointed by the General Conference to make arrangements for the coming Centenary of American Methodism. Next he proceeded to Baltimore, to attend the session of that venerable body; and two weeks later he was at the Philadelphia Conference. After three weeks more he was at Vermont Conference, and from the third to the eighth of May he was engaged with the Maine Conference. Thence he returned by the way of Boston and New York to his home in Cincinnati.

We have next to notice certain matters in Bishop Clark's official labors of very great interest—the opening up of our Church in the middle region of the Southern States, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia. Some little had already been done in those parts, when, near the last of May, 1865, he went out thither for the purpose of fully organizing the Methodist Episcopal Church in those parts. On the first day of June he met, by appointment, a large number of ministers at Knoxville, East Tennessee, whom he was authorized to organize into an Annual Conference. Of these, six were regular ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, transferred from other Conferences for the purpose of forming a Conference in this part of the country. Forty other ministers were admitted, chiefly from the Church South, most of them into full connection, but some on trial. All these were duly appointed to appropriate fields of labor, and so the Holston Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which had disappeared from our records twenty years before, now reappeared.

A respite of two or three months was now enjoyed, yet not without laborious duties and perplexing occupations; and then came the fall Conferences. Bishop Clark had for his part, Cincinnati, August 30; Detroit, September 13th; and Ohio, September 21st. A trip to New York in November to attend the annual session of the General Missionary Committee, and later to Philadelphia, where the semi-annual meeting of the bishops was held, closed the official record for the year, the second of Bishop Clark's episcopate.

The Conferences assigned to Bishop Clark for the spring of 1866 were, with a single exception, to the south of the Ohio River; they were Kentucky, West Virginia, North Indiana, and Holston. With the last of these he was especially interested, and to it he devoted more than the usual amount of time and labor. It was appointed to

be held at Greenville, on the 17th of May. Leaving Cincinnati about a week in advance of that day, the bishop proceeded leisurely by way of Louisville, Nashville, Chattanooga, and Knoxville, to the place of meeting. The assembling of the Conference was like the return of the seventy disciples of Christ, a season of wonder and of great joy. Bishop Clark found himself among old friends, doubly endeared to him and he to them by the reminiscences of the past two years. The reports showed that the work had greatly prospered since the last session. The membership, including four thousand probationers, was over eighteen thousand in number, and all departments of the work were in a prosperous condition. Fifty-seven preachers were appointed for the ensuing year. At the end of its first year from its reorganization the Holston Conference took its rank as by no means the least considerable of the sisterhood of Annual Conferences.

Bishop Clark's Conferences for the latter half of the year 1866 were Central Ohio, Wisconsin, Rock River, and North-west German, all of which were duly attended by him. It was also resolved by the bishops at their late meeting, that the time had fully come for the organization of the work in that larger portion of Tennessee not included in the Holston Conference, and that in northern Alabama and western Georgia into Conferences, and the execution of that task was assigned to Bishop Clark. Measures were accordingly taken to bring together all the available elements out of which to form a Conference for middle and western Tennessee at Murfreesborough, on the 11th day of October, 1866. A nucleus of seventeen traveling preachers appeared at the appointed time, and the organization of the Tennessee Conference was readily effected. The proceedings were harmonious, and the prospect full of promise for abundant labors and successes. About forty ministers were appointed to fields of labor; fourteen colored preachers were ordained, and a number of them admitted into the Conference.

During Bishop Clark's connection with the southern work he became thoroughly convinced that a prime demand of that work lay in the direction of schools for the general instruction of the people, and especially of the children and young people of the colored race, and the more so because upon them the Church must rely for its

future supply of ministers for their own race. Under this conviction he was led to project the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was organized at Cincinnati, soon after his return from Tennessee, and of which he was the first president. It existed as an independent association till the session of the General Conference of 1868, when it became a regular institution of the Church, and in 1872 it was placed upon the same footing with the other benevolent institutions of the Church.

In November, 1866, Bishop Clark attended the annual meeting of the General Missionary Committee at New York, where, in addition to looking after the general missionary interests of the Church, he had to care especially for the southern work, for which he sought and obtained liberal provisions. About the same time the bishops held their semi-annual meeting for the distribution among themselves of the spring Conferences. To Bishop Clark was assigned for the spring New York East, Troy, and East Maine; for the early autumn, North Ohio, Central German, Michigan, and Des Moines, and also, still later, the three newer Conferences in the South: Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. At the same meeting was adopted and sent forth an appeal to the Church in behalf of the measures already adopted by the Church for securing the education of the freedmen, which, though officially the work of the whole body of the bishops, was no doubt Bishop Clark's, as to both its inspiration and its composition.

With the opening of the spring of 1867 Bishop Clark set out on his tour of eastern Conferences, going first to the New York East, at New Haven, Conn. Here he was among some of the associates of his early ministry; and the meeting was evidently alike agreeable to both himself and them. He was domiciled during the session at the house of the venerable Heman Bangs, between whom and himself there had existed a warm attachment for many years, and of whom a touching sketch is given in his notes of this Conference. Two weeks later came the Troy Conference, at Pittsfield, Mass., and on the 2d of May the East Maine Conference, at Wiscassett. This Conference embraced in its territory the island of Mount Desert; but though so near his native place, very few of the ministers of that body remembered the young man that was growing up among them more than thirty years before.

His four Conferences in the north-west occurred on successive

weeks, concluding with the Des Moines, which closed on the 23d of September. And now he once more turned his face southward. The Tennessee Conference, organized the preceding year, met for its second session at Shelbyville, on the 3d of October. The past year had been one of great labor with the preachers, and also one of eminent success; and they came together filled with exultations for the past, and high hopes for the future, in all of which the bishop very fully participated. About fifty preachers were stationed, ten were transferred to the yet unorganized Georgia Conference, and one to that of Alabama. His next point of operation was Atlanta, Ga. The work in that State had been carried on during the past year with marked success, as a district of the Tennessee Conference; it was now to be organized as a distinct Conference. More than fifty preachers met him at his coming, and their reports from various portions of the State were of the most encouraging character. The session was a season of intense interest. At its close about sixty preachers received their appointments, and went forth gladly to their designated fields of labor. Thence he proceeded to Talladega, Ala., where the scenes lately witnessed at Atlanta were repeated, though scarcely on so broad a scale. Forty-two preachers were admitted on trial, and at the close of the session there were in the Conference eighteen elders, nineteen deacons, and seven unordained preachers. The work was distributed into seven presiding elders' districts, covering nearly the whole State, though the membership was chiefly in the northern part. This was the fourth Annual Conference organized by Bishop Clark in what was called the "Middle District" of the South. There were now in these four Conferences not less than 500 preachers, traveling and local, and 38,000 Church members. This work had been from the beginning chiefly under his supervision, and perhaps no other part of his life's work was more fruitful of results, whether immediate or prospective, and none more decidedly marked by his characteristic zeal and discretion.

For the spring of 1868 Bishop Clark received for his oversight the East Baltimore, Newark, New York, and Oneida Conferences, all of which he attended in their order. These several bodies now chose their delegates to the General Conference, to be held at Chicago in May of that year; and to that session both the bishop and the chosen

delegates almost immediately repaired. This was the first General Conference to which Bishop Clark had come to render an account of his episcopal administration. At the beginning of the four years' term, during which he had discharged the high functions of a bishop in the Church, there were nine bishops, two of whom were unfitted for service by infirmity or disease, leaving seven effective men to do the work of the episcopacy; and since that work had been satisfactorily performed by them it was not deemed necessary to add to their number. The session of the General Conference was harmonious, though not unmarked with several features of considerable interest. The progress of the Church's affairs during the preceding four years had been such as greatly to encourage all hearts, and to stimulate to still greater efforts in the future.

After the close of the General Conference, and a few weeks of respite, Bishop Clark began his autumn tour of Conferences, attending first the Cincinnati, and next the South-east Indiana Conference, and then he turned his face again to the South. On the 1st of October he met the Tennessee Conference, at M'Minnville, and was again permitted to rejoice with the heroic men whom he had sent out into that difficult but promising field at each of their two preceding sessions. It was both to himself and to them an occasion of unusual interest. Of the sixty names on the Conference roll, forty-one were of preachers on trial, about half of them colored men. The past had been a year alike of severe trials and of marked successes. The heroic element abounded in the body, and was largely increased during the session; and at the close each man went forth with an inflamed zeal to labor and suffer in the cause of the divine Master. Only a week later was the session of the Holston Conference, at Chattanooga, the fourth held by that body, all but one of which were presided over by Bishop Clark. There had been a net gain of 2,000 members, and twenty preachers were received on trial. As the people of East Tennessee were generally loyal to the Union, there was much less persecution in this Conference than in some others; and all parts of the work showed an encouraging advance. Yet a week later Bishop Clark again met the Georgia Conference, at Atlanta, where, of course, he was received and greeted as their apostle. The body was in fine condition, and the reports showed that it had been a year of success.

Twelve preachers were received on trial, three ordained elders and eight deacons—five of these were colored men. There had been a net increase in members of 4,500, making an aggregate for the Conference of about 15,000. Next, and only a week later, came the session of the Alabama Conference, at Murphree's Valley. Fifteen preachers were admitted on trial, and the increase of members amounted to 2,300. At the end of this route the bishop spoke of it as laborious but prosperous; and of the work in all the region visited as "consolidated, strengthened, and wonderfully enlarged."

For his spring labors Bishop Clark accepted the presidency of no less than seven Conferences: Baltimore, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Providence, Black River, Maine, and East Maine; attendance upon which occupied him during nearly the whole of the three spring months. The last of these brought him into the neighborhood of his childhood and youth, and he availed himself of the opportunity to visit the place of his birth and such of his surviving relatives as still remained in those parts.

For the autumn of that year he had five Conferences in the north-west: Des Moines, North-west Indiana, North-west German, Upper Iowa, and Rock River; all of which were duly attended and successfully presided over. In November following he was in New York, attending upon the annual meeting of the General Missionary Committee. At that time the Book Committee was also in session, engaged in the perplexing duties devolved upon them by the strifes between one of the Book Agents, against his colleague and superior in office, and others connected with the Concern. Upon these things Bishop Clark was known to have decided convictions, which he did not hesitate to express, though he was not at any time called to act upon the case, else, probably, the results reached would have differed from those arrived at.

For the next spring, 1870, five Conferences, chiefly south-western, were assigned to Bishop Clark: St. Louis, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and North Indiana. His trips through Missouri and Kansas gave him an experience of frontiering in spring time such as he had not had before, and for which he seemed to feel no special favor. It was while engaged in this episcopal tour that he was shocked and saddened by the news of the sudden death of his colleague and personal friend,

Bishop Thomson, which occurred at Wheeling, West Virginia, early in March; and soon after his return, he was again startled by the news of the death of Bishop Kingsley, at Beyrpot, Syria. His own health had not maintained its usual robustness during all these trying labors, though neither he nor his friends then apprehended the character of the disease that began to be felt in his system. He returned to his home wearied with his labor, and saddened on account of the departure of his honored and beloved colleagues, but also refreshed in his spirit and strong in faith and hope. His summer vacation was devoted to a health-seeking excursion, with a portion of his family, among the mountains of New Hampshire and in Maine, including a visit of some extent to his native place, by which he seemed to be restored to his usual health and buoyancy of spirits, giving occasion for hopes that were to be all too soon blasted.

The now greatly lessened episcopal force of Methodism found a heavier burden to be borne by them in attending the Conference sessions for the ensuing year, and, therefore, it became neccessary that each one of them should undertake all that his strength would enable him to perform. To Bishop Clark were assigned nine Conferences, to be held between the latter part of August and the end of October. These were chiefly in the North-west—Detroit, Michigan, Central Ohio, Central German, Erie, North-west German, West Wisconsin, Minnesota, Wisconsin. The hopes entertained of restored health and strength at his return from his eastern excursion, were soon proved to be not well founded, and he soon came to realize that he stood "hourly in the face of death." And yet he went forward in his work, met all of his Conferences, and performed his duties in each, though evidently laboring in great distress, and confessing that it was painful to thus drag himself along, and to whip himself up to duty by day, and then to sink back into exhaustion, and to spend the night without rest. Only the force of his will, sustained by faith in God, carried him through these arduous labors for one so burdened with disease. But he would accept of no release while able to be about, and accordingly he proceeded to New York in November, and then returned to his home, where he remained during the winter. But with the approach of spring, his strength having somewhat rallied during his winter's repose, he was again off to his episcopal work, of which he

had compelled his colleagues to give him his full share. He first attended the Lexington Conference, which met on the 23d of February; after that the Kentucky Conference, at Louisville, when his physician warned him to "stop work" as he valued his life. Thence he proceeded to the West Virginia Conference, at Parkersburgh, and after that to the Pittsburgh Conference, at Steubenville, Ohio; but before that was closed there were manifest tokens of failing strength, though its duties were properly performed, and, though in evident weakness, yet somewhat comfortably. Next came the long journey to Boston, and the session of the New England Conference, through which he struggled painfully, keeping himself up by the force of an indomitable purpose to defer the crisis of entire failure as long as possible. Only one more Conference remained to be held, and to that he had looked forward with the liveliest interest. The New York Conference for 1871 met at Peekskill, on the Hudson, April 6th. Thither Bishop Clark proceeded, attended by his ever faithful and devoted wife, who had attended him during all his journeys and waitings since he last left his home, acting in the double relation of traveling companion and nurse, and appeared in the Conference room at the appointed hour, and proceeded to open the Conference session. He first gave out, with manifest emotion, as though its language was peculiarly appropriate to the occasion, the hymn beginning—

"And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?"

Prayer was offered by another; next the roll was called, and the organization of the body completed. The administration of the Lord's Supper was the next thing in order, at which he officiated so far as to commune himself and to distribute the elements to those around the table. After this he briefly, but with marked tenderness, addressed the Conference, speaking of his long and endeared connection with them, and of the ravages which death had made among them, with extremely delicate yet evident references to his own failing strength and evidently brief future stay among things earthly. He then yielded the chair to Bishop Simpson, who, aware of the feeble condition of his beloved colleague, had taken pains to be with him on that occasion, and as far as possible to lighten his burdens; he passed out of the Church. His work was done.

He returned to his temporary home in a state of almost complete prostration, against which he now for the first time seemed to cease to struggle. But through the kind offices of friends, and especially of Mrs. Clark, who attended him as a guardian angel, he at length so far rallied as to be able to be conveyed to his distant home—a thing made possible only by the improved modern facilities for traveling. Attended by his loving wife, and two ministers of the New York Conference and his attending physician, he took his place in one of the sleeping cars of the Hudson River Railroad, and after a journey of nearly a thousand miles, and without any great prostration, he reached his destination early on the 19th of April. He was now at home. His children came about him, and a few near friends were permitted to see him, and among these sacred surroundings his spirits and also his physical strength were rallied into new vigor. His chamber now became a scene of holy peace and rejoicing. His faith was unshaken, and the fear of death quite gone. He lingered in much pain at times, but always in great peace, which sometimes rose to a holy triumph, till the 23d day of May, when he gently fell asleep. He expired at his home and in the bosom of his family, surrounded by those who loved him. His remains were borne by loving hands to their last resting-place; and the bereaved Church, which he served with eminent ability and fidelity, mourned his departure, not for his, but for her own loss.

In person Bishop Clark was above middle size, with well-developed members, and of rather full habit. He was of a fair complexion, a little florid, and with dark auburn hair. In a promiscuous company he would attract the eye of a stranger, and be recognized as a more than ordinary man. His manner was quiet, and in all things he seemed to be thoroughly well-poised. Till attacked by the disease to which he at length succumbed his physical condition seemed to be almost perfect. His muscular system was well-developed, and his vital forces strong and steady. His mental characteristics corresponded with those of his body. He was both able to work and inclined to mental activity, and thus he was enabled to achieve valuable results. He attained to a good degree in both learning and culture, not by any special aptitude or genius, but by well-directed efforts made with due energy and persistence of effort.

His moral qualities were especially largely developed and always active. He detected the right or wrong of whatever subject having moral qualities or relations might be presented, and what his enlightened conscience condemned, he at once rejected. Duty was his ever-governing law of conduct, even though following out its precepts cost him many painful sacrifices. He was not, perhaps, incapable of erring in his decisions or actions; but if he did so the error must begin in his perceptions of duty, and the misleadings of an understanding not sufficiently enlightened. Whatever his conscience dictated that he would surely do.

His religious life pervaded his nature and fashioned his whole career, and yet it was not especially demonstrative or emotional. He very clearly apprehended both the law and the gospel, and accordingly his humiliation and repentance toward God were deep and sincere, and his trust in the availing worth of the atonement of Christ was complete and altogether satisfying. His piety was deep and steadfast; and though he was not especially communicative as to his spiritual affairs, yet those who knew him best could attest both the genuineness and the depth of his religious experience.

We have placed Bishop Clark in the category of self-made men, and as that matter is commonly reckoned, few have been more fairly entitled to that place. He was, indeed, endowed by nature with a sound mind in a sound body, and in addition to this his early surroundings were favorable for the beginning of a wholesome development of mind and character. His aims were from the beginning in the right direction, and as high as the circumstances allowed. And he steadily rose with his opportunities, and so was able to achieve greatness.

In his ecclesiastical relations Bishop Clark seems to have been at all times satisfied, and even happy. He held the great doctrines of Christianity as set forth in the standards of Methodism with a firm and intelligent faith. His effectiveness as a Christian minister suffered no abatement by reason of painful and paralyzing doubts in his own mind in respect to the things that he was called to declare. He was also sincerely devoted to the polity and traditional administration of Methodism, which he sought to preserve, and to modify only to correct any previous departure from its original and essential spirit.

He accepted cheerfully the work assigned to him, in the order of the Church, and in every case he magnified his office by faithfully performing its duties. He was eminently fitted for his last and highest position in the Church, and in all future times he will be remembered as a model Methodist *episcopos*.

The contemplation of such a career and character suggests the thought of success in well-doing. Bishop Clark was, indeed, in the best sense of the expression, a successful man. He rose steadily from small beginnings to greatness, and better still, to eminent usefulness. Forty years of active manhood was afforded him, and at the beginning of life's decadence, before decrepitude had marred the symmetry of that manhood, he was removed to a higher and holier sphere, leaving to his survivors only the remembrance of his excellences.

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

During the last illness of Bishop Clark his mind ran much on one of Otway Curry's poems, which had been published in the "Ladies' Repository" while under the editorial management of Dr. (afterward Bishop) Thomson. To one of the ministers who watched with him one night he repeated the greater part of the poem. It follows:—

'Tis sweet to think, when struggling
The goal of life to win,
That just beyond the shores of time
The better years begin.

When through the nameless ages
I cast my longing eyes,
Before me, like a boundless sea,
The GREAT HEREAFTER lies.

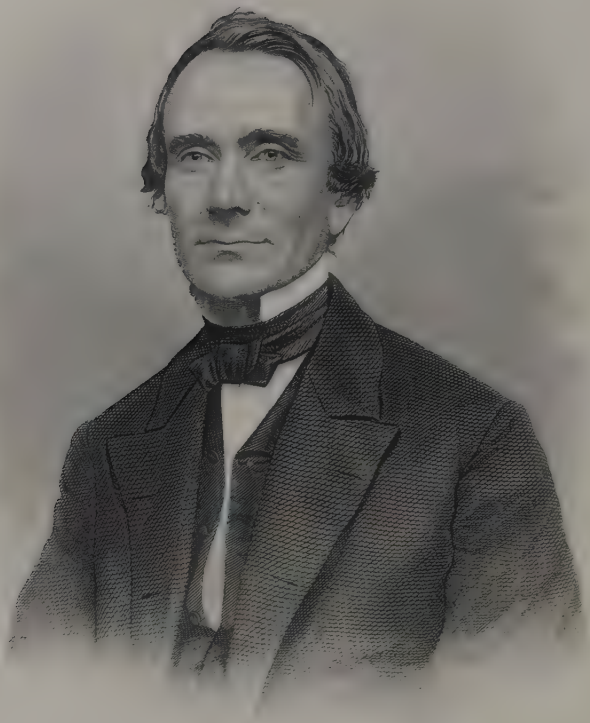
Along its brimming bosom
Perpetual summer smiles,
And gathers like a golden robe
Around the emerald isles.

There, in the blue, long distance,
By lulling breezes fanned,
I seem to see the flowering groves
Of the old Beulah land:

And far beyond the islands,
That gem the waves serene,
The image of the cloudless shore
Of holy heaven is seen.

Unto the GREAT HEREAFTER—
Aforetime dim and dark—
I freely now and gladly give
Of life the wand'ring bark.

And in the far-off haven,
When shadowy seas are passed,
By angel hands its quivering sails
Shall all be furled at last.



E. Thomson

Edward Thomson.

BY BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

In a great house there are not only vessels of silver and of gold, but of wood and of earth. Bishop Thomson, in the great house of the Church of God, was a vessel of gold. His career from childhood to age, from birth to death, was symmetrical. Not a flaw lurked in the material, not a defect was wrought into the work. The substance was good, and the form and finish equally excellent.

Edward Thomson was born at Portsea, England, October 12, 1810. This place is the seaward portion of the harbor of Portsmouth. Portsea is situated on the southern shore of England, and among her softest and richest scenery. The Isle of Wight, not far off, has long been selected by Tennyson as his home because of the rare combinations of rough water and smooth land, of mild and stimulant breezes, of wild and cultured scenery. Here, too, the Queen finds her favorite home, alternating it with the mountain fastness of Balmoral. The same shore is historic with the triumphs of William, whose immediate descendants cling to it from its proximity to Normandy. The ashes of many of the earlier members of the royal house repose in the Cathedral of Winchester, almost within sight of the coast, and within easy reach of Portsmouth. In his letters from England, written on a tour thither for the purpose of purchasing books for the library of the Ohio Wesleyan University, Dr. Thomson gives an account of a visit to his native town, and dwells on its features with evident delight. Thus he refers to his entrance into the city:

> The bells were ringing a merry peal, the roar of artillery was booming over the sea, and military bands were playing martial airs as I entered my native city. This all might have been intended for the lords of the admiralty, who arrived in the same train that I did; but then it answered just as well as if it had been exclusively to greet my appearance. Entering a carriage, I was soon put down at the George Hotel, where all the lords of the admiralty put up. After they had inspected the port they gave a grand ball, which, however, I did not attend for several reasons, one of which was that I was not invited.

Southsea is a charming promenade. On one side you have handsome terraces, on the other the groves and buildings of the "King's Rooms," a celebrated watering place. Here you may obtain hot, cold, or shower baths. The prospects from the terraces and from the colonnade of the "King's Rooms" are enchanting—the shipping, the Isle of Wight with its majestic hills, the inner harbor with its fortresses, the gun-wharf and the dock-yard, the castle and the open sea. At one end of the Clarence esplanade are statues of Wellington and Nelson. The fortifications, which were the favorite scene of my childhood's rambles and gambols, were commenced in the time of Edward IV., and completed, nearly as they now are, in the reign of William III.

Wandering about, we meet with a number of monuments to remind us that we are in an old country. On a venerable building where, before the introduction of the electric telegraph rose the semaphore, from which signals were made to ships and communication held with London, is a bust of Charles I. with this inscription: "King Charles the First, after his travels through France and Spain, and having passed many dangers both by sea and land, he arrived here the tenth day of October, 1623." The object of his travels was to see his intended bride, the daughter of the Spanish king. Happy for him, and perhaps for his country too, had he never returned.

On High-street two objects attracted notice, one on one side, the other on the opposite; the one a spacious and elegant Unitarian church, erected 1719, long before, as I supposed, this form of heterodoxy had obtained much influence in England; the other, an antique house, celebrated as the one in which the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated by Felton, August 22, 1628. In the "Portsmouth Church" there is a monument to the duke. It consists of an urn surmounted by a phœnix, having on each side pyramids of warlike instruments; above are the arms of the house of Villiers; beneath, the figures of Fame and Sincerity. On the tablet is a Latin inscription, attributing to the noble personage to whom it is consecrated the most exalted abilities and the most charming excellences. Verily, it would be hard to prove human depravity from grave-stones. This Portsmouth Church is one of the most noticeable objects in the place. It was originally built in 1220, and dedicated to Thomas Becket, but was rebuilt in 1693, except the chancel and transept, which are those of the original structure. The marriage registry book of the Church is an object of great curiosity, because of the register of the marriage of Charles II. with the infanta of Portugal, 1662.

In the museum of the city he saw the figure-head of the "Resolution," the ship in which Captain Cook circumnavigated the globe. Three miles and a half out of the city stands Portchester Castle, twenty miles from Southampton and Chichester, which lie in opposite directions from it. It is a Roman fortification, built between the

reigns of Claudius, A. D. 42, and of Vespasian, A. D. 80. In A. D. 286 this port was the chief naval arsenal of Carusius. It was long the strong point for Roman, and afterward for Anglo-Saxon, defense.

Dr. Thomson passes from these historic celebrities connected with his native town to incidents which pertained to his family :

> Returning to the city, I took, next day, a more select walk, in company with a relative; and you may imagine my feelings as he, in passing, said: "Here is where your grandfather made his money. This is the house where he lived in retirement, and where your mother was married. This is the house where you was born. That is the house where your father sank his fortune," etc.
>
> Off to Kingston now, to look among the graves. Here lie the ashes of my ancestors for successive generations; the faithful, moss-grown stones still bear their names and dates. I picked a daisy for my mother from her father's grave. The old sexton, inquiring my residence, leaped in ecstasy.
>
> "Ohio! dear me, I have just been reading a story about a gal that lived on the Ohio." Taking me back to his house, and calling his wife, he said: "Betsy! here, Betsy! see, here is a man from Ohio! just see: from the very place we have been reading about. Get the paper! get the paper!" He showed me the tale, but I have forgotten the title.
>
> I was but seven years old when I left my native land, and could, therefore, recognize nothing. Although I have forgotten the abodes and scenes of childhood, I have not forgotten the persons associated with my early years.

These references show that he was well born. Not in the titled ranks, probably not in those which are technically known as the families of gentlemen, but in the higher ranks of the professional and mercantile classes. His father, meeting with reverses, and living at the port whence so many had sailed westward, even from the times of the Pilgrims until now, was easily impressed with a desire to renew his fortunes in the distant West. His son Edward was in his ninth year when the family emigrated to America. It consisted of his father, his mother, his sisters Jane and Elizabeth, his brothers James and Benjamin, and himself. He was the middle one of the five children. Before starting for this continent they passed over to France in 1817, and spent about a year in that country. On April 28, 1818, they left for this country, which they reached in the June following. On the way they were run down and boarded by pirates. The captain of their vessel and the captain of the pirate craft were brothers, who had not met for eighteen years. They recognized each

other at once, and the wild Esau of the sea supplied his steady brother with water and bread, and departed. Who can say that this sickly boy was not the cause of that providential preservation?

The family lingered in New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh for about a year, hesitating where to settle. But in May, 1819, they made their permanent home in Wooster, Ohio, where the father engaged in the business of a druggist.

Edward was soon sent to school, where he remained for four or five years, assisting his father out of school hours and in vacations in his store. He was very fond of his books, and pursued his studies, and especially his reading, with great ardor in these youthful days. His father's business directed his attention to the study of medicine, and he early exhibited a desire to make that profession his life-work. He went to Philadelphia to attend medical lectures, and before he was twenty-one he graduated and begun his career as a physician in what was to him the place of his native town: for here he had spent his youth and early manhood in that development of consciousness and self-reliance which the period of "the teens" first unfolds and enlarges.

This town was eminently fitted for these embryonic processes. Snuggled among lowly hills, whose soft and rich slopes were covered with magnificent forests, then untouched by the spoiler, watered by a beautiful stream whose banks were shaded with tall trees and hanging vines, it possessed every charm to nurture the brave and tender soul that was embosomed in its influences.

The little township contained some fifteen hundred persons, whose society afforded the human stimulus needful for his spirit's growth. Like all coast towns, there was in it a higher grade of culture and more activity of thought than in more purely rural and retired communities. So that young Thomson had opportunities of development and incitements that were of a superior sort, and which he also faithfully used. His profession was itself stimulating to intellect, but not to faith. A young man, not yet entered on his majority, having studied in the most famous schools of his art, and in one of the chief centers of national wealth, population, and culture, he commenced in his practically native American village the practice of the profession that, more than all others, tempts to doubt. For, being of

the earth, it naturally tends to the earthy. Engaged exclusively in the investigations of the body, it is apt to exclude belief from the soul. Studying disease that is material, it is inclined to ignore the disease that is spiritual. Though every step in this profession should lead to those in the higher one of theology, observation teaches that now, as in the days of Chaucer and before, the physician is not so easily inclined to faith as those of less material profession.

Dr. Thomson was not unlike his school. His teachers had affected his mind with doubt, which his profession seemed to encourage. A gentleman and a scholar, of composed demeanor, and ambitious to excel, he was yet a stranger to the covenant of promise, an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, without God, and therefore without hope in the world. This may sound sharp to the unregenerate man, but it is true. And true this intelligent gentleman found it to be. His professor had infused skeptical sentiments into his teachings and pupils. How would that same professor have condemned the practice that would have injected poisons into the healthy physical system! How much more should his conscience have condemned him for infusing poison into the healthy moral system, always to its injury, and often to its everlasting ruin!

But as a healthy body may reject poison, so may a healthy soul. It may even be profitable for it to receive such treatment, as thus it knows by experience the condition of others similarly affected. It seems fated to every strong spirit that it shall be tempted to infidelity. The first man, Adam, and the second, Christ, were thus tried in the fires of unbelief—the first to his and our ruin, the second to his and our triumph. So has every other leader of men. Moses, David, Elijah, and Paul were thus proved. Thus, too, the great leaders of later times. Augustine and Abelard, Calvin and Luther, Bunyan and Whitefield, Pascal and Edwards, Wesley and Cowper. Thus, undoubtedly, would the hidden life of almost every Christian leader, if revealed, disclose a fierce fight with the adversary upon the very foundations of faith.

The only difference between Christian and antichristian leaders is, that the Christian have fought through the ranks of the enemy into the heights of truth and faith beyond; the antichristian have been captured by the foe, and made to serve in his army against God

and his Spirit. Thus Celsus was caught while Origen broke through the lines. Thus Arius was captured while Athanasius conquered. Thus Voltaire surrendered and Pascal overcame.

Dr. Thomson, the physician, found himself in the midst of this conflict. He came very near sinking under his foes. He was ten years fighting through it. It was a personal Iliad that powerfully affected all his ministerial words. He was led by steps he had not known, and that he desired not to know, to see the results of the surrender of his soul to the tempter. His first acknowledged step in the divine direction was on January 1, 1826. He had then been practicing medicine about six years, and was of recognized standing in the community. The Methodist preacher stationed in Wooster, Rev. H. O. Sheldon, had preached an earnest sermon, appropriate to the commencement of the year, and at the close of the service invited all who wished to live a religious life to tarry. None left, and nearly all promised to make full consecration of themselves to God. Dr. Thomson afterward informed the preacher that he remained with the rest of the audience. But he was lost in the mass, and did not presume to individualize himself, as every one must do if he would secure individual salvation.

It was not till three years and a half after this, in the summer of 1829, that the second conscious step toward the divine life was taken. This time it was not as free and self-impelled as the first. He had become so indifferent, that, though a regular, or at least a frequent, attendant on divine worship, he was not apparently affected by it. He himself tells the story of this second conscious visitation of the Spirit in this vivid narrative of the man and the sermon whereby he was aroused. His literary skill is evinced in the composition of the story:

Russell Bigelow was an extraordinary man, and his merits were never fully appreciated even by the Church. He emigrated, at an early age, from New England to the West, and from his youth being accustomed to read the Bible upon his knees, he soon became remarkable for his piety. It is probable that he was favored with no more than a good common-school education before he entered the itinerancy, of which he was so conspicuous an ornament.

I was a student in the beautiful village of Wooster, where I first heard of him. Opposite our office was a coppersmith, a man of remarkable mind and character. He had been reared without any education, and had been unfortunate in his business relations; but, having spent his leisure in reading, and in conver-

sation with persons of better attainments, he had acquired a stock of valuable knowledge which his grappling intellect well knew how to use. He was an active politician. In times of excitement he gathered the multitude around him, and often arrested our studies by his stentorian voice, which could drown the clatter of his hammers and the confusion even of Bedlam. I think I may safely say, that for many years he wielded the political destinies of his county. Never in office himself, his will determined who should be. This man had imbibed skeptical opinions, which he often inculcated with terrific energy. He rarely went to the house of God, and when he did, I suppose he might as well have stayed at home, for I should have thought it as easy to melt a rock with a fagot as to subdue his heart by the "foolishness of preaching."

One Saturday evening he came into our office with a peculiar expression of countenance. The tear started from his eye as he said, "I have been to meeting, and, by the grace of God, I will continue as long as it lasts. Come, young gentlemen, come and hear Bigelow. He will show you the world and the human heart and the Bible and the cross in such a light as you have never before seen them!" I trembled beneath the announcement; for, if the preacher had prostrated a fainting multitude at his feet, he would not have given me as convincing a proof of his power as that which stood before me. This was the first account I ever heard of Bigelow, and from that time I avoided the Methodist Church till he left the village.

One morning of the ensuing summer my preceptor came in and said, "Thomson, come, mount old Black, and go with me to camp-meeting."

"Excuse me, sir, I have no desire to go to such a nursery of vice and enthusiasm."

"O, you are too bigoted. Presbyterian as I am, I confess I like camp-meetings. There a man can forget the business of life, and listen to the truth without distraction, and then ponder on it and pray over it and feel it. Good impressions are made every Sabbath; but they rarely bring forth fruit; they are worn away by the business of the week. At camp-meeting the heart can first be heated, and then, while yet warm, placed upon the anvil and beaten into shape."

"I was once at a camp-meeting two hours, and that satisfied me. The heart may be warmed there, but I doubt the purity of the fire which heats it."

"A truce to argument. I have a patient there I want you to see. You have no objection to go professionally?"

"No, sir, I will go anywhere to see a patient."

It was a lovely morning. The sun was shining from a cloudless sky, and the fresh breezes fanned us as we rode by well-cultivated and fertile fields, waving with their rich and ripening harvests. After a short journey we came to the encampment. A broad beam of daylight showed things to advantage, and I could but think, as I gazed from an elevated point, and drank in the sweet songs that reverberated through the grove, of some of the scenes of Scripture. My

rebel heart was constrained to cry within me, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth—as gardens by the river's side." Having visited the sick whom we had come to see, we were invited, with great kindness and cordiality, to partake of refreshments. The warmth of our reception excited my gratitude, and instead of starting home when the horn blew for preaching, I sat down respectfully to hear the sermon. Bigelow was to preach. I dreaded the occasion, but had always been taught to venerate religion, and had never seen the day when I could ridicule or disturb even the Mohammedan at his prayer or the pagan at his idol. In the pulpit were many clergymen, two of whom I knew and esteemed—the one a tall, majestic man, whose vigorous frame symbolized his noble mind and generous heart; the other a small, delicate, graceful gentleman, whom nature had fitted for a universal favorite. Had I been consulted, one of them should have occupied the pulpit at that time. All was stillness and attention when the Presiding Elder stepped forward. Never was I so disappointed in a man's personal appearance. He was below the middle stature, and clad in coarse, ill-made garments. His uncombed hair hung loosely over his forehead. His attitudes and motions were exceedingly ungraceful, and every feature of his countenance was unprepossessing. Upon minutely examining him, however, I became better pleased. The long hair that came down to his cheeks covered a broad and prominent forehead; the keen eye that peered from beneath his heavy and overjetting eyebrows beamed with deep and penetrating intelligence; the prominent cheek bones, projecting chin, and large nose, indicated any thing but intellectual feebleness; while the wide mouth, depressed at its corners, the slightly expanded nostril, and the *tout ensemble*, indicated sorrow and love, and well assorted with the message, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

As he commenced I determined to watch for his faults; but before he had closed his introduction I concluded that his words were pure and well chosen, his accents never misplaced, his sentences grammatical, artistically constructed, and well arranged, both for harmony and effect; and when he entered fully upon his subject I was disposed to resign myself to the argument, and leave the speaker in the hands of more skillful critics. Having stated and illustrated his position clearly, he laid broad the foundation of his argument, and piled stone upon stone, hewed and polished, till he stood on a majestic pyramid, with heaven's own light around him, pointing the astonished multitude to a brighter home beyond the sun, and bidding defiance to the enemy to move one fragment of the rock on which his feet were planted.

His argument being completed, his peroration commenced. This was grand beyond description. The whole universe seemed animated by its Creator to aid him in persuading the sinner to return to God, and the angels commissioned to open heaven and come down to strengthen him. Now he opens the mouth of the pit, and takes us through its gloomy avenues, while the bolts retreat, and the

doors of damnation burst open, and the wail of the lost enters our ears. And now he opens heaven, transports us to the flowery plains, stands us amid the armies of the blest, to sweep, with celestial fingers, angelic harps, and join the eternal chorus, "Worthy, worthy is the Lamb." As he closed his discourse every energy of his body and mind was stretched to the utmost point of tension. His soul appeared to be too great for its tenement, and every moment ready to burst through and soar away, as the eagle soars toward heaven. His lungs labored, his arms rose, the perspiration flowed in a steady stream upon the floor, and every thing about him seemed to say, "O that my head were waters!" But the audience thought not of the struggling body, nor even of the giant mind within, for they were paralyzed beneath the avalanche of thought that descended upon them.

But Thomson was not yet ready to surrender. Even this marvelous sermon left him still with a heart like an adamantine stone. The lightnings struck the rock, and the torrents poured upon a marble soul. It was cleft asunder, but not broken in pieces. Two years and a half after this the hour of crumbling came. His pastor, who had preached the first sermon to which he had responded, January, 1826, was again his pastor six years later. Let him tell the story of the great change:—

In 1829 Dr. Thomson heard a discourse from Rev. Russell Bigelow, which shook his infidelity, but he built himself up in his unbelief. Often in Wooster he attended our preaching at night, but not in the day-time. On the second Sabbath (11th) of December, 1831, a revival having been in progress some eight months, Dr. Thomson was sitting in his room at his father's house entirely disengaged. He heard an inward voice, "Read the Bible." Lifting his eye, it fell on the Bible upon a shelf. He opened it at random and read the Epistle of James, by which he was at once convinced of the truth of Christianity and of that of Methodist doctrine.

He began to reason: If Christianity is true, it is of all truths the most important. I must be a Christian. But I don't know how. What he had read came up: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." But I am *entirely* ignorant. "He giveth to *all* men *liberally*." But I am a skeptic. I have blasphemed his name; I have scoffed at his religion; I have ridiculed his people; he will spurn me from his presence. "He giveth to all men liberally, and *upbraideth* not." How then shall I ask? "Ask in faith; nothing wavering." Not like a wave, advancing and receding from the shore, but like a living stream, flowing on and on till it loses itself in the ocean. Then I must attend to *all* the duties of Christianity; I must join a Church. Which? My patients are Presbyterians, but I don't believe their doctrine. My parents are Calvinistic Baptists. I don't believe

theirs. There is a people who make a business of religion; I'll be a Methodist. He then kneeled and prayed until his soul was filled with peace and love. Coming down stairs he met his mother in the hall, to whom he said, "Mother, I am convinced of the truth of Methodism, and I am going to see Mr. Sheldon." She expressed great surprise. He came. I had left for country appointments. When I returned my wife said, "An interesting young man called last Sabbath, who was very anxious to see you. I told him you would be at home on Friday night."

Just then I heard a modest rap at the front door. In came Dr. Thomson, who said, "Mr. S., I have lately become convinced of the truth of Methodism, and I wish further acquaintance with it. I understand you have a library; I wish to borrow a book." "Do you wish a general or a particular acquaintance?" "I wish both a general and particular acquaintance." "Excuse me. I asked merely to know what book to recommend. For a general, I recommend Watson's 'Life of Wesley.' For a particular, 'Watson's Institutes.'" I brought both to him, and said, "Please excuse me, as I have a select prayer-meeting to attend now." "Ah," said he, "I'll go with you." On our way to Dr. Shaffer's, who had been converted six months before, and in whose parlor we held a weekly prayer-meeting to which none were invited but seekers, and a few spiritual Christians, he remarked, "I am perfectly aware of the obloquy which will be cast upon me for the step I am about to take; but I am a dying man, and must henceforth live for eternity." At the prayer-meeting we met his special friend, Samuel Richey, like Thomson a gifted son of genius, who was in pursuit of fame; who had lately won important verdicts over accomplished lawyers in doubtful cases; to whom Dr. T., on the afternoon of his conversion, had written a most admirable letter, (a copy of which he showed me,) on the evidences of Christianity. Both rose for prayers. At the close, Dr. T. joined on probation. This was December 16, 1831. The town was electrified. It was in the mouth of every one, "Edward Thomson has joined the Methodists!"

Thus we see it was after six years of occasional and acknowledged conviction, that he fought his way through the ranks of unbelief, and came out on the Lord's side. He was of the ripe age of thirty-one, ripe in profession, ripe in influence, ripe in social position.

All these he cast away. Nay, he must go through a deeper experience. He must be rejected of father and mother. His father, a deacon in the Presbyterian Church, the morning after he had joined the Church, said to him:

"Edward, my son, why did you join the Methodists?"

"Because I believe their doctrines. They are so simple that a child can understand them."

"But why did you not join the Presbyterians? There are no men of intelligence among the Methodists."

"Why, father, among the Presbyterians and Baptists we can only have a little amen-hope-so religion, without being enthusiasts. But among the Methodists we can have as much as we live for."

"But you knew," says the father, concluding the debate as most men in authority terminate unpleasant and unconquerable arguments, "that it would be very much against my feelings, and you must leave my house."

"Well, father," retorted the young Methodist, but not young thinker, "I can go, but you did not refuse me your house when I was an infidel, advocating infidel doctrines. I do not know as I am less affectionate or respectful."

"True," said the father, "your spirit is very much improved. But you knew it would be very much against my feelings."

The father, however, did not execute his threat. The Methodist minister called on the deacon the next evening, and said, "I consider it providential that Edward, with his rich and varied learning, has been influenced by the Lord to join the Methodists at the time that we are turning our attention to literary institutions: he may yet become a Bishop." The father yielded to the doctrine of divine Providence, and relented toward his son.

Three months after his pastor visited the doctor, and gave him an account of his own call to the ministry. The youthful convert said, "You surprise me; you have related my feelings precisely. I thought I would go to Jefferson College a couple of years, and then, perhaps, the Methodists would give me license to preach." "We have a better school," said his pastor; "we call it Brush College." He was baptized April 29, 1832, and the next day was licensed to exhort. The scene of his baptism was very impressive. A large concourse was assembled when the gentle and good physician accepted his vows in that public manner. He immediately gave up practice and taught school for a living. For six weeks he accompanied his pastor over his circuit, and the preaching was addressed to the neophyte oftener than to the rest of the congregation. July 1, 1832, he was licensed to preach, and recommended to the Annual Conference.

His first sermon was preached shortly after. It was a two-days' meeting where the small, weakly looking young man was "set up" to

preach. His friend and pastor speaks of his first sermon in this manner:

His text was, "Thou art my God, and I will praise thee." He preached most admirably; but before he was through he was powerfully tempted to think (contrary to the fact) that I wished him to stop, and he broke off abruptly. I arose, related circumstantially the experience of an intelligent young man, his skepticism, his conversion, and subsequent happy enjoyments; carefully concealing the person until the close, then saying, the last time I saw him was, naming the day, house, place, and text of his discourse, and now all who are willing to repent of your sins, forsake all, make a full surrender, and go with him to heaven, repair with us to the Church, and come to Christ for salvation! About sixty came to the altar as penitents, forty-six of whom joined on probation at that meeting. He was eminently useful. We received seven hundred that year.

Edward Thomson was received into Conference on probation the twenty-second of September following, (1832,) and appointed junior preacher with his old pastor on the Norwalk Circuit.

This was the opening of Providence, according to the suggestion of his pastor to his father. On this circuit was a seminary, where he was to open the educational work of his Church in that State, and in all the West, and thus more completely fulfill his prophecy, a few years after. His first year was passed on this circuit. His second he rose to a city appointment, that of the city of Sandusky, which was within the bounds of the circuit. Here he made the acquaintance of the Hon. E. Cooke, father of Jay Cooke, Esq., who regularly attended his ministry. At that time, writes his predecessor at this appointment, Rev. L. B. Gurley, his personal appearance "was so youthful and delicate and diffident, that at first sight the sympathy and fears of the people were awakened lest he should fail in his attempt to preach, but when he opened his lips, apparently without effort, beautiful thoughts, clothed in golden words, like coin fresh from the mint, fell on the charmed ears of his audience. As to pulpit preparation he was careful from the beginning, frequently writing his sermons in full, but very seldom using a manuscript in preaching." Mr. Gurley's father, a local preacher, who had received his license from Mr. Wesley in Ireland, after hearing Mr. Thomson preach, remarked of him, "He is a small man, but, mark my word, he will yet become a great one."

Dr. Thomson's third appointment was in Cincinnati. This was partly out of regard to his talents, and partly because he wished to pursue his medical studies more thoroughly. He became so much disheartened, perhaps because of the partial division of heart, that he proposed to leave the ministry. He had won the valedictory at the medical college, but he had lost the hearts of his people. He blamed them when he should have blamed himself. He was persuaded to continue in the work by the brother who had first introduced him into it, returned to Conference, and was admitted to full connection, and stationed on Wooster Circuit at his own request. The next year, 1836, he was stationed in the city of Detroit. Here he had a wonderful year, one that is remembered in that city unto this day. His sermons drew crowds, and his popularity was unbounded. Governor Cass was among his auditors and admirers.

While stationed in this city he married, in July, 1836, Miss Maria Louisa, daughter of Hon. Mordecai Bartley, member of Congress from Ohio, and afterward governor of the State. Of her children, a son bearing his own name, and a daughter, are living.

From this charge, the next year, 1837, he entered on the new form of ministerial life for which his first pastor had prophesied that he was called to the ministry of his Church. In the town of Norwalk was an abandoned school, of which his Church proceeded to take possession. He was called to its principalship. He was deficient in some branches of classic learning, but he set himself diligently to pursue the curriculum which was to be taught, and so successful did he become that it was said in the later years of his presidency at Delaware, he could fill any chair that was temporarily vacant.

Here, too, he began that form of literary labor into which his life-work most choicely wrought itself—the religious essay. His first effort in this direction was entitled "Close Thought." It stands first in his three volumes of essays, Moral, Educational, and Biographical. It was republished in England, and won for him a prominent name in literary circles, and a leading one in his own denomination. This beginning of his strength is a fresh and vivid production, worthy still of a place on a minister's or student's table. Thus it starts forth:

> Thought is the foundation of all intellectual excellence. What is it that constitutes darkness in the individual or the age? The absence of thought—strong

thought. What is it that has handed down innumerable errors from generation to generation? The want of thought. What is it that entombed the world's mind for ages? The world's fearful experiment to dispense with thought. What was it that burst the chains of religious bondage and gave to Europe moral freedom? What is it that has spread before our vision so many natural truths—that has opened so wide the path of discovery—has crowded it with so many anxious inquirers, and is preparing the way for the general education of the human race? Thought!

He shows the outgrowth of a single thought, and the labor necessary for its elucidation; that it is more difficult to set the mind to labor than it is the body, and that only as it puts its sweat into its work will it produce aught that is permanent and powerful.

This essay was followed by others less enthusiastic in expression, but not less deep or powerful in idea and influence. They cover the field of popular addresses to scholastic assemblies, including such topics as "General Education," "Mental Symmetry," "The Path to Success," "The Conflicts of Life," and many other topics. This last is a very inspiriting ode to Duty, as ringing and almost as rhythmical as Wordsworth's Ode. Here are specimens of its vigor:

Go to your Congress of Nations. See those two champion statesmen meet in fierce and final struggle. A nation's arguments, a nation's feelings, a nation's interests crowd upon each aching head and press each throbbing heart! The world's wit and wisdom crowd the halls, and beauty, in the glittering gallery, watches the approaching conflict; the multitudes besiege the doors, and aisles, and windows, anxious to witness the scene and herald the issue; the champions rise upon the tempest of human passions; they raise storm after storm, and throw thunderbolt on thunderbolt at each other; they soar, wing to wing, into the loftiest regions; they grapple with each other, soul to soul! Then is the purest, deepest, sweetest rapture, save that which comes from heaven! It were cheap to buy one draught with the crown of empire!

Difficulties, when overcome, insure honor. What laurels can be gathered from the field of sham battle? No enemy, no glory. The brave man scorns the feeble adversary; the greater the foe the more noble the victory. Rome gave her best honors to Scipio because he prostrated Hannibal; America honors Washington because he drove the giant forces of Britain; England awards to Wellington her highest praises, because he struck down Napoleon, her mightiest foe.

Mark the aged Christian pilgrim as he rises from some fearful conflict in holy triumph. Hark! methinks I hear him say, "O, glorious Gospel of the

blessed God! Because thou dost task all my powers; because thou dost lead me to the arena; because thou dost bring me to the mightiest foes—to principalities and powers, leagued for our destruction; to rulers of darkness, and wicked spirits, panting for our everlasting death; to the world and the flesh; to earth and to hell, thus making me a spectacle to infernal and heavenly worlds; to God the Spirit, God the Son, and God the Father; therefore will I glory in thee." Go ask the blood-washed throng if they would erase one trial from their history. Ask David, on yon mount of glory, why the angels fold their wings, and drop their harps to listen to his story. Would you have an honored life, an honored memory, a blessed immortality? Shrink not from conflict.

We measure a man's intellect by his achievements; we estimate his achievements by their difficulties. Think you that honor can come without difficulty? Try it. Go build baby houses, join mice to a little wagon, play at even and odd, and ride on a long pole, and see what laurels the world will award you.

We will give you the crown of empire. Now go, like Sardanapalus, wrapping yourself in petticoats, dress wool among a flock of women, and see if Honor would not stamp his angry foot, and shake his hoary locks, and spurn you from his presence.

Difficulties give courage. Look at the raw recruit. How timid, how fearful of the foe, how willing to avoid an engagement! See him on the eve of strife; his imagination pictures the smoke and din of battle from afar; the plain crimsoned with blood; the piercing cries and gaping wounds of the dying and the dead. He longs for the home of his childhood, the embrace of his mother, the quiet of peace. But mark the hardy veteran by his side, who carries in his body the bullets of the foe, and bears upon his face the marks of their sabers. He stands firm; he thinks only of the image of his country, the punishment of the invader, and the laurels of the conqueror, and lies down to rest, longing for the reveille that shall wake him to the strife.

His success as an educator was such that the halls were crowded. Other institutions began to look toward the humble seminary and its petit, but powerful, principal. In 1843 Michigan offered him the chancellorship of her University. Transylvania made the offer of her presidency. He hesitated, especially as to the proposal from Michigan. The other college, located in a slave State, was not in a congenial field or atmosphere to his nature, which abhorred that evil, and wrought steadfastly against it. He was only receiving six hundred dollars a year at Norwalk, and these places offered thrice and four times that salary. Yet his love for his Church withstood the temptation. He preferred to work through its channels.

The following spring the General Conference elected him editor of the "Ladies' Repository." Into this chair he put the same genius for writing that he had previously exhibited for speaking. His essays were racy, original, and graceful. They touched many themes and adorned whatsoever they touched. There was a playfulness in them which ran into humor, but rarely flashed in wit. They were deep without darkness, and fresh without weakness.

He ruled in this chair only one year, when Ohio Methodism, having outgrown its academic *status*, began to put on the gown of a University. It, of course, turned its eyes instantly and constantly to the pale little editor at its Book Concern in Cincinnati. Allowed to carry off the honors of a second election, he was summoned to the headship of the Ohio Wesleyan University. He used to say that he found, as its only endowment, a debt. But he soon got rid of that endowment, and changed its minus quantity into a respectable and growing plus.

He increased its income, buildings, students, and reputation. For fifteen years he ruled, the unquestioned master of Western educational Methodism, and with no superior in the East. His fame spread far and wide. His halls were crowded. Especially were the lectures, which he began at Norwalk, developed into an institution. At three o'clock Sunday afternoons, the emptiest hour of the Sabbath in all parts of the nation save New England, the pretty town of Delaware poured its people of every Church into the chapel of the University. The slim, pale, small student occupied the plain platform, while the throng crowded every nook and crevice with expectant faces. His essays were sermons, and his sermons essays. They lifted up the Gospel into high places of literature, and made many a skeptic tremble before the simple but sublime proclamation. Bent over his manuscript, from which he hardly lifted his eyes, with slightest gesture, with smallest change of tone, he carried his audience captive on the wings of deepest thought and deepest feeling. President Edwards, in his powerful preaching, seems never to have been matched so completely in American pulpit history as by President Thomson. Here was pronounced that sublime discourse on the Sublimity of the Scriptures; here other brilliant pulpit poems, that deserve and will obtain a long if not an immortal life, burst upon entranced ears. The history

of the college is a history of his work, and its fame centers and towers in him. With able coadjutors, it will be universally acknowledged that he was its life and glory and power.

In the course of his presidential duties he visited England for the first time since his departure in childhood. It was then that he made that visit to his home which has been referred to at the beginning of this memoir. He was a loyal American when on his native heath. No more of an American ever trod the streets of London than this English-born gentleman. He details a conversation which occurred at Portsmouth, which shows how thoroughly he was imbued with our national sentiments. To rebuke the charge of boasting, which was then more willingly laid against us than it is to-day, he proudly replies: "As to nobility, it perhaps has never occurred to you that we have nobody to make nobles of. We realize Pyrrhus's idea of the Romans—a nation of kings." Then, with all the pomposity he could assume, he made his bow, and said: "You are now in the company of one of the royal family of the United States of America." This conceit was entirely unnatural to him, and therefore was not resented by them. This tour resulted in a series of letters, which were afterward collected into a volume.

After a long and splendid service he was called again to the chair editorial. This time to a stirring field. Hitherto his career had been placid as an English stream. Now it was to be stormy as the English Channel. The question of slavery, which had been rising and rising in vehement debate in every field of Church, State, business, and society, was fast getting into battle array. The Church was seeking to put itself right in its legislation, and especially in its editorial utterances. Its chief journal, located in New York, had not satisfied its radical leaders. Though edited with great ability, it seemed to these persons to be giving an uncertain sound in this supreme hour. A change of editorship was demanded. Dr. Thomson was put forward for the place. A fierce fight followed, and he was elected. He came where he was not wanted. The Church *élite* of that city had other tastes. Not that they loved him less, but their choice allies and writers more. They established a rival sheet. They frowned on the meek intruder. But he was equal to the exigencies. His editorials were graceful, genial, yet faithful and bold; and, as the war cloud darkened,

and its murderous thunders roared, the strong pen of the editor rose to the occasion and gave the Church serene and steadfast guidance amid the storm. He won the recalcitrant brethren by his meekness of wisdom, and conquered the pulpit also. His thoughtful, polished discourses were appreciated, and ere he left his chair friend and foe acknowledged his sway.

But the Church was about to call him to her final honors and labors. In 1864, at the General Conference in Philadelphia, on the first ballot, he was elected by the next to the highest vote to her general superintendency.

Fortunately for our Church constitution, it contains no provision that limits its utmost honors, privileges, and duties, as that of the nation unwisely does, to those of native origin. Our executive is open to all who are citizens of our spiritual commonwealth. Bishop Thomson is a proof of the excellence of this catholicity. Had he entered other vocations, with all his marked fitness for leadership he could never have attained the supreme honor; and the fact of this inability to fully employ his powers would have prevented their greatest development. Opportunity stimulates genius. Such opportunity was offered in the Church, but not in the State. We shall never see the highest generalship and statesmanship that our foreign-born citizens can exhibit until every impediment to their exercise is removed by removing that clause which forbids their aspiration to the highest honor and duty in the gift of the Republic.

Our Church grants this liberty. Its first three Bishops were English-born, though two of them wrought in their life-work before, as well as subsequent to, their elevation to the superintendency upon American soil. After the lapse of fifty years another of the same nativity succeeded them. He proved his fitness not the least by his unswerving devotion to the land of his adoption. No truer American ever lived. Still, as became a general officer in a catholic Church, which existed equally and officially in every continent, none surpassed him in the fullness of such breadth. He was without partiality to any blood, or tongue, or tribe, or nation. All were to him equal and fraternal.

Bishop Thomson immediately began to devote himself to the arduous labors of his new work. He, first of all our Bishops, visited the

Asiatic work, thus evincing, at the beginning, his breadth of soul. The tour round the world was performed, or rather, attempted, without completion, by his co-elected brother, Bishop Kingsley; for he fell with the journey half done, on the borders of the Holy Land, by the side of the Great Sea. Bishop Thomson did not essay a journey round the world, but he did a more difficult task. For to make the journey eastward to China and westward from China, is greater than to cross from China to California. This feat he undertook and successfully carried out. He left New York August, 1864, within three months of his election, and completed his tour in the following May. His visit to India and China was very encouraging to our missionaries and members, and to this day no sweeter name lingers on their tongue than that of Bishop Thomson. His journals are animated and instructive transcripts of his experiences and observations in those novel climes. His colleague, following soon after, and giving his observations also in the form of a book, makes comparisons inevitable between the two. Such comparisons give Thomson the preference in finish of style, and Kingsley in a certain piquancy and gayety of spirit. Both are fine observers and expert narrators. Both left powerful impressions on those ancient lands and faiths.

On Bishop Thomson's return he plunged into the work of the superintendency with a zeal that was unabated, but that was rapidly consuming his slender capital. His wife had died during his editorship in New York, and he was married, May 9, 1866, to Miss Annie E. Howe, an accomplished lady of Delaware, Ohio. She accompanied him on a tour to the Pacific coast, and into the Southern States. He was the first to organize a Conference with members of the ostracized, and, to many eyes yet of the accursed, hue, mingling with their white brethren. A photograph was taken of the group, the first picture of that sort that was probably ever made on this Continent. The city of New Orleans was the seat of this Conference. It will yet be prouder of this token of the great change that is passing over the South, and of this foregleaming of the rising sun of pure and perfect Christianity, than of any past event that has graced its history.

For six years he was in labors most abundant. His last literary work was the revising of his Oriental letters, the preface to which is dated March, 1870. He was then leaving home for the last time.

He had won for himself high esteem as a president and a preacher; was accessible to all and beloved by all. His list of spring Conferences was the unusually large number of twelve. Of them three had been already attended. He was on his way from the West Virginia Conference to the New Jersey, when he rested over at Wheeling. He arrived here on Thursday morning, March 17. He had had a chill the night before, but was not very ill. He kept his room Thursday, and on Friday, feeling better, received his friends and walked about the city. That day he wrote his last article for the press, which he sent to the "Zion's Herald." It may not have all been written that day, though its date and that of the note accompanying it was Wheeling, March 18, 1870. It was a very racy talk entitled "A Walk on the Borders of our Zion," and gave a number of amusing incidents of his notes and observations in the Lexington, Kentucky, and West Virginia Conferences, all of which he had just visited. It closed with this striking remark, which was made at a love-feast of the Lexington Conference: "Brethren, I am not of this world. We belong to a better country; and I intend, when the bell rings, to have my trunk packed; so I pack a little every day."

Little did he think as he wrote those words and closed his epistle that they were so soon to be fulfilled in him. Did the pain he then complained of suffering suggest the fast-rushing agony of dissolution? By morning he was sick enough to acknowledge it, and to seek his room and bed. By noon pneumonia set in. During the Sabbath his symptoms slightly improved, though debility increased. At midnight a marked change occurred. His own medical training made him quick to discern the change, and he asked his physician to tell him the truth, saying that he was prepared for any event of God's will. He was informed of the probabilities of the speedy termination of his life. After a few minutes of solemn silence, he dictated messages to his wife, to which, they being written out and read to him, he affixed his signature. He then said: "If this be dying it is very easy." A few minutes after, opening his eyes with such an expression of tranquillity, the doctor was encouraged to ask him, "Have you full peace?" he answered, "O yes, O yes!"

In the evening he appeared comfortable, but with a very rapid pulse. His face was bathed, the Twenty-third Psalm was read, and prayers

were offered. At about eight the pain in his stomach set in with renewed intensity. He saw his hour had come. He was only anxious to live until his wife could reach him. This she could not do before twelve o'clock. But his feeble frame could not last that long. He was sorely tried by this disappointment. Looking up at Brother Logan, he said, "The Master said to Peter, 'Satan hath desired to have thee that he might sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.'" And he repeated, "that thy faith fail not." A short time after he said to Dr. Homer J. Clark, "Doctor, pray for me, that my faith fail not." Dr. Clark asked him if he found support in this hour, and he replied, "O yes, and that is the best, that is the best." He asked him to pray, and he himself responded warmly. Almost instantly after, easily and without a struggle, he fell asleep in Jesus.

His body was carried to his beloved city of Delaware, the home of his most active, most numerous, and not least famous years, and, with much weeping and lamentation, with eulogies from students, alumni, professors, and preachers, it was borne to its long home. Under the peaceful foliage of its pleasant city of the dead it awaits the dawn and the glory and the joy of the resurrection morning.

Before proceeding to the summing up of this life, it will be proper to notice his last work, which did not appear till after his death. It was a series of discourses entitled, "Evidences of Revealed Religion." These discourses were pronounced before the schools of theology at Boston and Evanston the winter before his death. They are the consummate flower of his thoughts. They stand out grandly. "God" is the first theme. He shows that his existence is in debate among modern schools of philosophy, and proves against them all a personal, an intelligent, a creative, a governing God. His argument against an impersonal force developing nature is exceeding fresh and strong. How well he puts the anticlimax of the development theorists. If men are developed upward, why not downward? As thus, "Here is one who has a fondness for foxes. He admires their characters, studies their habits, imitates their ways, so much so, that his friends say, 'He is foxy.' His attitudes, his halt, his looks, his practices, all resemble those of the fox; and whenever we see him, either in the world or the Church, we are reminded of this scripture, 'Go tell that

fox.' It is easy to see that his son may be more of a fox than the father, the grandson than the son; and so after centuries or eons or millenniums, if you please, a real fox may be produced. . . . Another man is a snake in the grass. He crawls rather than walks, stings rather than talks, the poison of asps is under his tongue; he delights in concealment; he never does any thing directly that he can do indirectly. He has no sense of gratitude, but will bite the bosom that warms and protects him. Suppose his feelings, strengthened in his posterity from generation to generation, until they become a generation of vipers—a nest of copperheads."

This theory of degeneration is an apt and unanswerable offset to the theory of development. It is the argument of *reductio ad absurdum* admirably applied. The greatest lecture of the course next to the first, is that on miracles. This theme is powerfully handled. He shows that miracles are possible, probable, provable, proved. He revels in logical analysis of Strauss and Hume, and well delivers any one who is captured in that snare of the devil, if so be he is not held captive by him at his will. Immortality, too, is grandly treated. As if he were conscious that it brooded over him, and was soon to break upon him.

Very strongly put are the arguments for a moral government of God, and "Life a Probation." Painfully powerful is his defense of the dreadful truth of future punishment, and gloriously grand his outbursts on the necessity and advantages of the Gospel, on "Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King." Superbly does he close the last discourse with what should be the closing psalm of the volume:—

He is a King; and slowly, but steadily, through the ages, amid the shock of armies and the ruins of empires, he has been organizing that kingdom whose emblem is the woman clothed with the sun, sandaled with the moon, and crowned with the stars, and whose offspring is worthy to be caught up by God. His principles, destroying all false philosophies, and freeing, rousing, energizing the human mind—his civilization, bridging Niagara, touching mountains, cutting asunder continents by canals, and uniting them by lines of lightning beneath the seas, and links of fire above them—his Churches, bestudding Europe and America with radiant points of light—millions of Sabbath-schools, with palm-branches and hosannas—missions girding the globe with curtains of truth and love, pushing back the belt of error and vice, and opening the way to commerce, science, justice, liberty, and good-will—kingdoms and empires opening their

gates to the hosts of God's elect, advancing fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, while the drums of divine Providence are beating the reveille of the millennium morning—prove that Christ is King. But the triumphs that are seen are nothing to those that are not seen, both past and future.

A Sabbath-school superintendent wishing to have a great commemoration of the happy Christmas-time, built up tier after tier in the spacious cathedral, and arranged trees between them, hanging cages of canaries among the fragrant branches. Over the cages he suspended blankets. When the time arrived, and the children filled the aisles and transept, and the charmed spectators crowded the galleries, all at once the blankets were lifted, and the sunlight, the warmth, the fragrant trees, woke up the slumbering birds, who broke forth in tuneful song, filling the whole space with one wave of delicious music. To complete the charm, the children raised their harmonious voices, and gallery on gallery swelled the great volume of melody as it ascended in that grand song: "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" So Christ is building tier on tier in the temple of the heavens, where he is suspending the caged birds of melodious voices among the invisible groves of the tree of life. Soon will the high day arrive, the angel's trumpet sound, and the blankets of the grave be raised, and the warmth and light and beauty of heaven will waken every tuneful power, and the assembled angels and archangels will sing with the redeemed and astonished saints: "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" filling the whole heaven with one volume of unequaled song, great as the voice of many waters and of mighty thunderings, harmonious as the concert of ten thousand harps.

Well might he rise on this wave of his rapture into that triumphal host whose glory he so brilliantly depicted!

The subtlety and profundity of his thinking processes sometimes resulted in ludicrous blunders. Soon after his first marriage he took his wife to his parsonage at Detroit. Immersed in "Close Thought," even before he wrote his first essay on that subject, and often afterward, he was in the midst of a party who were holding his wedding festival. Suddenly emerging from his cloud of thought, he dimly recognized his friends, and remarked of the lady before him, just made his wife, that he believed he had seen her somewhere, but he could not recall where.

On hearing a class in logic, he got so far beyond his pupils and his text-book that he took up a large marking-book before him, and, supposing it was his hat, spread it over his head, and began to leave the room. A shout of laughter from his class recalled him to his senses.

One of the strangest of these mental reversals transpired when a friend had submitted his manuscript to him for inspection. He called for his paper. The doctor said he had read it, and approved its publication. He looked for it, but could not find it. He made due search without effect, when, recovering himself, he said he had a desire to expectorate at the same time that he intended to put the manuscript on the table. Whereupon he had spit on the table, and put the paper in the stove. There were the approved ashes before the astonished friend, and more astonished critic. This absent-mindedness affected him somewhat in his last official career, and with a slight deafness made him crave the seclusion of his college rather than the publicity and perpetual whirl of his last office. Yet his calm, clear judgment, his quick instincts, his genial nature, made him the beloved angel of the Church, and his official visits were looked forward to with increasing pleasure.

His character and career need no summing up. They are patent to every one. "An Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile," will be the universal testimony of every friend and acquaintance. He was the John of the apostles, the seer and sayer of the severest truths. He had found the Grail which others have so vainly sought.

> "His strength was as the strength of ten,
> Because his heart was pure."

He has left the inspiration of a sweet and noble life for the delight and strength of his Church, and his successors in the ministry of reconciliation. May their hearts be the sensitive-plate that shall catch that sacred impression, and their lives evince not merely its external impression, but its inward power, for their illumination and edification!

C. Kingsley

Calvin Kingsley.

BY REV. WM. HUNTER, D.D.

IN the year 1836 there came to Alleghany College a young man about twenty-four years of age, robust of build, fresh from a very rural district, clad in rustic attire—a roundabout, coarse, low shoes, blue stockings, and pantaloons all too short for him—awkward and "green looking," yet with something pleasing in his countenance, a genial twinkle of the eye, that bespoke good nature, and a gleaming out of common sense that soon made him a general favorite. That young man was destined, in time, to outstrip all his compeers who might have been tempted, on his first appearance in college halls, to smile at his crude exterior, or verdancy of manners. His name was Calvin Kingsley, the ardent and persevering student, the accomplished and successful preceptor, the faithful and zealous preacher, the skillful and indomitable polemic, the talented and influential editor, the instructive and popular letter-writer, the enterprising and self-sacrificing Bishop, who was the first in the discharge of his episcopal functions to attempt the circumnavigation of the globe.

He was born in Annsville, Oneida County, N. Y., in 1812. His parents, originally from Connecticut, were honest and pious people, of limited fortune and moderate culture. The name of their first-born son has been supposed to indicate their theological proclivities, which supposition, however, we learn, is a mistake, so far, at least, as his father was concerned, though at the time of his birth, and for eighteen years afterward, his parents were not members of any Church. Indeed, Calvin seems to have led the way in the conversion of the family. Strange to say, though born in Oneida County, N. Y., he never came in contact with that well-nigh ubiquitous people, the Methodists, until after the family removed to Ellington, Chautauqua County, in 1826. Calvin was then fourteen. The form and spirit of devotional exercises among the Methodists was something new to young Kingsley, and impressed him deeply. He had always been a thoughtful

and conscientious boy, fully persuaded of the necessity of a moral change wrought by the Spirit of God. But he had known nothing of the hopefulness and joyfulness of spirit which he perceived among the Methodists. This new presentation of religion was startling, but not uncongenial. The clear, happy experiences of the Methodists, their ardent prayers, their emotional singing, commended them to his head and heart. After mature deliberation he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, resolved on a higher Christian life. He was then about eighteen years of age.

As an illustration of his character, which shone out even at that early day, the fact should be mentioned that soon after his conversion he was impressed with the conviction that he ought to conduct family worship in his father's house. He consulted his parents, and with their consent established the family altar, leading the devotions morning and evening. This proceeding of the youth indicated the conscientiousness and faithfulness to duty which always distinguished the man in after life. It exhibited the cross-bearing and self-denying spirit which was ever one of his characteristics. It was not long before such an example of piety and fidelity had its natural effect on his father's household. His parents soon sought, and found for themselves, the comforts of experimental religion; and in the course of time the whole family followed in their footsteps. One or two of his brothers became ministers of the Gospel.

Like many another youth, from the time of his conversion his soul was athirst for knowledge. As the years passed on, and he heard of Alleghany College, then just established under Methodist auspices, he longed to go there; but how to perform that which he would, he found not. Being the oldest son, he was greatly needed on his father's farm. For two years after the family came into Chautauqua County, there had been no schools in the neighborhood. His father, however, had taken an active part in the establishment of one. Here Calvin went to school three months in the winter, working on the farm the other nine months of the year. Thus three years were spent, and such was his progress in learning that the trustees employed him to teach the school for two successive winters. Teaching is itself an excellent schoolmaster, and he availed himself of its benefits not merely in the way of direct mental culture, but also in procuring

the means of greater knowledge, in the form of books. He had before this obtained a few books besides those of the school-room. The first installment of these was gotten by working, on shares, a sugar place of one of the neighbors. The product could not have been very great, as it is said that he carried it ten miles on his shoulders to Jamestown, where he bartered it off for the coveted books. These he studied with the eagerness and enjoyment of a mind panting for knowledge. His chief time for study was at night. It was long before the days of carbon oil; and even tallow candles were a rare luxury. But the "fat pine," with its resinous knots, was plenty. This made a pretty good light, with an abundance of black smoke. It was thus that Calvin Kingsley, often while the family was asleep, sought an education under difficulties. In the course of time, both to improve his education and to assist his father, he taught a school through the year at Randolph, Cattaraugus County, devoting his earnings chiefly to clearing the land of the farm. His opportunities of study were then better, but, like many another ambitious youth, he paid too dearly for them. By the cessation of active outdoor labor, and too intense devotion to teaching and books, he injured his health. After nearly two years spent in this way he was compelled to desist from teaching. Nevertheless, after a few months' rest and healthful recreation on the farm, he was able again, in somewhat improved health, to resume his duties in the school-room. With a portion of the avails of his last winter's teaching he sought the halls of Allegheny College.

Prior to this time Calvin had become acquainted with Rev. Hiram Kinsley, the Presiding Elder of the district, and long a leading member of the Erie Conference. This good man had strongly encouraged the young school-master to seek a collegiate education. But for the encouragement thus received he might never have deemed it possible to acquire a college course; and he always expressed himself in the strongest terms of gratitude concerning Elder Kinsley, for the invaluable service thus rendered him. This was not unfrequently accompanied with a regret that other ministers did not always pursue the same course with young men.

Rev. Samuel Gregg, author of the "History of Methodism in the Erie Conference," then stationed in Jamestown, also rendered him

important help. One Saturday evening young Kingsley made his appearance at the parsonage door, with a bundle slung over his shoulder on a stick. He was then on his way to college, sixty miles distant, and had called to consult Mr. Gregg on the subject. It was at a time of the year when the roads through the then comparatively wilderness country between Jamestown and Meadville were exceedingly bad. There was no public conveyance but by the round-about way of Erie. Mr. Gregg suggested that route. But this would cost $10 or $12, and he had only $20 in his pocket. He had no notion of spending half his fortune in getting to college by public conveyance, when he had a pair of stout legs that would carry him for a trifle. Remaining, by invitation, with Mr. Gregg over Sunday, it was found on Monday morning that there were three other young men who wished to go to college. The four hired a farmer for a reasonable sum of money to take them and their baggage in a farm wagon.

Arriving at Meadville he presented a note from Mr. Gregg to the president of the college, and stated his case—that he was poor, had only a few dollars, but was able and willing to work a part of the time at any thing he could get to do. The kind-hearted president spoke words of comfort, and in order to help him proposed the janitorship; that is, to sweep the rooms, make the fires, ring the bell, and have a general care of the college building. He was thus at once inducted into office, and became what he afterward playfully called *Professor of Dust and Ashes.* But the proceeds of this useful, though not very dignified, office, were meager and insufficient, and he supplemented it by any other work that he could get to do—sometimes taking a contract of wood-chopping or wood-sawing, and sometimes cultivating potatoes on a corner of the college grounds. Twice during his course he was compelled to retire and teach for awhile, in order to replenish his exhausted exchequer.

His tastes as a student inclined him to mathematics and the related sciences, rather than to classical studies. He entered into the study of mathematics with great zest. Geometry especially interested him wonderfully; he seemed amused and delighted with it. As its truths and methods of reasoning unfolded themselves to his mind, he found in them the highest enjoyment. His mind, however, by no means grasped the subject like Isaac Newton's, as if by intuition. On the

contrary, it required from him patient study; but he gave it all it did require, and by somewhat slow degrees mastered it, so as to make it thoroughly his own. This it was that furnished the discipline he needed to develop and strengthen his mental powers. It constituted the very basis of his education; and whatever of logical method and dialectic skill he subsequently evinced—and that was no little—seemed the result and natural outgrowth of his training in the exact sciences. At the end of five years he had worked his way through the scientific course, and graduated with honor. This year, 1841, was an eventful one in his history. He graduated, was elected assistant professor of mathematics, and married. His wife, whose maiden name was Delia Scudder, a most excellent and devoted Christian woman, cheered the remainder of his life's pathway, and now deeply mourns him departed. In 1842 he was elected Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering in Alleghany College, a chair previously filled by a distinguished graduate of West Point, but which lost none of its dignity by Prof. Kingsley's occupancy. In this position he developed remarkable ability and large resources, giving eminent satisfaction. He possessed a remarkable faculty of elucidation, and rarely failed to make difficult problems plain to the dullest understanding. In his relations with his pupils he was just and genial, and his memory is now cherished by them as that of a faithful friend. His bearing toward his colleagues in the Faculty was highly honorable and considerate. He cared scrupulously for the interests of all with whom he was associated, whether in professional or social life.

Professor Kingsley was not long undisturbed in his chair. In 1843 the State, which had for a number of years made appropriations to the colleges within its bounds, withdrew its subsidies, and Alleghany College, having no endowment, was compelled to suspend. A plan of endowment, called the Cheap Scholarship Plan, was devised by the President, Dr. Homer J. Clark; and Prof. Kingsley, with Dr. Clark and others, was employed as an agent. He spent one year in this work, and the next year was appointed to the charge of Erie Station. He was re-appointed to this station the following year, but before it expired, the college re-opened and he returned to his professorship. His pastorate was very satisfactory, both to himself and his parishioners. He would have preferred to remain in the pastoral work,

and had actually resigned his chair; but the college could not spare him, and the authorities had declined to accept his resignation. At great personal sacrifice and self-denial he went back to the college, warmly welcomed by his old friends and associates, and entered at once upon his professional duties. This was in the spring of 1846. In 1854 he attained to the honor of the vice-presidency of the college. During the last two or three years of his connection with the institution he was again employed as an agent for the establishment of a biblical professorship. In this work he labored hard, as usual, on light pay, but had the satisfaction of a reasonable measure of success.

In the year 1843, when acting as an agent for Alleghany College, he had occasion to step forth in defense of the Church against one of the strongest men of the day, a leader in what was called the "Wesleyan" Secession. The "logical Lee," as the elder Dr. Bond called him, seems to have been over-matched by the logical Kingsley. The debate lasted for several days at Portland, New York, and was renewed again three months subsequently at Jamestown, where it continued four and a half days. Several disputants took part on either side, but Kingsley wound up the contest in a speech which has been described as masterly and overpowering. Rev. Thomas Graham, who participated in the discussion, speaking of that closing speech, says: "It was one of the most eloquent and entrancing appeals I ever heard in my life. He held that congregation more perfectly spell-bound for half an hour than they had ever been held before. Rev. J. J. Steadman (who had also taken part, and was himself a most accomplished debater) was perfectly carried away with the power of the man on that occasion, and particularly with his last effort. He and I rode home together in the same carriage. Two or three times Steadman would cease talking, and after awhile, starting up from his meditations, would whip up his horse, shouting, 'Glory to God! wasn't Kingsley eloquent!' There could not have been a happier effort. When I think of it now, (though it was over thirty years ago,) I am thrilled with something of the same feeling which inspired me then. This was the first great debate the Bishop had ever been in. At first he did not seem to be perfectly at home. But after one day's practice he came up well, and proved himself a giant."

It was at Erie the next year, 1844, in which he had his great debate

on Universalism, lasting for eight days. That city had for some time enjoyed the ministry of a champion of the Universalist faith, who, like Goliath of Gath, was in the habit of challenging all the hosts of the orthodox to single combat. He had even sent in a challenge to the Conference that sat there that year. But, of course, no attention was paid to it. After Kingsley went to the charge he accepted the challenge. Considering the reputed ability of his opponent, and his own comparative youth, there was some tremor for the result among the adherents of "orthodoxy." But their fears were groundless. In an eight days' discussion Kingsley ably defended the common faith, and showed himself a workman that needed not to be ashamed. Gratifying acknowledgments came from other denominations for the service rendered to the common cause.*

After his return to Meadville, in 1845, by invitation from gentlemen of different Churches he delivered a series of lectures on the distinctive features of Unitarianism, defending with masterly ability the great truths of the orthodox faith. These lectures, which were listened to by the great mass of the people, were productive of much good. They are yet in manuscript, and it is thought by those acquainted with them, that if brought out in book form they would prove a valuable addition to our theological literature. Nor should we here forget the masterly and valuable contribution to the same—his work on "The Resurrection"—a review of Prof. Bush, and issued by our own Publishing House.

Professor Kingsley's first appearance in the General Conference was in 1852, in Boston. He then led his delegation, and in the election for Bishops received forty votes for that office. Considering his comparative youth, and that this was the first General Conference of which he was a member, this vote was highly complimentary. He was again at the head of his delegation at Indianapolis in 1856. Owing to an attack of sickness, he took but little part in the business of the Conference. Nevertheless, before the close, he was elected editor of the "Western Christian Advocate," then, as still, one of the leading Church papers. In 1860 he was once more in the lead of his delegation at the

* So serious were the effects, physically, upon his opponent, that shortly after the debate closed he lost his voice entirely; and whether he ever recovered it the writer is not informed. The fact was generally attributed to over-excitement of the nervous system.

Buffalo General Conference, and was elected chairman of the Committee on Slavery, then the most responsible chairmanship in the body. The question of slavery was the great question in both Church and State. During the session of that Conference, the Republican Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency, sat in Chicago. The agitation had been increasing in the Church for many years, and was now approaching a culmination. Already one separation (that of the Church South) and one secession (that of the Wesleyans, so-called) had taken place; and another disruption was threatened. The country was on the eve of a tremendous civil war, into which it was precipitated in less than a year from that time. The members from what was called "the Border" were deeply impressed with the dangers of the period; and though, with few exceptions, true antislavery men, they naturally dreaded and opposed any change in the disciplinary enactments concerning slavery. They feared that the chief effect of any change would be to hasten the impending crisis of civil secession, and another division of the Church. On the other hand, the majority of the Northern men were, from their circumstances, naturally impatient for an advance; and the dangers apprehended by "the border men" seemed to them in a great degree imaginary. "Pass the new rule," said one of the leaders, "and all will be quiet on the border in three months!"

It will thus be seen that Dr. Kingsley, as chairman of the committee on slavery, occupied a most delicate, responsible, and difficult position. He was himself an honest, consistent, and unfaltering, but by no means an ultra, antislavery man. It is doubtful if he ever accepted, without qualification, the fundamental dogma of abolitionism, that "slavery is a sin under all circumstances." But he was an earnest hater of the "peculiar institution," and believed that the Church should take advanced ground on the subject. That he was equal to the occasion may be inferred from the fact that he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction, and we may say to the admiration, of those who were on his side of the question, and caused as little complaint as could be expected from the opposition. He brought in a very elaborate report, a part of which was a change of "the general rule" on slavery, (requiring a two-thirds vote,) which was not adopted; and a "new chapter," (requiring only a majority

vote,) which was adopted, and remains in the Discipline to this day. (See Discipline.)

Dr. Kingsley was, at this Conference, again elected editor of the "Western Christian Advocate." This term of service covered nearly the entire period of the war, during which it was no light task to conduct wisely and well a great weekly religious sheet. Partisan feeling ran high in the Church and the nation. Suffice it to say, that it would be difficult to imagine how any one could have done better, under the circumstances, than did Dr. Kingsley. He was intensely loyal to his country and his God—prudent, clear-sighted, and vigilant. His editorials were marked by sound judgment and discretion; lucid, rather than brilliant, and commanding general respect. In 1864 Dr. Kingsley was elected the fourth time to the General Conference. It sat in Philadelphia. He was now, as always before, placed at the head of his delegation, a proof that he was a great favorite with his own Conference (Erie). His influence in that body was commanding. He was not a great or frequent talker on the Conference floor; but a few pleasant words from him would often tide over a difficult point. At this General Conference of 1864 he was elected to the office of Bishop. Bishops Clark and Thomson were elected at the same time, all of them, alas! to fall in death in the quadrennium next succeeding that in which they were elected. Calvin Kingsley, the whilom rustic youth from the woods of Chautauqua, had now, in less than three decades after his *début* at Alleghany College, attained to the highest office, honors, and responsibilities of the Church! How well he discharged his high functions is known to the body, which still mourns his unexpected, and to mortal eyes untimely, removal.

At the next session after his election his old Conference invited him to make his residence among them; and his friends took measures to procure him a pleasant home in Cleveland. His family resided there until his departure on his great episcopal tour around the world.

"The episcopal career of Bishop Kingsley," says Dr. (now Bishop) Wiley:

> was short, but brilliant; it was characterized throughout by the most unreserved consecration and the most unwearied devotion. He recognized the magnitude of his office, the full weight of its responsibilities, the almost world-wide extent of its supervision, and gave himself wholly to it. During his episcopate of six

years, his labors were constant, and his journeyings almost unremitting. Though he fell before he had quite consummated his great tour around the world, yet in his various episcopal visitations he had, in distance, more than circumnavigated the globe.

Our limits will not allow us to follow him fully in his visitations to the several Conferences, nor to dwell on his labors in connection with them. As a specimen, however, of his travels and toils, we quote, from his memoir by Dr. Wiley, the following abridged sketch of his work during the few years ensuing his election:

In the year 1865 the supervision of the Conferences beyond the Rocky Mountains was assigned to him. In the early part of May he left Cleveland for Idaho and California, by the overland route. He attended the Colorado Conference at Denver, from June 22 to 26. Finding it impossible to reach California by this route on account of an Indian outbreak, he hastened back to the East, reaching Cleveland July 12, and almost immediately left for New York, whence he embarked by the Panama route on Saturday, July 22, and reached San Francisco August 11. He hastened to Virginia City to meet the Nevada Conference on the 7th of September. He returned to San Francisco, and met the California Conference September 20. On October 3 he sailed from San Francisco and reached New York October 26. His prompt return from Colorado, where his way was blocked up by the Indians, and his voyage by sea to reach his appointments, was an illustration of the indomitable purpose and indefatigable energy of the man.

In 1866 the visitation of the Pacific Conferences was assigned to Bishop Baker, who started on his journey by the overland route. He was overtaken in this tour by a stroke of paralysis from which he never recovered. Bishop Kingsley, with his accustomed heroism, sprang into the breach. He sailed from New York in July and reached San Francisco on the 15th of August. He met the California Conference on the 19th, at San José, and the Nevada Conference on the 5th of September, at Washoe. Not being able to reach the Oregon Conference in time, he returned to New York by sea, reaching that city October 21.

In 1867 the supervision of the European Mission Conferences fell to his lot. But before leaving for Europe he presided over the Baltimore, East Baltimore, and New Hampshire Conferences, and after his return, over the Holston and Oneida. He left New York May 5, and reached Ireland on the 26th. He attended the German and Switzerland Mission Conference June 20, and visited the Scandinavian Missions in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. He sailed from Bremen August 26, and reached New York September 7. In 1868 he presided over the following Conferences: Central German, Erie, Genesee, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Pittsburgh, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

This was also the year of the General Conference in Chicago, in which, of course, he took part. As this year furnished him the only opportunity of presiding over his own original Conference, it will be interesting to know how he deported himself there.

We pause a moment here to relate some things which his brethren and companions report concerning him; and all the more readily, as they give a true representation of the man. Such as he was in the chair of the Erie Conference he was elsewhere. One of his brethren (Prof. L. D. Williams) says of him, that he wore his honors with graceful modesty, nor seemed for a moment to think he was greater than his brethren because he was a Bishop. He was called to this work to serve the Church, not to aggrandize himself. In the chair of the Erie Conference he evidently felt the delicacy and difficulty of the situation. Here were men who were strong when he was a boy—men who had taken him by the hand and guided his footsteps when his way seemed dark, and had counseled and encouraged him in the day of need. The Conference was large, embracing men of talent, learning, and influence. These men he was about to assign to their fields of labor, and it devolved on him to preside over their deliberations. But he was the same Brother Kingsley as aforetime, when he met with them and mingled in their discussions.

As not unfrequently happens, the regular Conference business proceeded faster than the work in the Cabinet. On the last day of the session there were some cases that still hung in suspense, and but little time remained to perfect the work. The Conference was to adjourn at the close of the forenoon session. The Bishop and Presiding Elders retired to their council-room, and left the Conference to finish up the business while they completed the list of appointments. In the Conference the committees reported, the usual resolutions of thanks were passed to citizens, editors, pastors, etc., and nothing now remained but to receive the appointments and adjourn. The Bishop and his council still lingered. A member arose and pleasantly moved that a committee be appointed to wait on the Bishop and inform him that the Conference had finished its business and was ready to receive any communication he had to make. The motion prevailed, and the mover was appointed a committee of one to perform the service. He repaired to the council-room, and dis-

charged the duty assigned him with all due formality. The Bishop, who always enjoyed a bit of pleasantry, and often contributed his part in producing it, looked up from his table with a genial smile and his own peculiar twinkle of the eye, which all knew how to interpret, and said: "Please tell the brethren that they might, perhaps, profitably spend a little time in telling their religious experience."

But the appointments were soon ready, and he entered the Conference. As usual, he prefaced the reading of them with a brief address, which no one present will ever forget. He reminded them of his peculiar relation to them, as having grown up among them and been one of them. He felt that he was one of them still. Some had been fathers to him, and all were brothers. In assigning them their work for the year, with the aid and counsel of his advisers, he felt that the task was a delicate and responsible one. But he trusted that his brethren knew him too well to indulge the thought, for a moment, that he could be influenced by any other than the most sincere desire to do the best possible thing for all concerned. He was not vested with authority to lord it over God's heritage. If he suspected that he had a drop of the kind of blood in his veins that would prompt to such ambition, he would "call in a doctor and be bled."

The year 1869 is the memorable epoch of Bishop Kingsley's life, and was destined to be the last full year of his pilgrimage and warfare. The General Conference of 1868 had clothed the mission Conferences in Europe, Asia, and Africa with full Conference powers, and ordered an Episcopal visitation. At the meeting of the Bishops the question arose, who will go for us? Thomson, the saintly and heroic, who had previously visited the Missions in Europe, India, and China, volunteered, and the work was assigned him. But, for some reason, the question was reconsidered. Bishop Kingsley willingly offered himself, and the honorable task was given to him.

He first met the Troy Conference, April 14, and then began his preparations for the great tour. He left Cincinnati on the 10th of May, in vigorous health, hopeful in spirit, and full of determined purpose to fulfill his mission at whatever cost of labor, strength, or even of life itself. His wife and one of his daughters accompanied him to California by the new Pacific Railroad. He attended the Colorado, the Oregon, the Nevada, and the California Conferences, and sailed

from San Francisco, on the 8th of September, for China. He visited Japan on the way, and reached China early in October. He visited Shanghai, Peking, and other northern cities. In November he reached Foochow, our oldest and most flourishing China Mission. On Tuesday, the 16th, he opened the meeting or Conference of the China Mission. It had been intended at this meeting to organize the Mission into a Conference with full powers, which the Bishop was authorized to do. But, after a more perfect understanding of the case, this matter was postponed. He did, however, after much thought and prayer, and with the full consent of the missionaries, ordain seven of the licensed native preachers to the office of deacon, and four of this number, also, to the order of elder. These were the first ordained men of the native Methodist Episcopal Church in China.

The ordination scene was very solemn and impressive. One of the missionaries first delivered an appropriate sermon. The Bishop then ordained them deacons according to the usual forms. In the evening of the same day the four candidates for elders' orders were ordained. The Methodist missionaries and two American Presbyterian missionaries participated in the service, joining with the Bishop in the imposition of hands. The ordination formula was translated in each case by the senior missionary, Dr. Maclay. The ordination was followed by the celebration of the Lord's Supper, at which foreign Christians, American and English, partook, as did a large number of the Chinese. The newly ordained elders and deacons assisted in the administration of the Supper on this memorable occasion. The body of the native preachers and helpers met on next morning (Monday) and received their appointments for the coming year. It is fitting that the names of these seven, the first ordained of the native Methodist Episcopal Church, should be here recorded. They were: Elders, Hu Po Mi, Hu Yong Mi, Ling Ching Ting, Sia Sek Ong; Deacons, Yek Ing Kwang, Li Yu Mi, Hu Sing Mi.

To show the appreciation of Bishop Kingsley by the Chinese brethren, we may mention a remarkable scene which occurred at a prayer-meeting subsequent to the ordination:

Five of the ordained men, the others having gone away, without any notice or warning, walked into the room, each conveying a valuable present consisting

of Japan or Foochow lacquered boxes of superior workmanship, and a beautiful fan, an indispensable article in China, which some one afterward suggested was intended for Mrs. Kingsley. On these the names of the donors were neatly inscribed. Without a word they placed these articles on the center table and remained standing near it. The senior missionary, Dr. Maclay, addressed the Bishop, who arose, while Dr. Maclay expressed to him the esteem in which he was held by the brethren. The fraternal salutations and farewells of the ordained men were then presented. The Bishop replied in a brief speech, (which was translated,) in which he thanked them for the beautiful tokens of friendship which he valued highly, and would show to his friends in America. He also expressed his great pleasure in having met them, and his satisfaction with their character as Christian ministers.

Soon after one of the missionaries approached him with a heavy volume containing fifty or sixty large and superior photographic views of Foochow and the adjacent scenery, which he presented in the name of the Methodist missionaries. He read a short, well-worded address, which set forth their gratitude for his official services, and their sense of the profit which they and their families had derived from his visit, with their best wishes for his happiness, etc. The Bishop was taken by surprise, and remarked that he could not make a lengthy speech, but would imitate the example of President Grant on similar occasions, and say from his heart, "I thank you."

Having completed the second stage of his great journey, Bishop Kingsley left Foochow November 26, and reached Hongkong on the 29th. He sailed the next morning for Calcutta, reaching Singapore December 6. On the 14th he touched and went ashore for a few hours at Point de Galle, on the south-west coast of Ceylon. He reached Madras on the 18th. The vessel entered the river Hoogly, one of the mouths of the Ganges, on the 21st, and on the 22d reached Calcutta, where the Bishop remained only two days.

A journey of eight hundred miles through the interior provinces, including a visit to Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, brought him to Lucknow, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Oudh. Here he arrived on the 29th of December in excellent health and spirits, and anxious at once to acquaint himself with the working of our missions in India. On January 20, 1870, he opened the sixth annual session of the India Mission Conference at Bareilly. Fifteen Americans and four natives answered to their names. All the wives and children of the missionaries were also present. On the Sabbath the Bishop ordained five deacons, (natives,) three of them local minis-

ters, and two native elders. The Conference closed on the 27th, and the Bishop hastened on his journey.

His face was now turned homeward, and we trace him by his letters, in the Arabian Sea on February 10; in the Gulf of Aden, February 20; in the Red Sea, February 23, arriving at Cairo March 1. He turned aside to visit the pyramids, and on the 4th of March was in Alexandria. His visit to the Holy Land was a detour for his own gratification. His great episcopal tour still embraced the missions in Bulgaria, the presidency of the Germany and Switzerland Conference, at Carlsruhe, May 26; a visit to Switzerland, and to the Irish and British Conferences, to which he was a fraternal delegate from the Church in this country. After this still he was to visit the missions in Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. He was expected to return home early in September. The tour was substantially the same as that which Bishop Harris afterward made.

He sailed from Alexandria for Jaffa (Joppa) on the 6th of March. He was now within one month of the end of his earthly pilgrimage, and our principal means of tracing his footsteps is by his letters to his family and friends, and those of two of his traveling companions, Dr. Bannister, and Miss Frances E. Willard. Every word of these letters is precious. In a letter dated at Jerusalem, March 15, he writes:

This trip to Jerusalem is vastly more fatiguing than I had any idea of. If I had known beforehand how hard it would be, I should not have engaged in it. The day I got here I was more nearly tired to death than ever before in my life. There is no way but to come on horseback, and being unaccustomed to ride in that way, and having a miserable horse and worse saddle and bridle, it altogether nearly killed me. . . . After about ten miles from Joppa, we climbed mountains all the way to Jerusalem, which is itself on the mountains.

Since I have been here I have visited the temple of Solomon, or what was once the temple; the tower and the tomb of David; the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, and Hezekiah; have been to the top of the mount of Olives; at the garden of Gethsemane; at Bethany, where Lazarus, Mary, and Martha lived; through the valleys of Jehoshaphat, Kedron, and Gehenna; into the upper room where the sacrament was instituted; into the place where Christ was scourged, into the place where judgment was pronounced against him by Pilate; at the place where he was crucified, and into the sepulcher where he was buried; have seen where he wept over Jerusalem, and where he ascended to heaven. Day before yesterday I went to Bethlehem, where Christ was born; saw the manger where

he was laid; saw the tomb of Rachel, and the place where Elijah hid himself from Jezebel.

Again he wrote on the 16th:

I have been into the temple of Solomon as it now is; that is, into the mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of the old temple. Every thing in Jerusalem has been destroyed about twenty times in the wars that have swept over the place. It is dry and hot here now, and the country around Jerusalem for many miles is very barren, being all covered over with rocks. Jerusalem is all stone. The walls, floors, stairs, roofs of houses, every thing is made of stone. It would be impossible to burn the city with fire.

Bishop Kingsley was in Jerusalem about eight days. There he met, as he expected, Dr. Bannister and a number of other Americans, among whom was Miss Willard, of Chicago, whom he had previously met at Suez, on his way to Egypt. But we must let Miss Willard, in her own beautiful and affecting language, as she writes to Mrs. Kingsley, relate the principal scenes of his few last days:

On the evening of February 28th, arriving at Suez from Cairo, I met the Bishop, who had just come from India, and who told me, in his kind and cordial manner, upon being introduced, that he had heard Mrs. Kingsley speak of me. How well he looked—the picture of health—and with that well-known twinkle in his eye, that no one who ever saw him could fail to recall! He inquired anxiously for Dr. Bannister, and seemed much pleased by the prospect of meeting him at Jerusalem. And there we all met a few days later, the Bishop coming from Alexandria, the doctor from mount Sinai and the desert; and it was arranged that the doctor's company of eight gentlemen, and ours of one gentleman and three ladies, should unite for the trip through Palestine to Beyroot. Subsequently, Bishop Kingsley joined us, and we had the pleasure of his company throughout the entire journey.

On the 18th of March we left Jerusalem for the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and Jericho, and as our long line wound along the valley of Jehoshaphat—the path on the brow of Olivet by which Jesus made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem—to Bethany, and over the stony hill-sides to the solemn sea, none was more cheerful, in better health and spirits, and certainly none was a more delightful companion, than the Bishop, whose face and form stand out before me with startling clearness as I recall the day. Mounted on a mettlesome gray horse, and wearing the *kepiah*, a large white cloth used by all eastern travelers, wrapped around his broad-brimmed felt hat, with carefully drawn bridle-rein, and a bright lookout for every object of interest, he usually rode am ongthe last, to prevent any unpleasant encounter between his horse and the rest. And near him on that day, and on how many others, I rode, listening to his stories of travel, his vivid descrip-

tions of the manners and customs in the strange lands he had traveled, with an eye so observant of all their peculiarities. China and India and California were the countries of which he spoke with most interest; and his fund of anecdotes was so exhaustless, his memory so clear, and his judgment so correct, that it was a source of keen enjoyment to listen while he talked. Often some feature of the landscape, some bird or tree or flower, would suggest comparison with what he had seen elsewhere; and I owe to his appreciative observations many a hint and many a lesson drawn from the changing panorama of the Holy Land.

Of the missions and the missionaries he spoke quite frequently, and with the deepest interest. His opinions as to the conduct of our vast enterprises in this region, as to the duties of the Church, and the prerogatives of our faithful missionary bands in all parts of the world, were fully matured, and the most liberal and enlightened I have ever had the privilege of hearing expressed by one in authority, as they were assuredly based upon knowledge the most extended that a Christian heart has ever brought to this important subject. Bishop Kingsley was a brother to every toiling missionary whom he had encountered in his wide journeyings. His sympathies were thoroughly aroused for them, and he had plans concerning them and their noble tasks which make his loss irreparable to them.

I remember telling him one day how impressive was the thought to me that he was the first man who ever sailed around the world on an errand worthy of Christ's Gospel; that it seemed a record so bright, so hopeful for our race, that the age had dawned in which a Christian heart had proved itself capable of so grand a work as this; and I asked, if the time did not seem long since he saw you and all those dearest to him. He answered me with that pleasant, patient smile, so vivid to my memory at this moment, saying, "O, yes, I should like greatly to be with them, and sometimes I get tired; but this is my duty, you know, and that is enough."

Our first Sabbath was spent at Bethel, and at our unanimous request the Bishop preached to us from these words: "The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost." His sermon was about heaven, for the most part, and I have never heard a more interesting presentation of the subject. . . . He dwelt eloquently upon the three characteristics of the kingdom of God enumerated in the text, and at the close touched us all to tears by picturing the delights with which a wanderer returns to the home of his youth, thus illustrating that sweeter home-going to our Father's house in the skies.

On the next Sabbath they were at Nazareth, and the Rev. Mr. Calhoun, for thirty years a missionary in Syria, conducted the services. There were about thirty Americans present who chanced to be encamped there. The subject was the youth of the Saviour, on which

the Bishop also made some remarks, and made the closing prayer. Miss Willard speaks of his simple, clear exposition of Scripture, and of his fervent prayer: "Many denominations were there represented, but I have repeatedly heard the remark from those present, that the place, the theme, and spirit of kindliest fellowship manifested, made it the most delightful service of their whole lives.

The next day they reached Tiberias, and, to use the language of Miss W. again: "Sat upon the musical shore of Lake Gennesareth. I remember that the Bishop said, as he looked out over the placid waters: 'Ever since I wished for any thing, I have desired to see this sacred shore, these hills, this quiet Lake of Galilee.' But these memories, so touching as I look back upon them now, must not too long beguile me. I, with others, went to bid him good-bye the night before he was to sail for Constantinople. He seemed in perfect health, and said cheerfully, 'Good-bye, until we meet in America," his last words to us. In the night we set out for Damascus, at ten in the morning the Bishop died."

The closing scene must be described by Dr. Bannister, almost the only witness:

We arrived in Beyroot on April 3d, and took lodgings together at the Hotel d'Orient. On Tuesday, the 5th, we visited the excellent missionary establishment of the American Board, and later, procured our tickets for passage in the Russian steamer, to sail for Constantinople on the evening of the 6th. Wednesday morning he arose in good health, and ascended the house-top with me to view the snowy heights of Lebanon. Taking breakfast at the usual time, we repaired to our room to arrange for our voyage in the evening. At about nine he began to complain of acute neuralgic pains in the left breast and side, extending through his arms to his fingers' ends. After lying down awhile he arose and took from his satchel a vial labeled "Pain Reliever," and applied the medicine to the parts affected, and drank some of it. He seemed cheerful and unconcerned, and spoke of his pains in gentle and patient utterances. Finding his feet cold, and much perspiration on his face, a hot foot-bath was at once ordered by me. In this he kept his feet some ten minutes with apparent relief. He rose when this was over, during which time he had groaned a little, and spoken in a lower voice than usual. He said, "I shall soon get over this, and we shall go on board this afternoon." Adjusting himself to lie down again, he spoke lowly of some bad feelings still, and at that instant staggered, and, before I could reach him, fell gradually to the floor. Attempting in vain to raise him, I called for help, and while it was coming his eyes opened, but they were glassy, yet

expressed, as I fancied, surprise. He was immediately lifted to his bed, but heart and pulse were still. At considerable intervals he made two heavy gasps, between which the physician, who had been called, arrived. Fifteen or twenty minutes from his fall upon the floor it was all over with him. He died about 10 A. M., on April 6th. The whole scene was so astoundingly sudden and stunning, that, perhaps, my measure of time may not be precisely accurate; but I have given the facts as accurately as they now occur to me. Till he was raised upon the bed I supposed the case only a fainting fit.

The *post-mortem* examination, in which Dr. Bannister acquiesced, in order to make certain the cause of his death, revealed the case as disease of the heart, and one in which no help could have been given by the most prompt remedial aid.

The remains of the Bishop were interred in the Russian Protestant Cemetery, a beautiful and firmly secured inclosure. All proper courtesies and attentions were manifested by the American Consul, and by the missionaries of the American Board.

One more touching paragraph from Miss Willard, the closing one of her letter to Mrs. Kingsley:

One week later, just before sailing for Europe, we rode out to the quiet, almost beautiful, German "God's Acre," near Beyroot, to visit your dear husband's grave, with our thoughts full of sadness for you and for ourselves. The afternoon sun shed long golden beams upon the grave, mingled with shadows from a large fig-tree near its head, from which I gathered you these leaves. That night, as we sailed out into the wide blue sea, I stood at the ship's stern and looked long and sadly back upon the lovely landscape, hallowed for me, not alone because of its name and history, but more nearly and dearly by your husband's new-made grave.

That was an impressive scene at the General Conference of 1872, when, on the 18th of May, the "Memorial Services" were held for the four Bishops who had died during the quadrennium, namely: Osmon C. Baker, Davis W. Clark, Edward Thomson, and Calvin Kingsley. After devotional exercises, Dr. Hibbard in the chair, Bishop Simpson first read a short biographical sketch of each. Then followed brief eulogies on the departed by personal friends. Dr. Curry spoke of Bishop Thomson; Rev. R. L. Thayer, of Bishop Baker; Dr. Hitchcock, of Bishop Clark; and Dr. Moses Hill, to whose admirable sketch published in the "Ladies' Repository," May, 1865, we are chiefly indebted for the facts of his earlier life, spoke of Bishop

Kingsley. He and the Bishop were long intimate friends, and he spoke both appreciatively and feelingly of the noble traits of character exhibited by the Bishop. Dr. Hill testified to his profound ability, his unflinching integrity, his outgushing kindness and sympathy. Speaking of the execution of the mission in which he laid down his life, Dr. Hill said:

> He always seemed to be a man of destiny. Men come up slowly to great things. Ever since the apostles' days the Church has been striving to push farther and farther the conquests of the Cross, and extend the out-posts of Zion; the work progressed too slowly. When the Church and the world were ready for the mission, and when they were inquiring, "Who shall go for us?" Kingsley seemed to say, "Here am I, send me;" and he was the first man who was sent out with a definite purpose to girdle the world for Christ; to go through all her paths, and note all the places of strength, and bring back the report, and to realize what Wesley uttered, "The world is my parish." But on this long journey he fainted and fell; and when that news came along the lines of the sacramental host, all said that a prince and a mighty man had fallen.

Another noticeable act of the General Conference was to take measures for the erection of a suitable monument at his grave. A member of the New York East Conference, who had been in Syria and visited the Bishop's grave, returning to this country, had first called the attention of his own Conference to the matter, and the consent of the Bishop's family having been obtained that his grave should remain in Syria, an invitation was given to the Church to contribute for the purpose of procuring a suitable monument. About $750 had been already collected for this purpose. The General Conference, on the 15th of May, adopted the report of the committee favorable to this undertaking, and a subscription was immediately taken up, amounting to $1,750, which, with the sum before named, made $2,500. The execution of the whole matter was referred to a committee consisting of Bishops Simpson and Ames, Rev. G. W. Woodruff, A. S. Hunt, and Oliver Hoyt, Esq., who have subsequently so discharged their trust that a solid granite monument, prepared in this country, was sent out to Syria; and, according to the report of the United States Consul at Jerusalem, Rev. Dr. De Hass, was placed at his grave at Beyroot, on September 23, 1874.*

It may not be unfitting here to quote the eloquent words of

* See "Pittsburgh Christian Advocate," October 27, 1874.

Rev. Dr. William Morley Punshon, at the same General Conference, when, speaking of the several distinguished men who had fallen during the four years past, he said: "Kingsley, the brave and brotherly, snatched away from you in the fullness of his ripe manhood, and before he had drawn upon his reserve power, dying with the consecration upon him of his apostolic travels; and, as if the sight of the Holy Land had but whetted his desire to go to the Holy Place, that from the tracks of the Man of Sorrows he might go to see the King in his beauty."

Space fails. Few must be the concluding words. No minute delineation of character can be attempted, nor is it necessary. Bishop Kingsley's life unveiled his character. He was a man—every inch of him—a true Christian man, noble of soul, unselfish, self-sacrificing. Duty was as great in his eyes as in those of England's "Iron Duke." He was at the utmost remove from every thing little, low, or mean. He had a supreme contempt for petty self-seeking. Though unostentatious, and by no means self-asserting, he nevertheless stood firmly by what he believed to be the truth and the right. Cheerful, affable, good-humored, companionable, entertaining, he was the joy and delight of his friends; and those who knew him best loved him most. As a preacher he was not always eloquent, certainly not fluent. He often hesitated for words, especially at the beginning of a discourse. But there were times when he carried every thing before him like the mountain avalanche. His mind seemed like a ponderous engine, difficult to set in motion, but once under full headway, resistless in its momentum. He was more careful of his matter than of his manner—was more solid than brilliant. Yet was he not wanting in the graces of style, whether in writing or speaking. His letters, written upon his travels, are admirable specimens of that kind of literature. His pen pictures are vivid, and his descriptions of persons, places, and scenes are clear, striking, entertaining, and instructive. He was, perhaps, not what should be called quick in judgment. He required time to think and decide. But, time given, no man's judgment was sounder or more reliable. His piety was neither of the moody nor extravagant order. But he was devout, serious, fixed in his principles, and ready and able to defend them. He had a quiet, steadfast zeal for God and his cause, which led him to shrink at no

trial, danger, or sacrifice in doing what he believed to be his duty. His career serves as the highest inspiration to young men seeking an education under difficulties. His very difficulties made him, in great part, what he was. They were his discipline, his education, his future strength. Devotedly attached to his family, and finding his highest earthly enjoyment around his own fireside, he was, nevertheless, ready and prompt at the call of duty to go to the farthest part of the continent, or to circumnavigate the globe, to endure fatigue and pain, and to encounter death itself, if need be, in the service of his divine Lord. So lived, so labored, so died Bishop Kingsley, the first of our American-born Methodist Bishops to lay his body on a foreign shore. Fittingly he sleeps at the foot of snow-crowned Lebanon, waiting for "the voice of the archangel" and the trump of God.

Engd by H & C Koevoets N Y

REV. JOHN WRIGHT ROBERTS

LATE MISSIONARY BISHOP FOR AFRICA

JOHN WRIGHT ROBERTS.

BY REV. T. L. FLOOD, D.D.

THE history of the missionary operations of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa embraces the life-story of Bishop J. W. Roberts. The planting of the Church in that sunny land was attended with many hardships, much exposure of life, and the death of a number of heroic men and women. The policy of the Church there has necessarily been one of experiments, because of the crude condition of the people and the dangers of the climate to any but natives. At first it was thought expedient to organize and conduct the mission under a superintendent, as in other foreign countries, the Bishops and Missionary Secretaries of the Church in America giving direction to the work through the local superintendent. This plan continued in operation until 1856, when the General Conference made provision for the election of a Missionary Bishop, whose jurisdiction should be limited to Africa.

Mr. Monroe, President of the United States, in March, 1819, approved an act of Congress by which all Africans recaptured from slavery should be restored to the coasts of Africa and committed to the care of agents of the Government of the United States. The American Colonization Society undertook the work of restoring these people to their own country; and, strange as it may seem, through their labors the Methodist Episcopal Church of Africa was organized on a vessel at sea, proving again that "truth is stranger than fiction." On February 6, 1820, the Rev. Daniel Coker, with a number of other emigrants, took passage on board the "Elizabeth," and set sail for Africa. While at sea Mr. Coker organized a few of the passengers, who were godly people, into a Methodist Episcopal Church. They trained their new Church with songs and prayers, testimony and preaching, while tossed on a restless sea, a prototype of what was in waiting for the young Church when it would be transplanted from the vessel to the land. This body of colonists settled at Sherbro,

whence they were driven to Sierra Leone, where at last they felt secure with a good promise of a healthy growth.

In 1825 Mrs. Roberts, a colored woman of great force of character, who had escaped from slavery, and who had become a resident of Virginia, seeing the evils of slavery, determined to take her children, and leave what was in name, but to her not in fact, a free country, to seek freedom in another land. Accordingly, she embarked on a vessel for Africa, under the direction of the Colonization Society. They went to Monrovia. Here she saw her three sons converted and joined to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Joseph Jenkins Roberts entered the mercantile business on the coast and was very successful, making several trips to New York, where he made most of his purchases of goods. He turned his attention to politics, and was appointed governor of the Colony under the administration of the Colonization Society. After the adoption of the Constitution, and when the Republic was organized, he was elected the first President, and was re-elected for the fourth term.

Henry J. Roberts was the youngest brother. He read medicine, first under the direction of the physicians sent out by the Colonization Society; afterward he was sent to New York, where he continued his studies until he graduated with honor. He then returned to Africa, where he served his people as a physician, and where he filled several important offices in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He, as well as his older brother, the President, served as a local preacher.

John Wright Roberts was a young man of studious habits, and he utilized his opportunities in the Mission to gather information. Soon after his conversion he began the study of theology under the direction of the preacher in charge at Monrovia. Before long he was licensed as an exhorter. It is not until 1838 that we find him recognized as a member of the Conference. In 1841 he was elected to elders' orders.

The time had now come in the history of the Mission when the Bishops determined to employ colored men in the higher offices of the Church. Accordingly, the Rev. Francis Burns was appointed to preside over the Conference in January, 1851. They also directed the division of the Conference into three districts, namely,

Monrovia, Cape Palmas, and Bassa Districts. Mr. Roberts was made Presiding Elder of Monrovia, and Mr. Burns Presiding Elder of Cape Palmas District.

Up to this time, 1851, there had been $271,218 17 expended by the Missionary Society to establish this Mission, and for this year there was an appropriation of $19,432 89. The results were eighteen preachers in the field, and 1,204 members and probationers enrolled in the Mission. Certainly it was a prudent investment of funds, when compared with a similar expenditure in a single Church establishment in America and the results that followed in the conversion of men. But in Africa the money was invested in living preachers, and in setting in motion new agencies, numerous Churches, camp-meetings, educational institutions, organizing a Conference, and appointing Presiding Elders as overseers of the work. This was a memorable year in this Church, because in it we see Francis Burns and John Wright Roberts, (afterward the first two missionary Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the world,) advanced to the prominent and responsible office of Presiding Elder. They were thus fairly on their way, in the providence of God, to the bishopric.

In 1853 Bishop Scott sailed from Baltimore for Africa, and upon his arrival there he presided over the Liberia Conference and visited all the preaching appointments on the coast. He was accompanied by the Rev. J. W. Horne.* One result of this visit was, that Bishop Scott brought home a practical knowledge of the need of more ordained men in the African work, and the necessity of a bishop residing among them. After Bishop Scott returned, a change of plan was decided upon, which took shape in so amending the restrictive rule of the Discipline as to allow the General Conference to appoint a missionary Bishop for any of our foreign missions, confining his jurisdiction to the limits of his missionary field. The power to elect the Bishop was delegated to the Mission Conference, but the man elected must present himself in the United States for ordination. In January, 1858, the Liberia Conference elected Francis Burns. He served his Church five years in this office, and died in Baltimore, in April, 1863. The General Conference of 1864 delegated power to the Liberia

* We are under obligations to this gentleman for many of our facts in the life of Bishop Roberts.

Conference to elect a successor to Bishop Burns. The Conference in 1866, elected the Rev. John Wright Roberts to fill the office.

He immediately came to New York, where he was ordained on the 20th of June the same year, in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, by Bishops Scott and Janes, assisted by the Rev. Henry Boehm and Doctors Harris, Carlton, Holdich, and Porter. He remained in the city only five days after his ordination, when he started for his field of labor. He had presided over the sessions of his Conference after the death of Bishop Burns until he was elected, and, having given the various branches of the work his special attention, he was not now a stranger to the preachers, to the work in the interior, to the Churches, or the educational interests over which he was placed as a Bishop. To all of these departments he now gave his undivided attention. The Sunday-school work received the special care of Bishops Burns and Roberts, and greatly prospered under their supervision.

In personal appearance Bishop Roberts was a man of more than medium height, erect in bearing, and of noble proportions; he was a fair mulatto, with light, close curling hair, and a countenance with features well defined. He was neat and rather particular in his dress, and partial to the clerical black and the white necktie. He was gentlemanly and dignified in his manners, a genial companion for men of the Church and his profession, greatly at ease in social life, though elsewhere he was always regarded as reserved in his habits. One might have fancied when looking upon him that he was a strong character, and that he had inherited a peculiar wealth of nature. He had some good qualifications for the office of a Bishop. He was wise and sober, prudent and conciliatory, but firm and manly. He presided over his Conference with ease; nothing ruffled his disposition; he treated his brethren with a degree of impartiality and kindness which won their respect and esteem.

As a preacher he did not attempt to carry his congregation by storm, for he lacked enthusiasm, and was not a powerful preacher. But he was a pleasing speaker, clear in his statements of truth, thoughtful and spiritual, and his sermons always did his hearers good. He was a favorite among the earnest spiritual workers in every part of the Mission. One incident will illustrate how fondly this

class of people clung to his name. As far back as 1839 a revival is reported at Heddington Station.*

In a letter of September 20, 1839, Rev. George S. Brown tells the Board that up to that time fifty-nine of the natives had been converted, and the good work was still spreading. The previous July Mr. Brown had written to Mr. Seys: "For Christ's sake come to Heddington quickly. Let nothing but sickness prevent. Come up and see the bush burn. Come up and see the desert blossom. Come up and see God convert the heathen. . . . Do not stop to change your clothes, to eat or drink or sleep. Salute no man by the way. . . . Glory! glory! glory be to God for his wonderful work among the heathen!" On the 7th of July nineteen were received into the Church, and among them King Tom. On the same day nine were converted in the morning meeting, six more in a later meeting. Thirty-six in all on that one day for Christ. The king said: "The debely gone long, long way from this town, and spose he come back, he pray God for kill him one time." Great assemblies of natives met every day and heard the word, and were deeply moved. Tears gushed from penitent eyes, and shoutings leaped to redeemed lips. It was a Pentecost, and its power, like that of a Pentecost, spread, and surrounding towns caught its flame.

The "Luminary" says: "Here were Veys, Queahs, and Deys, whom we heard speak the wonderful works of God. It was too incredible for some. The set time to favor Ethiopia seemed to have come." The work possessed many distinguishing marks of genuineness. Yet it is not surprising that the haters of God should hate so glorious a demonstration of his power and love, and the "awakening" was openly and severely assailed. It was even feared by some that Methodism was about to take the Colony if not the Continent. The converts were steadfast. Their voice in the later love-feasts was, "First time I get religion I love God true, but this time I love him pass first time."

Zoda Quee, a celebrated chief of the Queah tribe, had at this time removed near to Heddington, with a large company of his people, and commenced a new town. To this Brother Taylor was sent, and Zoda came to hear the word, and was personally entreated to give his heart to God. After one of these sermons this tall, majestic, noble-looking African arose from his seat, and, walking down the aisle, knelt at the altar. Here he prayed and wrestled for a time, and at length fell prostrate on the floor. He arose a new creature in Christ Jesus; others followed their chief. Mr. Taylor was appointed to be shepherd of this newly gathered flock. The town received the name of Robertsville, in honor of Bishop Roberts.

In the selection of Bishop Roberts the Conference made a wise choice. While under his care the Mission had a fair degree of pros-

* "Missions and Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church." By Rev. J. M. Reid, D.D., to whose valuable work we are indebted for several items in this sketch.

perity. There was unity and harmony, and some progress, but, like Bishop Burns, and, indeed, all the chief leaders in this mission station, his term of service was brief; only nine years elapsed from the time he was elected till he died. He was now past his sixtieth year. General debility, brought on through exposure and attacks of fever, unfitted him for further service. The Conference was to assemble on January 28, 1875, in Greenville, Sinoe County. Early in the month Bishop Roberts left his work on the circuit for the purpose of engaging a vessel to take the preachers down the coast. The vessel was provided, but it stranded, and the Conference was held at Monrovia. When the preachers came together the Bishop was sick and confined to the house. Being unable to meet them, they opened the Conference and elected a president from their number. On the 30th of January, 1875, on the second day of the session, the members of the Conference gathered at the bedside of the Bishop and saw him die in the peace of the Gospel he had so long and faithfully preached. His death was lamented by the ministers and Church of God throughout Liberia. He left a widow and several children, all of whom are attached to the Church of their father, and give promise of usefulness in the ranks of her membership in the future.

Bishop Roberts was the last of the missionary Bishops in the Church. For some reasons which do not appear, no successor has been elected. Bishop Haven visited Africa in November, 1876, and labored for three months among the Churches and presided over the Conference. His visit was a blessing to the pastors and struggling Churches. He brought home much valuable information concerning the condition of the work within the bounds of the Liberia Conference, and of the importance of an aggressive movement into the interior. The spirit of the lamented Cox still pervades the Church. During his last visit to Middletown, Connecticut, he said to one of the students of Wesleyan University, "If I die in Africa you must come over and write my epitaph." "I will," replied the youth, "but what shall I write?" "Write," said Cox, "'Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up.'"

G. J. Haven

Gilbert Haven.

BY REV. THEODORE L. FLOOD.

GILBERT HAVEN was born September 19, 1821, at Malden, a suburb of Boston, Mass. In this quiet but pleasant village, the early years of his life were spent, and in its schools he acquired the rudiments of an ordinary education. During these years he is said to have evinced no especial talent of any kind, and was known at school simply as a good scholar of fair ability. He was a vigorous, robust youth, having a fine physical development; and is remembered by his old associates as a wide-awake boy, fond of sport, and full of merriment. The period of his boyhood was uneventful, and but few incidents have been narrated concerning it; and none of these are of such a nature as to indicate what manner of man he was to become, or in any way to foreshadow the brilliant career that was to be his.

At the age of fourteen he was employed as a clerk in a store in his native village of Malden, and after two years of service behind the counter, he entered the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass. While there he devoted himself especially to the study of language, literature, rhetoric, and oratory, and made such rapid progress in his chosen studies, that he soon became known as a fluent speaker and graceful declaimer. During his stay at the seminary a gracious revival occurred, and young Haven, then in his nineteenth year, was converted, and at once united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. The validity of his conversion was attested by his steadfast faithfulness to the cause of God and the Church of his choice through all the vicissitudes of his subsequent career. In 1840 he left the academy and returned to his former pursuits, and spent two years in Boston as a clerk in a large mercantile establishment. His close and careful attention to business, combined with his well-known integrity, made him a successful clerk; while his ready wit and his genial ways gave him great popularity both with his employers and associates. While in Boston he became convinced that it was his duty to devote himself to the

work of the ministry; but unlike many young men, he did not deem himself competent to undertake so great a work without first making the most thorough and complete preparation. Hence, before entering on his career as a minister, he determined to qualify himself thoroughly for his vocation. He accordingly left Boston, relinquishing all thoughts of secular preferment, and re-entered the seminary at Wilbraham in order to complete his preparation for college. In the autumn of 1842 he entered the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., as a freshman, and at once took rank among the first students of the university. While here, his studies were not confined to the college curriculum, but ranged at large over the field of general literature. His reading was varied and extensive, and he speedily became conversant with the works of the best English authors, and also acquired that excellence of composition and facility as a writer which added so much to his renown in after years.

He soon became a vigorous and independent thinker, as well as a brilliant writer. He was already an avowed abolitionist, and entered heartily into the discussions which were then so prevalent on that subject. He never, at that or any other period of his life, sought to conceal his convictions or to disguise his sentiments, no matter how unpopular they might be, but always was an outspoken advocate of what he thought to be true and right.

He graduated in 1846, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and immediately became associated as a teacher with his cousin, now Bishop E. O. Haven, in the seminary at Amenia, N. Y. He entered upon his work in the seminary with much enthusiasm, and at once became a popular and successful teacher. The same year he also began to preach in the chapel of the seminary and in the neighboring churches. His conception of the responsibilities of the ministerial office may be learned from the following extract from his diary, written while still at Amenia. He says: "I love to preach usually, probably better than others love to hear, yet I shrink from the title of 'reverend.' Nothing but the most solemn, conscientious, and unwavering conviction of duty could have led me into the pulpit." These words show that he regarded the ministry not as a profession but as a *vocation*, so sacred in its character that only those who felt themselves called of God to this work should presume to take its vows upon them.

In 1848 he was elected principal of the seminary at Amenia, and occupied that position for three years. His connection with the seminary was beneficial to himself and profitable to the institution. In 1851, as he was about to leave his position for active work in the ministry, he wrote, "My duties here have been beneficial. My studies have enlarged my knowledge; reflection, my ideas. I have been advancing, I trust, in knowledge, holiness, practical wisdom, mental power, and spiritual purity. Prayer and meditation have drawn me nearer to Christ. I go forth in the name of my Saviour. I feel that I am willing to be any thing or nothing so that I may win Christ." Going forth in such a spirit he could not fail of success. He was received on trial in the New England Conference in March, 1851, and for nine years devoted himself faithfully to the work of the ministry. His first appointment was Northampton, a mission so poor that the society was unable to employ a sexton, and the work of building the fire and sweeping the church often devolved upon the pastor. He soon proved himself worthy of better things, and was appointed successively to Wilbraham and Cambridge, and, besides becoming an attractive preacher, was successful in winning souls to Christ. During all the years of his ministry, though busy with the many concerns that devolved upon the pastor of a large Church, Bishop Haven statedly kept up his habits of reading and study, and in this respect presents an example especially worthy of imitation by the young ministers of the present day, who desire to attain to a life-long efficiency in their chosen work.

While stationed at Cambridge he was called upon to mourn the loss of his wife, whom he had married while principal at Amenia, nine years before, and to whom he was most devotedly attached. His home being thus broken up, he removed with his two children to his mother's, at Malden. At the breaking out of the war, in 1861, he became a chaplain in the army. A part of the year 1863 was spent in traveling in Europe and in the East. From 1863 to 1865 he was pastor of a prominent Church in Boston. In 1867 he was elected editor of "Zion's Herald," which position he continued to occupy till 1872, when, at the General Conference held at Brooklyn, N. Y., he was elected to the episcopal office.

Having thus briefly sketched in outline the life of Bishop Haven,

it remains to consider him in those relations in which he attained especial prominence. These are as a Writer, as a Reformer, as a Preacher, and as a Bishop.

1. He excelled as a Writer. Nature had conferred on him a splendid gift for using the pen. He had a racy style of putting on paper what he saw in his travels, of men, Churches, governments, countries, and the customs of people; and was also able to express the profoundest thought in the most lucid manner. He was possessed of a vivid imagination, fine flow of language, and a ready wit, all of which contributed to his success as a writer and a journalist. By untiring industry and application he attained a high degree of mental culture, and took a high rank among educated men. He was thoroughly versed in ancient and modern literature, and it was at these fountains that his soul caught the inspiration to become a writer. Love of the pen was a passion of his soul. What he saw and felt he was always ready to tell. He was not a miser, gathering information, and then, like a secluded monk, retiring from the ignorant world to enjoy his knowledge alone. His was a large and generous soul, and what he received he freely gave for the good of all. He wrote as a teacher teaches, and as a preacher preaches, to enlighten and bless men, to lift them to a higher plane of life, to improve society, to spiritualize the Church, to elevate public opinion, and to purify the government. His power of composition was marvelous. When a group of friends were chatting around him, or while riding in the cars, he was able to write with the same facility as when sitting in his study or sanctum. Amid the routine of Conference business he would write interesting letters to private correspondents, or pen articles for leading newspapers, full of striking thoughts and sparkling wit, and yet conduct the affairs of the Conference with efficiency and dispatch. A part of his book on "Mexico" was written while riding in a stage-coach through the country he described. His ability to write under all circumstances will account for the great number of his productions.

Like every man who gets the eye of the world as an editor of a paper, and wields a great influence, he gave himself up almost exclusively to that work for a long time. He loved his work, and his love gave inspiration to his pen, so that from it flowed "thoughts that breathed, and words that burned." "Zion's Herald," the official organ

of Methodism in New England, was his throne of power for nearly five years; here he sat and smote fearlessly and forcefully the evils of the day—the rum traffic, spiritualism, political corruption, dishonesty, skepticism, and infidelity. He lifted up Jesus Christ as the divine Son of God and the son of man; he taught the great doctrines of the Bible and the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures so plainly, that no man had occasion to inquire what he believed. As a Christian editor he was strong, brilliant, and brave.

Bishop Haven wrote but few books. A "Volume of Sermons," "The Pilgrim's Wallet," "The Life of Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher," "Mexico; or, Our Next-door Neighbor," compose the list of his publications. Although his books were few, yet he was industrious with his pen, being almost constantly engaged during his leisure moments in preparing articles for the press on an endless variety of topics. He chose the newspaper as a sort of pulpit where he could write, and influence public opinion on the questions of the day during the passing hour. After he became a Bishop he continued to write for most, if not all, of the Church papers, and "The Independent." Whenever he went into a section of the Church from which the people had heard but little, he poured out his soul, giving information as fast as he could gather it. His letters from the South with the poetic title, "Feathers from a Flying Wing," and his letters from Africa, Mexico, and California, greatly increased the knowledge of Methodist people every-where in reference to the condition and needs of the Church in these different fields.

It is not extravagant to say that since the days of Wesley, Methodism has not produced a writer to whom the masses of the people were more warmly attached than they were to Bishop Haven, and with good reason. He wrote in the most fascinating and instructive manner about the things people desired to learn concerning the Church and her progress, so that it was both entertaining and profitable to read his letters. As a writer, he shot across the sky of the Church like a meteor. His place no man can fill. He was singular and original, and possessed a genius for continuous writing such as has been given to but few men. He will be missed, perhaps, more in the religious papers than anywhere else. His letters were sermons without texts, and more in number than that of any other American preacher.

Hence, it is in this department that his loss is especially felt by the Church, for her brightest light in the newspaper world has gone out, and there is reason to mourn, because in our day the pen is mightier than the sword, and our religious press is a bulwark of defense to the Church. To properly man the Church papers with writers whose souls glow with truth, and whose pens are ever ready to defend it, is quite as important as to have pure and loyal men in the pulpits. As a writer for the religious press, Bishop Haven had few equals and no superiors. The Church will not soon see his like again.

2. Bishop Haven was a Reformer. He used the office which he held in the Church to promote the reforms which he advocated. The ministry, the editorship, and the bishopric, were each and all employed by him for this purpose. He looked upon the success of moral and political reforms as helpful to the spread of Christianity, and hence he was always ready to give them his influence, and used both the pulpit and the press to advocate his cause. His talents commanded the respect of men whenever he met them in the battles of life, and when he could plant himself among them and lift up the standard of truth he did it; but he always made Christianity and its triumphs his ultimate aim. He was not a politician, but a reformer. He was charged again and again with being in league with political men in carrying out their schemes, but those who made the charge did not understand him. He advocated principles, not methods. He was careless as to the *way* things were done, but he was in terrible earnest to have the truth planted in the public mind, whether it related to government, society, or the Church.

William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips, all of whom were his personal friends, have been greater than party men. They have done more for their country and humanity than mere partisans could have done. Conservative men have hated and persecuted them; nevertheless, their place in history will be that of statesmen and reformers. Bishop Haven was like them as a reformer; equally radical and brave in uttering his convictions, but he differed from them in that he was a Methodist in doctrine and education, in policy and practice; and, unlike them, he found full scope for his radicalism without antagonizing the Church or Christianity. He stood in the van, and sometimes alone, as a Methodist reformer in his day.

Other men in the Church held views similar to his, but they did not give them a voice. A man can be almost any thing in his own thoughts and feelings, and not give offense if he does not speak or act. But he spoke what he thought, and acted out what he was.

He labored especially to promote three reforms. Chief among these was the antislavery reform, which set his soul all aglow. On the platform, in the pulpit, and in the press, he appeared as the advocate of this cause, and never ceased his efforts in this direction till slavery was overthrown. He manifested such interest and friendship for the slaves, that, without consulting him, Bishop Ames, at the close of the war, sent him a transfer to the South, and stationed him as pastor over a colored Church in Vicksburgh. He held the transfer for a time, and, like the loyal man that he was, he designed to go to his designated field of labor, but the transfer was revoked. The fact was one to which he used often to refer afterward in a playful mood by saying that he was once pastor of the Church in Vicksburgh for several days. Little did he or his friends then think that the day would come when he should go into that Southern field as one of the highest officers of the Church, and that all that country would be given him to cultivate for God.

After the close of the war he was as stanch a friend of the freedmen as he had been of the slaves. On every possible occasion he pleaded for them as a father would plead for his children, and his numerous and thrilling appeals aroused the Church to give of her means for their benefit. During his residence in the South he was devoted to their interests, and labored earnestly for their elevation and enlightenment, doing every thing in his power to provide for their welfare and to secure their rights as Christian citizens. He gave practical illustrations of his sympathy and regard for the race which he had sought to serve by associating with them, both in private and public, and by eating at their tables, and sleeping in their humble dwellings. He not only endeavored to persuade the Church and individuals to give of their means for their benefit, but he himself set the example, and only a short time before his death he gave from his own resources $1,000 to assist in building a college for colored students at Atlanta, and in addition to this, he gave his personal obligation to raise $10,000 for the same institution, which was one

third of its entire cost. On his death-bed he said: "I do not think the Master will find fault with me for my work in the South." In the death of Bishop Haven the African race lost one of the truest and stanchest friends this country ever gave them; and it is not to be wondered at that there was mourning in many a dusky household when the news was heralded abroad that Gilbert Haven was dead.

The temperance reform found also in him a firm supporter. He realized that intemperance was both a curse and a crime. Total abstinence was with him a cardinal virtue. Moral suasion he believed in and used, but civil law he regarded as the best and surest means for the overthrow of the liquor traffic. He was a radical prohibitionist from first to last. He was fully convinced that half-way measures never would eradicate this great and growing evil, but he firmly believed that prohibition would accomplish this result; and hence he championed the cause of prohibition with characteristic ardor. His steady and persistent advocacy of temperance principles during his entire public career doubtless contributed greatly to increase and deepen the temperance sentiment of the country.

He was also an ardent advocate of enlarging the sphere of woman's activities. He believed and taught that woman should have the ballot; that she should be clothed with all the rights and powers of citizenship. After he was raised to the Episcopate he was elected President of the Woman's National Suffrage Association, and presided over their deliberations. He also lectured and participated in public debates in the interest of this reform.

It will be seen from these facts that he was peculiar and radical in his views, as a friend of the colored people, as a prohibitionist, and as an advocate of woman's suffrage. He was born near Boston and grew up in that city, and during his early life drank in the spirit of its great reformers, who pleaded for equality among all men. The natural bent of his mind, his early training, and the fact that he was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has always been the friend of the poor and oppressed, account for his radicalism.

It was as a reformer that he made a stir in the world. He projected his peculiar views into the public mind by means of sermons, editorials, lectures, and debates. He planted himself firmly by the

side of the poor and oppressed, the wronged and helpless, and fought their battles for them, but he always fought in the name of God. He was the dauntless champion of every good cause, and every worthy reform found in him an able advocate.

3. As a Preacher, Bishop Haven was distinguished more for progressive thought than for eloquence or power over an audience. His voice seemed to be muffled, his style was heavy, and his enunciation defective. His manner was not that of an orator. He lacked ability to put emotion into his words. There was no magnetism in his address. His convictions were deep and always manifested themselves in a positive form in his sermons. Thoughtful, candid people heard him gladly and appreciated him; but in his early life he never carried his congregations by storm. His sermons were scholarly; too much so for the masses. In his early ministry he aimed at journalism. He set up his mark and worked toward it, and reached it. He did it, however, at a sacrifice of pulpit power; for he had the ability, had it been properly cultivated, to have made one of the foremost preachers of the age.

When he was made a Bishop his eyes were opened to the importance of gathering strength for his pulpit work, and, notwithstanding the fact that he was past fifty years of age at the time of his election, his mind was so flexible and active that he developed wonderfully in pulpit power. One thing annoyed him as a preacher, and it, perhaps, spurred him to seek this new gift. When he went into the South as a Bishop he found that his sermons did not move the colored people. They had more regard for his office than for his preaching. He noticed that an illiterate white or colored preacher could, by a plain, homely, but fervid exhortation, readily stir a colored congregation, and create a shout in the camp; but when he preached they would sit and hear attentively and respectfully, but remained unmoved until the end. Hence, he was led to change his style, and his effectiveness in the pulpit was greatly increased during the last years of his life. The "New York Tribune," and many other leading journals in the country, quoted from, and spoke of, his discourse on the Chisholm murder, delivered in the Metropolitan Church, in Washington, as something indeed wonderful. He seemed to speak with a special and powerful inspiration from God, moving his audience to a

high pitch of enthusiasm. The occasion, the terrible facts, his burning indignation, and the sympathy which he exhibited, combined, many think, to make this the most wonderful pulpit effort of his life.

During all his ministry he preached the plain Gospel. From the day he united with the Church until the day of his death he was thoroughly Methodistic in doctrine. He did not believe in a few doctrines of his Church and reject or conceal others, but he believed the Scriptures as interpreted by the articles of faith, in the standard works of theology, and he preached them freely, fully, and bravely. He always gave truth a bold and strong setting. In this he was true to his ordination vows. He despised deception, and entertained a holy contempt for sermons which aimed at pleasing men by sacrificing an opportunity to do them good. He was preëminently a minister of the New Testament. His sermons often bristled with his radical views as a reformer; and on the principle that ideas are powerful, he accomplished more by his ideas than many men do with a finer oratory. As a preacher he used all the agencies and machinery of his Church, women as well as men, in the pulpit, revival meetings, camp-meetings, Conferences, preachers' meetings, institutions of learning, and the press, to promote the work of the Church.

4. When Gilbert Haven was elected one of the Bishops of his Church, conservative people were surprised, while radicals and reformers could hardly believe the report, because they knew that men of positive views on live issues were not in favor with the people at election times. People have always been accustomed to read views in advance of their own on questions of the day, both to gratify curiosity and to get a better understanding of coming reforms; but to elect one of the most radical of preachers, editors, and reformers, to an office that has been pronounced from the beginning to be conservative in its workings, as well as in its demands upon the incumbent, was a departure more radical than was the man who was called to fill it. And this is more especially notable, as he owed his election largely to the laity, who, since their association with the ministry in the great deliberative body which makes laws and chooses officers for the Church, have proved in general much more conservative than their ministerial brethren. His presence in the episcopal circle created no commotion. Things moved on as before. No minister or layman was harmed

by this new type of bishop. On the contrary, he was an inspiration to his brethren, and a careful overseer of the Church at large. The position of a general superintendent afforded him scope for the exercise of some of his highest qualifications, and he soon came to be regarded by the entire Church as a man of commanding talents, and of great force of character.

While occupying the episcopal office Bishop Haven was thoroughly identified with all the great undertakings of the Church, and sought diligently to promote them. He was active and persevering in his endeavors to extend the triumphs of the Church, as is seen in his work in Mexico, where it required great tact and organizing skill, as well as patience and courage of the highest order; and also as exhibited in his work in Africa, where, in spite of the dangers and embarrassments confronting him, he laid plans for extending Church work into the interior. He was continually making appeals for men and money to extend the work of the Church in the South, on the Pacific coast, and, indeed, every-where.

He was the friend and advocate of education. When the idea of founding a Methodist University in Boston was broached by him, the friends of the Wesleyan University at Middletown objected, and contended that it was unwise and impracticable; that one university was enough for the Church in New England. But notwithstanding the Wesleyan was his "*alma mater*," he pleaded for a "Boston University;" and when his bosom friend, Isaac Rich, of Boston, died, (the man who had furnished the money to publish the Bishop's book entitled, "The Pilgrim's Wallet,") it was found that he had left property then valued at $1,500,000 to found the new university in Boston.

Bishop Haven also performed a prodigious amount of work to further the interests of the Church in the South. There are now nearly 400,000 members in that section of the country, and 18 seminaries, colleges, and theological schools. There have been 60,000 different pupils taught in these schools since their organization. There are two church papers there—one at Atlanta and the other at New Orleans. Bishop Haven toiled to build up the Church there in all its departments, by constantly writing for the papers, visiting the schools, preaching sermons, delivering addresses to the students, visiting the colored preachers in their work, dedicating their humble churches,

and preaching at their camp-meetings. The colored people were warmly attached to him, and esteemed him as the advocate of their cause and as their friend and benefactor. The work he did in the South was more than one man should have done; and yet his labors as a Bishop were not confined to that country or people.

In 1872 he visited Mexico, by appointment of the Board of Bishops. The country was under the control of the Catholic Church. Bishop Haven, assisted by Dr. Butler, bought $10,000 worth of property in Puebla, and planted the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city. In the City of Mexico he made a remarkable and most fortunate purchase for Church and mission purposes. Dr. Reid says, it forms one of the most complete mission establishments in the world. It is located on one of the widest streets in the city. It consists of a church with vestries and class-rooms, a bookstore and printing-office, two parsonages and a school-room, an orphanage, and also a school of the ladies' mission, and a home for their missionary, with room to spare. This purchase was made for $16,300, and to-day belongs to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Clavijero, the Jesuit historian of Mexico, says of this property: "It was on this spot that the impetuous Cortez seized the person of the emperor, and, in the name of Charles V. and the Pope, confiscated his country and all his treasures to the crown of Spain." The Church of Rome held it as their head-quarters in Mexico for about three hundred years; but through Bishop Haven's remarkable business tact and enterprise it has been converted into the head-quarters of Methodism in that land, and constitutes a grand establishment for the spread of Christianity, and for the overthrow of superstition, ignorance, and crime.

Bishop Haven received the blow that cost him his life by his visit to Africa. He left New York, by appointment of his colleagues, in the bark "Jasper," November 1, 1876, and reached Monrovia, December 16, 1876. He presided over the Liberia Conference, held at Monrovia, December 18th. He visited all the principal stations of the Conference, but never remained on land at night. The country was suffering from the Grebo war, which excited apprehensions, among loyal men, for the safety of the government. The Bishop, amid the excitement coincident with war, aimed at extending his Church into the interior of Liberia, and set in motion agencies to effect this result, which are

still in operation. When this work was finished he went to the Canary Islands, and from thence to Spain, where he made a careful and extended examination of the Protestant work in that country, visiting Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, Grenada, Madrid, and other points.

As a Bishop, Gilbert Haven was a blessing and an honor to the Church. Wherever he went he was an earnest and successful worker. He made a good presiding officer, being well versed in parliamentary usages, and a good disciplinarian. He was an overseer of the flock of God, who impressed the world, as well as the Church, with the fact that he lived to serve God and his Church.

Bishop Haven built up a remarkable character, and upon this he built the superstructure at which we have glanced. His heart was right toward God and men. A modern writer has said, "He who leaves a useful idea to posterity leaves a legacy;" but we say the richest bequest ever left by man to his survivors is a pure and spotless character; and in this particular Bishop Haven has enriched his family and his Church.

He has been represented as a man of theories, visionary and impracticable in his teachings; but his friends understood him differently. He found enough that was practical in the Scriptures, in Jesus Christ, and in the Church, to save him from his sins, and make him a child of God, a herald of the truth, and an heir of heaven. The motives which caused him to utter strange and startling truths were not born of worldly ambitions, nor of crude human nature; they were the outgrowths of a soul that was in closest union with a personal Saviour. The convictions which burned in his soul like fire were from above the earth. He prayed in secret, in the family, and in the prayer-meeting. This was a marked feature of his life. His communion with God was simple and earnest, marked with confidence and much assurance. When he prayed, one felt that he talked face to face with God. His soul was seasoned with grace. He had a blessed experience in Christ, and was always joyous and hopeful. He guarded with a jealous eye the gift of God's grace in the soul. It has been said of him that "he was a mighty man;" but his experience of the deep things of God was the substratum of his greatness, strength, and power. He was rich in faith and in good works.

He did not, however, seek to become rich in the things of earth.

From opportunities of this kind, which other men seek, he turned away. In 1870 he declined an invitation from Mr. Henry C. Bowen, to become editor of "The Independent," at a salary of $10,000 per year. He preferred to serve the Church of his choice as editor of "Zion's Herald," at $2,500, and afterward as Bishop at $3,500.

He was magnanimous in the treatment of those who misrepresented and slandered him; always believing the truth that a "soft answer turneth away wrath." With all the abuse heaped upon him by ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and amid the malignity manifested toward him in their newspapers, he kept his temper, remained good-natured, held his ground, and saw his Church in all her interests growing and flourishing around him. He was charged with being a partisan; but he was more than a partisan, he was a patriot. He cared nothing for political parties only as they would help important reforms, and the cause of humanity and God.

There is something beautiful in the beginning and ending of his earthly life, itinerant minister and Bishop as he was. The town in which he was born was the one in which he died. The mother who tended him with loving care in his earliest infancy watched over him when he fell asleep in death. Many of his friends in the ministry who started with him, and stood by his side in the great and severe struggles for the triumph of truth were in his room and at his side when he knew that the hour of his departure was at hand.

For several weeks previous to his death none but his attendants were permitted to see him. But when it became apparent that his days on earth were numbered, and he was informed of this fact, his instant request was, "Let me see my friends." They soon gathered around him, and found him "joyful in hope," even on the verge of the grave. His response to their earnest inquiries was, "It is all right. The Master I have served so long will not desert me now." To a group of ministerial friends he said, "Preach the whole Gospel. I believe the Gospel *all through*." The last two words were uttered with characteristic emphasis. Nor did he in his last hours forget the people he had sought especially to serve. His last words to one who had shared his labors in their behalf, were, "Stand by the colored man when I am gone." On the afternoon that he died, he said to Dr. Newhall, "There is light ahead." When Dr. Lindsay was about to

leave him he said, "It is good evening now, but it will be good morning when we meet again." It did not seem like a dying hour, save that all were weeping in the room. And thus he gently passed away, saying, "There is no death!" "There is no river!" "I am surrounded by angels." "I am floating away—*away!*" "Glory! Victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

The animated and cheerful view of this life taken by Bishop Haven was at times so spirited as to shock the more sedate and sober among his brethren. They not only misunderstood him, but often misjudged him—regarded him as lacking in depth of sensibilities or great cultured piety. But could they have stood by his bedside when dying, he would at once have so exhibited to them the anomaly of his vivacious spirit enjoying an apostolic piety, as to have quickened their own spirituality with an apocalyptic view of death, and settled forever their unjust estimate of a lively Christian experience. It was possible for him to laugh and gloriously die. Nothing was more characteristic of the man, possibly, than the greeting with which he met his eldest sister, who came to the bed to bid him good-bye. "Well, Sarah," said the Bishop, "it is just as I told you it would be; it's the 'Deacon's One-Hoss Shay,' all broken down at once." And after all the shoutings and prayers of the day, when the last minister was gone, he said to his family, "Now the reception is over, and we will be alone again." His sense of humor was simply irresistible, even in death.

In the annals of the Church there are but few more triumphant deaths recorded than that of Bishop Gilbert Haven, who died peacefully in the home of his childhood, in Malden, Mass., January 3, 1880. Humanity and the Church, alike, have reason to thank God for his life and labors.

"Like that memorable death-bed reception, his funeral was a solemn festival. It seemed as if the Bishop, instead of being the mere occasion of the great assembling, was himself the chief and most vital presence in the throng. The New England Conference were present in a body, with almost full ranks. There were also large delegations representing the General Missionary Society, the New York Preachers' Meeting, the Philadelphia Preachers' Meeting, and the Wesleyan University." The stores and schools of the town closed in recognition

of his death, and the beautiful church, which had been his boast all over the land, crowded to its utmost limit, gave an air of the Sabbath to the whole community. And the spirit of the hour seized the whole Church the wide world round. For no man in the Methodist Church were so many eulogies pronounced since the days of Wesley, nor even then. The town of Malden, near Boston, twice touched all zones, when Adoniram Judson and Gilbert Haven were born.

E. O. Haven

Erastus Otis Haven.

BY REV. H. H. MOORE.

IN this country pedigree and ancestry count but for little, or we should undertake to trace the lineage of the subject of this sketch back into the remote past. It is a true adage, that blood will tell, and the fact that two distinguished Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have arisen in the same family, and in a single generation, is proof that the Haven stock is purple-veined, and of a high mental order. Suffice it to say that the subject of this sketch was of an ancient New England stock, his ancestry being traced back to Richard Haven, who lived in Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1640, and that he was the son of Rev. Jonathan Haven, of Framingham, Massachusetts.

Erastus O. Haven was born in Boston, Massachusetts, November 1, 1820. At the age of twenty-two he was graduated with honor from Wesleyan University, a brilliant, but a humble, young man. While yet in his childhood he became a decided Christian, and at the age of eleven his mind was drawn toward the ministry of the Gospel. On leaving the university he was induced to take charge of a private academy in Sudbury, Massachusetts, as that position afforded him the desired opportunity to give his attention to the study of theology. But, ever obedient to the call of duty to his Church, he accepted, in 1846, the presidency of Amenia Seminary, in which he was also Professor of Natural Sciences. The same year he was married to Miss Mary Frances Coles, daughter of Rev. George Coles, who for many years was assistant editor of the New York "Christian Advocate."

In 1848 he joined the New York Conference, and entered upon the work of the regular ministry, receiving ordination at the hands of Bishop Janes. In 1848–49 he was pastor of the Twenty-fourth-street, now Thirtieth-street, Church, New York city; 1850–51 of Red Hook Mission, New York; in 1852 of Mulberry-street Church, (now St. Paul's,) New York city. In 1853 he was called to the Professorship of Latin in the Michigan State University, and the

next year, at his own request, he was made Professor of English Language, Literature, and History. He received in 1854 his degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College, and soon after the degree of Doctor of Laws from the Ohio Wesleyan University. In 1856 he was chosen editor of "Zion's Herald," Boston, which position he held for seven years. It was while serving as editor of this paper that Dr. Haven became more fully known to the Church and to the world. The wide sweep of his information, his knowledge of belles-lettres, his exquisite taste, his keen insight into the interests of the Church and the affairs of the world, were soon recognized by the readers of the "Herald." It was evident that a new and no common man was at the helm. The New England Conferences became proud of their home journal, and gave to it an unprecedented circulation. At the same time he performed the work of pastor for the Malden Methodist Episcopal Church. Even the State itself took a lively interest in the great ability of this Methodist editor. He was made an "Overseer" of Harvard University—a great honor to be conferred at that time upon a Methodist preacher; he was elected a member of the State Senate, and from 1858 to 1863 was a member of the State Board of Education. All these positions sought him, not simply to honor him, but to receive for themselves the benefit of his sagacity and sound judgment. In 1863 he was elected President of the State University of Michigan, and he held that position till 1869. He then resigned that honorable and agreeable office to accept the presidency of the North-western University, at Evanston, Illinois. The General Conference of 1872 elected him to the office of Secretary of the Board of Education, and in 1874 he was called to the chancellorship of the new university at Syracuse. In 1880 he was elected to the office of Bishop, and died in Salem, Oregon, August 2, 1881, in the midst of the duties of his office.

Bishop Haven, physically, was not a strong man, but intellectually and morally he was too evenly developed, too well rounded, and too full orbed, to be pre-eminently great in any one particular. He had not the flashing eloquence of Summerfield or of Bascom, yet in the pulpit and on the platform he was superior to either as an instructive and persuasive orator. He had not the searching analysis of Whedon, nor the keen, discriminating, metaphysical insight of Bowne, nor the

brilliant wit of his cousin, Bishop Gilbert Haven, nor was his mind characterized by any *one* pre-eminently great faculty. He was great as a whole, not in any one of his faculties. His mind was like the kaleidoscope, many-sided, and equally brilliant on all sides. He never had a morbid feeling; he was no dreamer; he was not a poet.

He was a thinker and an actor. In his mind ideas always assumed a logical form, and, once there, they stayed as a permanent intellectual investment. Science, literature, theology, education, and the practical affairs of life, received from him about the same measure of attention. He seems to have been equally well adapted to the position of pastor, educator, editor, writer, and of the episcopacy. In no respect was he a weak or a deficient man. The more complicated and difficult the situation, the more brilliant appeared his resources and sagacity as a manager. In war he would have made a dashing field-marshal; as a devotee of the fine arts he would have succeeded. In these particulars his nature found gratification in the chivalrous activities of Methodism, in belles-lettres, and in elegant literature. He was master of all the old masters in poetry and prose. His habit of reflection made him so familiar with his subjects and the best use of language that he wrote and spoke extemporaneously with equal facility. His platform addresses and baccalaureate sermons were full of the best thoughts expressed in classic English.

Bishop Haven was a discriminating, not a gormandizing, reader, and a close observer of men and things. To some extent he was an original thinker. He studied man as man, he studied the rocks, the ground, the trees, the birds, and nature was an ever-present and open volume to his quick vision. From its store-house of fact and philosophy he drew many of the rich treasures with which his mind was supplied. He sought scholarship, not for its own sake, but because it furnished, at his command, the keys by which he could enter and explore the labyrinths of truth. History, literature, and speculative philosophy found in him an admiring student. The shams of pretenders he was quick to detect and vigorous to expose. With the modern positive philosophy he was patient, believing that the honesty of its advocates would finally detect and discard its errors.

But over and above every other quality the Bishop was a kind-hearted Christian gentleman. Brought up at an altar at which his

father ministered as priest, he probably could never remember the time when he was free from a sense of religious obligation. His knowledge of justification by faith, of regeneration, and acceptance with God, was the result of personal experience. If ever his mind passed through seasons of doubt and depression, they left behind no visible scars of the conflict. God and Christ and heaven were as really present to his faith as was the ground to his feet. The spiritual nature in him was as active and inspiring in its realm of active faith as was the intellect in its sphere of thinking. The religious capacity grasped and enjoyed a world of spirituality as fully as intellect recognized a world of ideas. The religious overshadowed and gave direction to every other faculty of his soul. He could say, with St. Paul: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

This life was but a stage in human development, and this world a stepping-stone to the next. Bishop Haven was a man of great moral courage. He feared no danger, he never shrunk in the presence of difficulty or of opposition. When it became necessary that Dr. Tappan should vacate the presidency of the Michigan State University he left behind him a bed of thorns for the reception of his successor. Dr. Haven, who had formerly served the university as professor, was elected to fill the vacancy. With a full knowledge of all the difficulties of the case, and of all that could be apprehended, he accepted the responsibility, and immediately entered upon the discharge of its duties. The expected storm suddenly arose and burst with merciless fury upon his head: opposition in the form of an organized political campaign of lying, detraction, and social ostracism, in which the local press and two large and influential religious denominations enlisted, he found arrayed against him. But such was the forecast of his mind that all this had been anticipated and fully provided for. The new president entered upon his work with that faith in God and in himself which brings present cheerfulness and ultimate success. Silently and calmly he performed his work, and did it well. Equal silence he enjoined upon his friends. He took no time to repel attacks and made no accusations. He had no fears of any truths they might tell, and as for the falsehoods, he estimated them at their true value. Week after week the campaign raged, but

Haven was doing a great work and could not come down to notice it. The man was perfectly self-poised and self-controlled. Every movement he made soon gave new evidence of his far-seeing sagacity. His work began to tell on the prosperity of the university, which was all the defense he needed. Finally, for lack of fuel, the fire began to burn low, the storm to spend its force; Haven was completely victorious, and his bitterest enemies learned to admire the quiet man who proved to be a Hercules in strength. No man ever conquered on Christian principles more completely than Haven did at Ann Arbor. The university more than doubled the number of its students, its finances were well managed, order and morality were in the ascendant, students from other States were knocking for admission to its halls, and every body was satisfied that the State of Michigan had the right man in the right place at Ann Arbor.

Bishop Haven loved the pulpit, the platform, and the arena of debate. He was a kind-hearted, peaceful, forgiving man; yet he had the courage of his convictions, and in the heat of high debate his antagonist felt the full force of the most remorseless logic. He was as insensible to the bitterness of disappointment as to the undue elation of success.

He was a large-hearted, catholic-spirited man, and yet he was as true to the Methodist Episcopal Church as is the needle to the pole, and was ever ready to respond to her calls. When the Amenia Seminary needed a principal the young graduate resigned a pleasant position at Sudbury to supply the want. When the North-western University, an institution at that time scarcely worth the name, with few students, having neither funds nor friends, called upon him, as an experienced educator and sagacious manager, to take it in charge, he resigned his hard-earned and proud position at Ann Arbor to nurse and care for the weak and sickly child at Evanston. He loved Michigan, but he loved the Methodist Episcopal Church still more. He could be useful at Ann Arbor, but still more so at Evanston. Bishop Haven was ever the most fully himself when the most unselfish and useful.

In 1868, five years after Bishop Haven took charge of the Michigan University, and when that institution was enjoying a flood-tide of prosperity, he took his seat for the second time in the General Confer-

ence, at Chicago, as a delegate. He had fought his great fight and was well known to the Church as the victor. Many eyes were eager to see the man whose single arm had not only vanquished, but made friends of, so many foes. He was in the early prime of a ripe manhood, and whatever he did was done easily and done well. All could see in him the gentleness of a child and the strength of a great man. His compeers were really proud of him as one of their number. His was among the most influential minds in that body.

Bishop Haven was a man of great industry. Work was life. Our periodical press for many years has been enriched by the best and maturest thoughts of his fertile mind. His best-known books and treatises are the "Young Man Advised," "Pillars of Truth," and "Rhetoric;" and these have had an extensive circulation. In the pulpit and on the rostrum he was perfectly self-possessed. Without knowing it or thinking of it he felt a consciousness of the strength that was in him, and of the resources he had at command. Breadth, fullness, clearness, and grace, characterized his oratory. On the page of history his name will stand among the preëminently successful educators of his age and country. In this field of toil his successes entitle him to a monument at both Ann Arbor and Evanston. Though with fewer difficulties to encounter, he succeeded equally well as Chancellor of Syracuse University. Under his brief administration that institution enjoyed uninterrupted success.

A pleasing episode in the Bishop's laborious life was his visit to Great Britain as delegate to the Wesleyan Conference in 1879. The ocean voyage, his wanderings and observations in Europe, together with his visit as the authorized messenger of his Church to the parent Methodist body, made up a valuable chapter of his life's history. His urbane and cordial manners, his deep piety, his learning, and chaste addresses, greatly endeared him to that great body of ministers. He received every attention which it was in their power to bestow.

Only a little more than one year were the episcopal robes honored by Bishop Haven. But he took to the peculiar work of that high office as readily as to the other departments of labor which had engaged his attention. His addresses delivered to the Conference graduating classes could have come only from a mind and heart which was fully imbued with the spirit of the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

He presided over the deliberations of the preachers in Conference with ease and dignity. The appointments made preserved the peace of the Church and secured its continued prosperity.

Whether, at the age of sixty, it is wise to take a man from the seclusion of his study and the halls of learning to fill the episcopal office, is a question the Church should earnestly consider. A younger man, and one accustomed to the saddle and to storms, might have done the work as well and with greater safety to himself. What Bishop Haven thought of this question we cannot say; but his habit had ever been to obey the call of the Church, and in this instance he did not deviate from that rule. Had he at the age of forty been made a Bishop, he might have lived long and taken his place as an able administrator, by the side of Hedding and Janes; as it was, he accomplished all that could have been expected of him.

After he became Bishop he took up his residence in San Francisco, California. He was on the North Pacific coast in the discharge of the duties of his office when disease fastened its unyielding grip upon him. Diseased kidneys poisoned his blood, and medical skill was of no avail. A few days before his departure he dictated a letter to his colleagues, informing them of his condition, from which they inferred that his work was probably done. He was happy in the conscious knowledge that the Christ whom he loved and served was with him and accepted him as an heir of heaven. The last enemy over which he triumphed was death. In the presence of his wife and one son he peacefully breathed his last and passed away. "The workmen die, but the Lord still carries on his work."

When the presiding officer in the General Conference of 1880 announced the election of Bishop Haven, a venerable member of that body observed to a friend near by, "Down the generations to come Erastus will be mistaken for Gilbert, seeing that both the Havens are Bishops now." "Never," said his friend, "Gilbert must remain Gilbert to the end of time, and Erastus will yet take care of his memory before he dies." Nothing could have been truer than the reply. Both men were born and lived much of their lives where one might have been mistaken for the other in the distant years to come if it were not that a continent is between their graves. Surprise was expressed every-where in the East that mother and son did not bring

the remains of husband and father home for burial. But they who expressed the surprise had not then learned that the Bishop requested to be buried where he died. No more significant thing did he do while he lived than make this last decision before he died. Both the Bishops Haven went to the Columbia country, but Gilbert, finishing the work of his appointment, came back to die. Erastus went there by appointment to stay. If "Jason Lee was the original pathfinder of empire," in going to the North-west coast Erastus O. Haven has fastened his name no less to the place by being the first Methodist Bishop buried along the great Pacific slope. It may be said of him, as Hunter sang of Drummond, who died soon after his appointment to the great South-west,

> "He asked not a stone sculptured with verse,
> He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse,
> But he asked, as a boon when he gave up the ghost,
> That his brethren might know that he died at his post."

A hundred other Bishops may die and be buried

> "In the continuous woods
> Where rolls the Oregon,"

but among all their graves Methodist pilgrims will seek as a shrine the resting-place of Bishop Haven, because it was the foremost and first.

ORIGIN

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was organized on May 1, 1845, at Louisville, Ky., by a Convention of Methodist ministers residing within the then slave-holding States; and its first General Conference was held at Petersburgh, Va., on May 1, 1846. This great movement was made in consequence of the action of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at New York, in 1844, in regard to Bishop James O. Andrew, who, "by marriage or otherwise, had become connected with slavery." This action was based upon the assumption that slave-holding by a Bishop of that Church was a proper bar to the performance of the office. Thereupon on the first day of June, on motion of Rev. J. B. Finley, a resolution was passed by a majority of one hundred and eleven to sixty-nine, that, "It is the sense of this General Conference that he desist from the exercise of this office so long as this impediment remains."

This drew forth a long and animated discussion, conducted in a spirit of eminent courtesy when the deep interests at stake are considered. A solemn protest was made by the Southern delegation, written by Dr., afterward Bishop, Henry B. Bascom, to which a

reply stating the Northern grounds, was furnished by Dr. John P. Durbin. The former, it is curious to remark, was a native of the North, the latter of the South. The Southern delegation affirmed that it would be impossible to maintain the continued existence of their Church if the movement was made, and the Northern equally declared that disintegration of their own Churches would result if the movement failed, so that the issue appeared to be, and truly was, insurmountable.

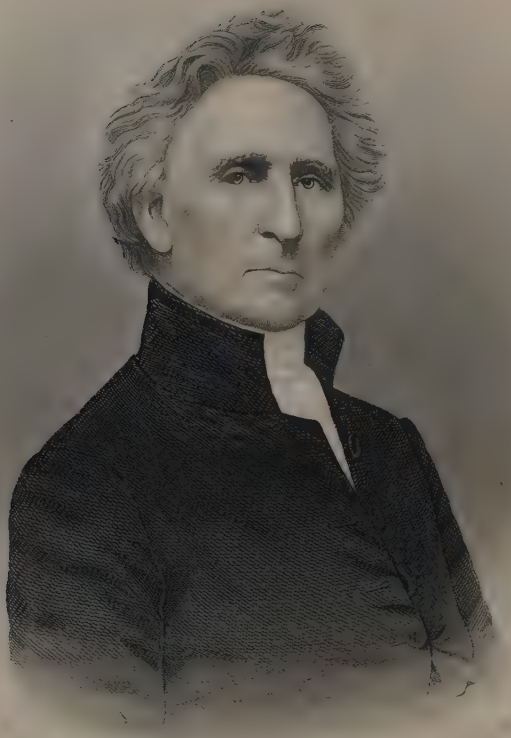
At length a Committee of Nine was appointed, who drew up what has been called a "Plan of Separation," which provided that if the Southern brethren found it necessary to organize a new Church, there should be a certain boundary line, over which neither party should pass. A division of the Church property was agreed upon, conditioned upon its being duly sanctioned by the Annual Conferences, according to the Restrictive Rules. In due course of time the proposal was put through the round of the Annual Conferences, but failed of the requisite majority. A proposal to place the question under arbitration was made by Southern brethren, but was declined by the Northern, on the ground that they had no constitutional power to dispose of the property of the Church, except under authorization of law. Prosecution was, therefore, commenced, and the memorable case was brought before the Supreme Court of the United States and decided, Judge Nelson delivering the opinion of the Court, April 25, 1854, that the Church was duly divided, and that the division of the property should be completed. From the two Book Concerns at New York and Cincinnati, and from the Chartered Fund, there were paid over to the Church South about $300,000. Though in regard to the justice and legality of this decision different opinions have been held by the two Churches, yet as it received from this decision the compulsory force of law, it was, of course, promptly obeyed; and probably very few, of either Church, now regret that the payment, legally or equitably binding or not, was completely made. It seems clear that the existence of the two Churches was practically necessary. The opposite public sentiment on the subject of slavery in the two sections obliged the measure, and we may, perhaps, truly say a separation was the best thing attainable.

During the ensuing four years not a little discord continued, arising from alleged over-passing the boundary line. When the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met, in 1848, at Pittsburgh the venerable Dr. Lovick Pierce appeared, duly accredited as fraternal delegate from the Church South. He was received, personally, with great courtesy, and invited to a seat within the bar; but objections were made to any fraternal intercourse with the Church South. Its validity as a Church was, indeed, not questioned. But an extended statement was made of the difficulties arising from an imputed transgression of the boundary, and made the basis of non-intercourse. Dr. Pierce, with characteristic dignity, declined the courtesies offered to his personal, and not to his official, character; and departed, declaring that his Church was ready to listen to any delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church upon the basis of the "Plan of Separation."

In consequence of the above alleged violations and other reasons assigned in their statement, the General Conference declared the "Plan of Separation" null and void, thus making it no longer a barrier to the transition of either Church into the other section. Under the adverse fortunes of the late Civil War the Church South suffered great disintegrations. But with returning peace her Conferences were resumed, her periodicals and Publishing House re-established, and her churchly prosperity and power have rapidly advanced. In her Vanderbilt University she has one of the noblest Southern literary institutions; she has 6 Bishops, 41 Conferences, and 847,703 members.

Before the war no efforts were made at restoring fraternal interchanges between the two Churches. But under the benign influences of restored peace, after several movements had proved abortive, under authority of the two General Conferences a convention of delegates from both Churches assembled at Cape May, in August, 1876, and settled the terms of Christian communion. The impracticability of redrawing the old boundary line of 1844, or, indeed, of any geographical division, was recognized; but all future unmanly strifes about Church properties were provided against; the old estrangement of feeling was removed, and it was agreed that as two sister Churches we should rejoice in each other's prosperity, and seek to fulfill together

our mission of holiness. Upon this has followed our London Ecumenical Conference, which has thrilled the hearts of all our Methodisms, Episcopal and non-Episcopal, North and South, East and West, white and colored, with a new spirit of Christian amity. An American General Conference of our entire Methodism, clothed, not with legislative, but with advisory powers, will more than confirm this happy state of things. And, surely, the richest blessings of Heaven will rest down upon this scene of fraternal union. May no future strife, civil or religious, ever again divide us!



Joshua Soule

JOSHUA SOULE.

BY REV. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TEFFT, D.D., LL.D.

THE life of Joshua Soule, though a great and good one, was not remarkable for striking historical events. He was born in the town of Bristol, Me., not far from the celebrated settlement of Pemaquid, on the first day of August, in the year of our Lord, 1781. His father had lived at a place called Round Pond, on a farm known as the Chamberlain Place, till August 13, 1773. This farm was sold on that day to the Rev. A. M'Lean, a gentleman of considerable note in the early history of that ancient town; and Mr. Soule's father, whose name was also Joshua, at once removed to a neighboring farm on Broad Cove, where the future Bishop first saw the light of life.

It is not quite certain how long the family remained on the Broad Cove farm. The next thing we hear of them, they had removed to the town of Avon, in a fertile region of Maine known as the Sandy River country; and it is a region, too, it may be said in this connection, eminently productive of celebrated men.

Pains have been taken to search out and determine the intellectual and moral character, as well as the social standing, of the parents of our distinguished subject; and it is found that the father was a man of consequence in both the towns, and in every locality where he lived. His name frequently occurs in the records of the town of Bristol. He is often spoken of in official documents, as well as in the local histories, as Captain Soule; and he was one of the Board of Selectmen of Bristol the very year when his most eminent son was born. No public record is found of the mother of the Bishop; but the writer of this sketch has the force of tradition for the declaration, that, though a woman of few words, she was noted for the strength and breadth of her intellect, and not less for the remarkable decision of character evinced by her on all occasions. She was evidently a woman of well-defined opinions; and, like her son, she was never afraid to state them.

Society, in the modern sense of the term, was something then quite unknown in these provincial towns pertaining to Massachusetts. Some of the best blood of the old Bay State, though then a colony, had been poured into the veins of this Maine population; and England, as well as France, had contributed not a little to its further improvement. The most aristocratic of families, however, are apt to become democratic by the daily popular contact so characteristic of all new settlements. Men of the largest brain and highest culture soon mingle with the general mass from sheer necessity; and all attempts at exclusiveness or selection are commonly frowned down, if there is any one family bold enough to make the undertaking. It was so at the time spoken of in these rural localities in Maine. No one person was in the way of seeing so many people that he found it essential to his comfort to draw any social lines; nor does it appear that any one, in those early days, sought seclusion; and, consequently, what was then known as society was the whole neighborhood, where the entire population stood upon the same general level. It is asserted, however, that the family of Bishop Soule's father were a little inclined to be particular about the social position of their acquaintances; and it is probably for this reason that they have been, from the earliest times, spoken of as somewhat too consequential, or, as some would style it, aristocratic.

Methodism, as a religious denomination, was at this time just beginning to be known in the United States. Wesley had commenced preaching in England in 1739; he had spent a little time as a missionary in Georgia a few years later; and in 1784 Dr. Thomas Coke had been ordained by him to come over and lay the foundations of the American Methodist Church. This work had been accomplished at the celebrated Christmas Conference, a called convention of all the Methodist ministers in the country, on the Christmas-day of 1785, which not only acknowledged the authority of Dr. Coke as Superintendent under Wesley, but elected the Rev. Francis Asbury, an English Methodist then residing and preaching in this country, as joint Superintendent, or Bishop, of all the Methodist Societies then existing in the United States. At the time of Mr. Wesley's death, on March 2, 1791, there were only one hundred and ninety-eight Methodist preachers, traveling and local, on this side of the Atlantic; and it was not till August 3, 1792, that the Methodists of New England felt strong or

numerous enough to hold an Annual Conference. This first convention was held in the then unfinished meeting-house belonging to the Methodists of Lynn. It was the first building of its kind in Massachusetts. Only nine persons, including Bishop Asbury himself, attended on that occasion. Near to Asbury sat the great apostle of New England Methodism, the Rev. Jesse Lee, who afterward brought the tidings of the new Gospel to the valleys and hills of Maine. Another man sat there, however, in that Lynn Conference, who, though born in New Jersey in 1768, was the first sent to take official oversight as Presiding Elder of the Methodist work in this now flourishing State. That man was the Rev. Joshua Taylor, whose field of labor covered the whole province, and who, in the providence of God, was the instrument of bringing young Soule into the ministry of the Methodist Church. It happened in this manner: In 1798 while Taylor was still in charge of the Maine District, a young man of about seventeen years of age came to him one day, and requested the privilege of going with him in his travels, and aiding him in his work by exhortation, prayer, or preaching, as circumstances might suggest. This young man was Joshua Soule. The overture was at once accepted. The youthful itinerant soon afterward presented himself, riding a good horse, on whose back he had thrown a pair of ordinary saddle-bags, in which he had stowed all his worldly goods, including a change of clothing, a Bible and hymn book, and a few articles essential to a decent toilet. He had, of his own free will, joined a Methodist class about one year before. He now set forth on the mission of his life.

At the time this connection was formed between the two itinerants, Soule was seventeen, and Taylor thirty years of age; and it is easy to one well acquainted with the backwoods of Maine in early times, to realize in fancy the picture of this young man and boy riding over the sparely settled country, stopping now and then at a friendly but humble settler's house, talking earnestly, and then praying with his family, taking such cheap but healthful refreshments as their board supplied, all the time and every-where pressing the subject of personal religion upon every one they met along the way, and stopping here and there to deliver a sermon and an exhortation, sometimes in a school-house, at other times in a farmer's kitchen, and occasionally in some empty barn, which had been swept and seated for the purpose.

It cannot be said that either of these men was educated, in any ordinary sense of the term, at the time here mentioned. Taylor had been born in Princeton, New Jersey, a place, even in his day, noted for its attention to education; and the schools of the place, as well as the society he found there, must have given him some considerable erudition and refinement. He was certainly a person of exact speech, of wide information, and of great refinement, in the closing period of his life, when the writer of this sketch used to know him. But Soule, at the time of forming this connection with Taylor, was truly a backwoods boy—tall and lean in person, straight as an arrow, with large prominent eyes, a high well-developed forehead, and a head apparently too large and heavy for the slender trunk it stood on; and his step was so firm, his carriage so high, and his general aspect so commanding, even at that age, that he was always at first sight thought to be naturally aristocratic, if not a little haughty. A more intimate acquaintance, however, never failed to remove this unjust suspicion. He was ever found to be, in spite of all this natural dignity of manner, sensible, self-distrusting, even modest in his real nature. It cannot be said, indeed, that he felt conscious of inferiority to those about him. This would be the same as to accuse him of not being sensible. He certainly was conscious of his mental power; and even at seventeen he seldom met a person so strong of intellect that he had not the right to feel that nature had made him a little stronger. Nor can such a fact be conceded by any amount of natural modesty.

Even at the beginning of his career, he showed himself the master. Taylor, as we have seen, was his superior in age and rank; he was also an easy, fluent, and elegant speaker, and he was consequently very popular in every rural pulpit. But it was soon discovered by him and others that whenever it was known that Soule was going to preach at any point, the congregation was always larger than usual—sometimes more than twice as large. A portion of this popularity was due, of course, to his extreme youthfulness, for he was generally spoken of as "the boy preacher;" but his matter, always profound, and his manner, dignified and commanding, had still more to do with making him impressive; and then his pure and simple life, his constant application to his work, together with his great earnestness of spirit, a deep sincerity being evident in every word he uttered, con-

spired to make him an object of admiration from the very commencement of his ministry.

Loved, followed, and admired as he was, however, his field of labor was not always a field of roses. He met with opposition, as such men always do, in proportion to his consequence. Small men will oftentimes slip quietly along through the world, meeting with no rebuffs, because they never make themselves of consequence enough to call out antagonism. Men of real power, on the contrary, are always doing something; they disturb the foundations of other people; many have to get out of their way or be trampled on; and so they have to meet, because they necessarily create, opposition. And Joshua Soule; from his earliest days, was a person of this character. Not only did he recommend piety and enforce religion, as he understood these things, but he was in the habit of striking down opposing theories, thrusting from his path injurious obstacles, and clearing the way before him by removing whatever threatened to stop his progress. This part of his work made him appear combative. He was soon looked upon as a controversial preacher, because he saw the necessity of overturning the Calvinistic, the Unitarian, the Universalist systems of speculation, before he could cause the people to receive the doctrines of original Christianity as he had come to understand them. He was not naturally given to polemics, but these things stood in his way; and, like he would have done on his father's farm, he sought to clear off the rubbish before he could successfully scatter the good seed.

Still, in spite of all these discouragements, the work went bravely and grandly forward. And in this connection there is no name worthy of greater honor than that of the young itinerant, Joshua Soule. No one has reason to suppose that a young man of the backwoods of Maine, brought up in labor upon his father's farm, spending his young years with so few of the privileges of school, could now step forth at the age of seventeen, with the intellectual wealth and polish of a scholar, or endowed with the penetration and power of a man of practical logical abilities. But there were traits about him of the most striking and impressive character. His tall and erect person, his large head, his brilliant eyes, his grave demeanor, his dignified earnestness of spirit, were quite enough, even at that early age, to

attract and fasten the attention of an audience. His slow, deliberate, thoughtful manner of speaking, in which every word meant something, and where a thought was never weakened by boyish haste, made him appear to be a much older man than he really was; and his words seemed to have a weight proportionate to the cool deliberation with which they were dealt out to the listening multitude. He was always careful not to overstate his point, and this care of himself gave him greater authority over his most intelligent audiences. But it was not his style alone that clothed him with this strong personal influence. His matter was, in general, quite equal to his manner. It was always beyond all that could have been expected of one so youthful and so unprepared by education. His hearers were ever in a state of wonder as to the mystery of his possessing such a fund of ideas of things that he had apparently never studied. But, in his way, and without knowing it, young Soule was a person of real genius; and, like all of his class, he had knowledge that he himself could not have traced back to the time and manner of obtaining it. It had come to him spontaneously, by intuition, or in whatever way ideas habitually spring up in the minds of men of genius.

Joshua Soule at the age of seventeen was licensed to preach. This first license was given him by Joshua Taylor, in 1798. He was ordained elder in 1802, and would have received the ordination earlier, had it been consistent with the rules of the denomination; and in 1804 he was put in charge of the entire Methodist work in Maine, as presiding elder, having all the veteran preachers under him at the age of twenty-three.

Methodism in Maine at that time consisted of twelve circuits and one station, and covered a territory whose circumference measured more than twelve hundred miles. The amount of travel required of him in this vast field was enormous. No railways existed in those days. The common highways, even, were seldom safe for a light one-horse vehicle. All these great distances were to be passed over four times a year, and all the riding was to be done on horseback. Many of the rivers were yet destitute of bridges. A few ferries had been established, but generally all the streams to be crossed, in the spring and summer seasons, and all the way on through the fall freshets, were forded by horseback tourists. In after life Mr. Soule used to relate

many instances where he came near being drowned by the unexpected depth of the swollen water. On one occasion, when fording a river, his horse plunged and threw him. Loaded with thick boots and a heavy coat, whose pockets were still further weighted down by being stuffed with books, the most he could do was to keep himself afloat. But his cool and deliberate style of doing all things served a good purpose in this emergency. Seeing a jam of logs which had lodged on a rock below him, he worked himself into the current setting in that direction; and he there found a way, by using one of the looser logs as a raft, to paddle himself to shore without the loss of any of his property. His horse, however, left thus to his own freedom, had made off to the door-yard of a friend, where he had often found a hitching-place and sometimes a stable. Here the itinerant, as he expected, found him. But the preacher had an appointment for that evening, and so, after drying himself a little before an open fire, such as they had in those primeval times, he proceeded on his journey.

It was the custom in those days for Methodist ministers to hold meetings and preach sermons at every place where it was known that they were to stay over night. They thus averaged four or five discourses during the week, and they nearly always preached three times on Sunday. This amount of public speaking would have killed off all the preachers, had it not been for their incessant horseback riding; and the riding would have killed them, had it not been for the rest or recreation brought about by all this preaching. The one was a relief, an antidote, to the other. Mr. Soule's pulpit recreations must have been quite sufficient for any quantity of horseback labor, for his sermons were always long, and they grew more and more so as he advanced in years and took higher rank in the denomination.

In the early days of American Methodism the preachers were so few that, though widely scattered, they all held the right of attending upon the regular meetings of the ministers, which were known as Conferences. But in a few years the number had so multiplied that it was found difficult to get them all together, or to find a society large enough to entertain them. These circumstances led to a change of polity, and in 1808, when the annual gathering was held in Baltimore, the plan of a delegated General Conference was adopted, which was to meet every fourth year, while the whole work was divided

into geographical sections, within each of which a sectional Conference was to be held every year, to be presided over by one of the Bishops. No wiser, more effective, or more thoroughly systematic plan could have been devised. It has given to American Methodism its order, harmony, and strength. And it is a proof of the great abilities of the subject of these memorials, that this new constitution, which still remains the fundamental law of the denomination, was drawn up by Joshua Soule. He had then been only ten years in the ministry, and, what is still more remarkable, he was only twenty-seven years of age.

This profound legislator and powerful preacher, however, was in no way unduly elated by his success. After the close of the Baltimore Conference he returned to his work in the province of Maine as if nothing had happened, the same dignified and yet humble and conscientious young man he was before. All the people were aware, indeed, that he had suddenly risen to the first rank among the remarkable men of his generation; but not a word—no allusion to it—ever came from him. Conscious of his powers, as he evidently was, he seemed to take the honors given him as a matter of course, or probably as no honors at all, but rather as additional responsibilities and work. But work he liked; nor did responsibility, even, sit very heavily upon him, for he always felt equal to every newly-imposed labor. And so he came again to Maine, willing to perform any duties called for by the growing cause.

Between the years 1807 and 1811, Soule had charge of the Portland district, Me., when, his term having expired, he was stationed at Lynn, Mass. No one event in his useful life appears more marked than the rest in the general tenor of his career. The same hard work was attendant on him through all these years. He rode, visited, preached, exposed himself, and studied, as in the years before. If any change occurred to him at all, it was in the character of his daily studies. Prior to this period his chief intellectual concern had been theology. He now had taken a brief look into the great world; and he had, doubtless, fallen in with some men who knew more of mankind in general than he could claim to know. But he was a person who could never consent to be humbled by such comparisons, so long as there was the smallest chance to rise above them. He seemed now determined not

to stand, in respect to general knowledge, below the most knowing of his distinguished ministerial brethren. He had always been a close and persevering student. He now became a general, though still a careful, reader. He never read a book for mere amusement. Every page selected by him must be loaded with useful information. His powerful memory, aided by his slow and thoughtful way of reading, grasped and held every fact as firmly as if fastened in a vise. He has been heard to say that he never forgot any thing which he ever really knew. His mind, by this retentive power, soon became a rich storehouse of intellectual wealth. He never, indeed, became a scholar, for scholarship was not the thing he aimed at; and he was now too old to begin the work anew and lay the foundation of a thorough education. But he soon was noted as a man of general knowledge and extensive information. One of the judges of the supreme judicial court of Maine, who had known him in his boyhood, and who spent a whole evening with him in the winter of 1812, expressed great surprise at the transformation wrought upon him in so short a time. When Soule began to preach, his photograph, as given us by Enoch Mudge, was this: "He had a precocious mind, a strong memory, a manly and dignified turn, although his appearance was exceedingly rustic." In 1812, as seen by the learned judge, he had become "a man of wonderful information, knowing almost every thing, and the most polished gentleman I know." Such is the change that grace and hard study will work out for every genuine and earnest man.

No very noticeable events took place in the life of the rising young minister, beyond the hard work and constant study already mentioned, for the four years next succeeding. In Maine, and for a part of the time in Massachusetts, he went on working for the extension of Methodism, which he in his heart received as the best extant realization of the teachings of the Son of God. With him, the ideal of apostolic Christianity, both in faith and worship, in substance and in form, in doctrine and in discipline, was in Methodism almost perfectly restored. He thoroughly believed that salvation was now again offered to the world, as well as conserved in living ceremonies and institutions, for the support of those obtaining it, precisely as in the apostolic times. Rejoicing, too, in his own personal salvation,

which made him a happy and a useful man, and which he valued beyond the value of all things on earth, his single ambition seemed to be to make others as happy and as useful as himself; and his zeal in the great work—the loftiest possible to a human being—sustained by his now general knowledge and great natural talents, to many made his life seem morally sublime.

In the year 1812 he was sent as a delegate to the first delegated General Conference of Methodism within the limits of the United States. By this time the young itinerant from the backwoods of Maine was known throughout the Connection in our country. He was now, at thirty-five, near the full maturity of his intellectual strength. Tall, dignified, commanding in his personal appearance, as well as polite though reserved in his general bearing, he presented a figure in the Conference sufficiently prominent and engaging to attract all eyes. But he never was a man to push himself into prominence by any effort of his own. So far as he himself was concerned, he always allowed things to take their course. When a labor was imposed upon him, or he had a duty to perform, he was ever at his post; and whatever he undertook, he worked on it faithfully, and generally attained success.

At the New England Conference held June 1, 1815, Mr. Soule was again elected to the approaching General Conference of May, 1816, he being at the time the Presiding Elder of the Kennebeck District. To those who have studied the history of this important crisis in American Methodism, his name takes rank with the very first; the committees he headed, and the work reported by him, were of the highest importance; and when the Conference had completed its session and adjourned, the Methodist world favorably received the not-unexpected information that the young backwoods-man had been taken from the itinerant hardships of the great field in Maine, placed in the then highest literary seat of the denomination, and set down to live amid the rising splendors of the metropolitan city of New York!

The post now given him, in a word, was that of Book Agent, or Publisher, for American Methodism; and to this office was attached that of editor of the "Methodist Magazine," at that time the only literary publication of the American Methodist Church. At the time

of this Conference, in fact, it was not a publication, but a project, which is said to have sprung from the prolific as well as organizing brain of Joshua Soule. There is, however, no absolute certainty of this statement. It is certain, indeed, that Mr. Soule was the warmest advocate of the establishment of such a work; and when it appeared in the world two years afterward, it very fittingly bore his name as editor upon its title-page.

But Mr. Soule was not, as we have previously seen, a literary man. Nor was he competent for the place of editor of a truly literary publication. The consequence was, that in his hands the "Methodist Magazine" was scarcely worthy of being called a literary work. It was, in fact, religious rather than literary. Not only was the editor destitute of the genuine literary education, taste, and zeal, and thus incapable of giving tone to a purely literary publication, but there were at that time not a sufficient number of good English writers within the bounds of the denomination to supply its pages with matter of the true literary stamp. Great pulpit orators, of which we had an abundance, are very frequently the very weakest and poorest writers. The result was that, between the insufficiency of the editor and the almost total lack of competent contributors, the "Magazine" became rather a slim performance. As a religious journal, containing many valuable religious notes of the times, and particularly as a repository of biographical sketches of the deceased preachers, it has its value for all coming centuries within the denomination.

It is, however, fair to say that its editor was loaded down with the labors and responsibilities of another office. As publisher of all the books of the denomination, which included those coming to us from English Methodism, Mr. Soule had quite enough to do without trying to perform the uncongenial duties of a magazine editor. He also, without doubt, devoted his time and strength to the book department; for in this a large amount of money had been invested; and his first ambition seemed to be to make this investment a success. In his hands, too, it was a success; for both money and influence were made for the cause by the works he issued from the press. It has been said, indeed, that the writings and fame of the authors thus put to print—those of the Wesleys, of Fletcher, of Adam Clarke, and of the other great English Wesleyan writers—were enough to insure the fortune of any

publishing house, however it might have been conducted; and it has been also stated that Mr. Soule, though methodical, laborious, and earnest, no less than honest in his work, was out of his element as an office man and publisher of books. There is probably some truth in this remark. But it must be admitted, on the other hand, that he carried with him the good solid argument of success; and this, in the minds of many people, is a sure defense against every possible complaint. It is, however, well known that Mr. Soule had made up his mind not to accept a re-election to the office of Book Agent.

When the time came for putting this resolution into practical effect, as it did at the General Conference of 1820, the retiring editor and publisher found no occasion to say or do much about it; for the delegates, he discovered, had made up their minds to lift him out of this semi-secular work and raise him to the office of a Bishop. But the leading question of that Conference was, whether these men known in the Connection as Presiding Elders, who were heads of the districts into which all the annual Conferences were divided, should be appointed by the Bishop of a Conference or elected by its voting members. A long and boisterous debate ensued. Clergymen, indeed, are confessedly more boisterous, at least more stubborn, in such debates, than more worldly men; for they know nothing, and care less, about mere expediency; and their positions are more apt to be taken on what they severally deem the solid ground of conscience, to ignore or betray which would seem to them to be the abandonment of all genuine religious character. This sort of conscientious stubbornness prevailed on this occasion. Days and days were spent in the grand discussion. Soule, though knowing himself to be a candidate for the highest dignity within the denomination, made no concealment of his views upon the subject. He mixed freely and fully in the long and loud debate. He was himself, indeed, both long and loud in argument, but ever dignified and unpersonal. He struck at the thoughts offered, not at the men who offered them. He was never known, under any circumstances, to undertake to weaken the effect of a man's opinions by weakening him. But the blows delivered by him at this Conference on the great question are still remembered as falling like strokes of lightning, or bursting thunderbolts, upon the heads of the party in opposition. They wished to make the office of Presiding

Elder elective by the Annual Conferences. Soule took the ground that that would break the unity, and thus ruin the efficiency, of the episcopal supervision. But his opponents, planting themselves on the republican model of our national and State governments, prevailed against him in the final vote. The presiding eldership was to be made elective; and the natural consequence would have been, in an assembly governed by political ideas, that Soule's candidacy for the episcopacy would be at once abandoned. This body of Methodist clergymen, however, were not politicians. Believing Soule to have been actuated by conscientious motives, as they themselves had been, they at once took up his case and elected him their Bishop. But the man thus dignified was not to be handled in this manner. Having come to the deliberate conclusion that no man could efficiently work the Methodist organization as a Bishop with his chief executive officers elected by a body over which he was to have no control, and in which he had no voice, he promptly rose in his place and declined ordination. He had debated from principle; and he now showed his electors that he was capable of acting from no lower motive.

Whatever may at the time have been thought of this quick decision, it must now be looked back to by the candid memorialist as one of the grandest acts within the limits of a long and noble life. It was an act of honest, unselfish, self-denying manhood. Mr. Soule had been elected by a combination of his coadjutors and opponents. His opponents, indeed, to a large extent, were the most active in his elevation; and he certainly owed his election to their exertions, as they were a majority of the Conference. Such a compliment—first to vote against a man's policy, then to elect him to the highest office—was probably never witnessed in any deliberative body before or since. It was a compliment to the man, and Soule thus clearly understood it.

At the close of this General Conference of 1820 Mr. Soule re-entered the ranks of the traveling ministry, where his greatest work had been performed, and in the duties of which he felt so entirely at home. His record for the next four years is brief but honorable. For the year 1820 he was stationed in the city of New York. The appointment held over till 1821; and this is the year made memorable by the advent of that wonderful pulpit orator, the Rev. John Summerfield, who scattered the beauty and bloom of summer over every scene he

entered. As Soule was then the crowned man of American Methodism in the national metropolis, it is a matter of interest to see how he received this inspired son of Irish Methodism, who at once became the idol of the thousands that flocked to hear him. Summerfield had been born in the very year of Soule's entrance upon the ministry. Soule was, therefore, the senior of the gifted Summerfield by just seventeen years, the young Irish orator being twenty-three, and the subject of this sketch about forty years of age.

Mr. Soule, at the close of his first year, was re-appointed to the city of New York, and had the charge given him over all the work centering at that important point. From New York he went to Baltimore, a place of still higher position in the Methodist denomination than New York itself, and here he was at once received as a man of no secondary character. He held in Baltimore the rank of preacher in charge of what was then known as the City Station; and his sermons soon attracted general attention and made a strong impression on the public mind. By all religious people of every denomination he was looked upon as a very strong man.

We now come, however, to the period of Mr. Soule's grandest triumph. The year 1824, the year of another General Conference, will always be looked to as the year of years in this great man's history. He was again a member of the General Conference, representing therein the Baltimore Annual Conference. The reader has only to call to mind the question and the scenes and debates of 1820, to understand the nature and import of the good man's victory. Let it be remembered that he was then elected to the episcopacy by those who had voted him down on the question of elective presiding eldership; that he had opposed the measure with all his might, as a measure subversive of the executive strength of the denomination; that he had declared, in the most positive terms, that the work ceased to be a unit, and that consequently it could not prove a success with this subdivision, or rather destruction, of its executive force. Numbers of the leading members who had before voted against Mr. Soule now came to him and acknowledged their mistake. They confessed his prescience to be greater than their own. They even lauded him in the most unmeasured terms; and begged him, now that the only question ever dividing them had been given up, to accept the office he had before,

for conscience' sake, rejected. He was in due time ordained; and from that day the backwoods boy of the little town of Avon, in the wilds of Maine, was known to the world as Bishop Soule.

It is no longer essential, therefore, to follow in detail the life of this distinguished clergyman. In his case, as in that of most great men, the charm continues while he is rising from obscurity to the summit of his power and fame; for the career becomes monotonous when the summit level has been reached; and the daily duties while crossing the high plain of the dusty years before him would be as wearisome to the reader as they doubtless were to the great man himself. From the day of his election, in 1824, to the memorable General Conference of 1844, a period of twenty years, he successfully performed the dry routine duties of his office; and his only respite from these episcopal cares was his brief visit to the British Wesleyan Conference in 1842, as the representative of the General Conference of the United States. After fulfilling that appointment, he made a short tour of travel in the British Islands, and went a little way into France. He was, of course, always addressed by his American traveling companion as Bishop; and this circumstance led to some very amusing incidents; for the natives on hearing him thus called at once began addressing him as My Lord, a title which his great majesty of carriage would very readily support. At the decease of Bishop Roberts, March 26, 1843, he became senior Bishop; and it was about this time, or a little earlier, that his natural dignity of bearing began to seem somewhat oppressive. President Fisk never admired the Bishop's lofty manner, and he used to tell with great humor how magnificently the prelate once proclaimed the superiority for the cure of a cold which a tea made of catnip possessed over any sort of decoction that could be made from tansy. Stories used to be told, too, about the inconsistency in matters of taste between his instructions and his practices. Once, in the village of Winthrop, in the State of Maine, in 1838, there was held an annual missionary meeting. Bishop Soule was invited to make the first speech; he was to be followed by three or four other speakers, one of whom was the writer of this memoir. The services began at three o'clock in the afternoon; the Bishop at first declined speaking, on the reasonable ground that he was worn out with travel and Conference labor; but, waiving this objection, he finally took the

platform and spoke till nearly sundown. Excepting what had to be said in taking up the collection, there was not another word spoken. Next day he went to Kent's Hill, the seat of the Maine Conference that year. On addressing the candidates, he warned them at great length, and in a powerful voice, against speaking "too loud and too long," very justly saying, that true eloquence required only strength of voice enough to be easily heard, and that lengthy discourses were apt to weary rather than impress an audience. The Rev. Joseph Hawkes, still a member of that Conference, was then one of the candidates addressed. On returning to his seat he remarked to the writer, that, as the Bishop was to preach next day, he meant to time him. He did time him, and the report he made was, that the Bishop spoke just forty minutes before he came to "firstly."

These, however, were trivial blemishes in a great man's life. A more serious matter occurred at the General Conference in New York in 1844. Bishop Andrew had married a woman owning slaves. The Conference wished him to desist from the exercise of his episcopal functions till this incumbrance should be removed. He declined the proposition; his Southern brethren in the Conference sustained him; and the Church was in consequence divided. Bishop Soule adhered to the M. E. Church, South, which received him with open arms, but without expecting much labor from him. In 1848 he appeared at the General Conference of the M. E. Church at Pittsburgh, but was received and treated as a visitor, not as a Bishop or even delegate. In 1853 he made an episcopal tour in California, to see what could be done for Southern Methodism in that quarter, but without results. He returned with disappointment; and being now a worn-out man, he soon after retired from all public duties at the ripe age of seventy-two. Remaining in this condition of honorable retirement for the space of fourteen years, respected and revered by all, he departed this life on March 6, 1867, in the city of Nashville, where he lies by the side of his wife, who had died some years before. His grave may be found in the city cemetery—his name on the records of a great and growing denomination—his memory and the fruit of his noble life in every quarter and section of the country he loved, labored for, and adorned.

James Osgood Andrew.

BY PROF. W. G. WILLIAMS, A.M.

JAMES OSGOOD ANDREW was born in Wilkes County, Ga., in 1794. His father was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a man of deep piety and consecration to the work of the ministerial office. The mother was a fitting companion for the Methodist itinerant that her husband was. She cheerfully assumed and faithfully performed a large share in the training of their numerous family. Their children, both by precept and parental example, were trained "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." James Osgood was early susceptible to these Christian influences. He became a member of the Church of his parents at ten, and was licensed to preach seven years later, when he had reached his eighteenth year.

Like most of our preachers at that early period, the father had but limited means, and hence could not afford an extensive educational training for his promising son. But an original mind, extensive reading, and fine powers of observation, went far in later life to supply his early deficiencies. He inherited the genius of industry, which, with strong natural powers, sanctified by a deep piety, gave him a career of great influence and usefulness.

Immediately after being licensed to preach he joined the South Carolina Conference in 1812. He was recommended to the Annual Conference for admission on trial by the late Rev. Dr. Lovick Pierce, then Presiding Elder of the district. Mr. Pierce felt a deep, almost paternal, interest in the awkward, little-tutored boy whom he introduced to the itinerancy. He thought he saw the elements of growth and power, and it soon became a great delight to him to note the rapid unfolding and increasing usefulness of his young friend and brother.

It is a significant comment upon our system of ministerial training that under it a mere boy, with the bare rudiments of a common-

school education, can rise in a few years to take high rank among the preachers of his day. Mr. Andrew rose to be the peer of such men as Olin and Capers, whose rare powers and scholarship adorned, in those days, the pulpit of our then united Methodism.

The first twenty years of his ministerial life were years of constant labor amid the duties of pastor and Presiding Elder. From the first he endeared himself to those among whom he labored by his social disposition, popular style of preaching, and zeal for the conversion of souls. He won the confidence and friendship of men, and then used his power to open the way for Christ to the heart. Many are the incidents, told by loving friends, of his early ministry, illustrative of his power, tact, and devotion. One is related of him while a young circuit preacher in the year 1825, at Fern's Bridge, Ga. A young convert under his ministry was holding a series of prayer-meetings in a country school-house near his circuit, and was very much annoyed and hindered by the opposition of an infidel, who violated the order of the meeting and threatened still greater interruption. Mr. Andrew, passing to an appointment, was induced by he knew not what, to turn aside from his own and attend this meeting. He found the condition of things as described. He took charge of the meeting of the evening, giving out the hymn "Shall I, for fear of feeble man," etc. He then led in prayer; kneeling beside the infidel, he prayed mightily to God to convict and convert the wicked man at his side. When he concluded he tapped the man on the back and said: "Now you pray for yourself." The man did pray. The Lord had answered Mr. Andrew's prayer, and he who had been the disturbing element was now crying earnestly for salvation. He was converted that night, became an efficient minister of the Gospel, and Mr. Andrew always believed, as he had a right to, that God had sent him to that meeting on that night.

By nature the subject of this sketch was a man of large sympathies. His heart sympathized in the sufferings and trials of all about him. As he grew in experience and rose to high position, he ever turned back in sympathy and helpfulness to his younger brethren in the ministry. He remembered his own early struggles and embarrassments, and was ever prompt to speak the encouraging word. The following beautiful tribute to Bishop Andrew's delicacy of

feeling and sympathetic nature, is by Bishop Pierce, of the Church South:

> At different times, and under some circumstances to me peculiarly trying, I was indebted to him for judicious advice and a truly fatherly interest. In the second year of my ministry I was sent as a junior preacher with him to Augusta, Ga. I lived in his house, saw him daily, mingled with him in the ease and freedom of domestic life; and there my boyish awe of the great preacher softened into filial reverence; my admiration resolved itself into love. The thought that I was to preach alternately with such a man was a source of alarm and torture to me. For weeks and weeks, when my turn came round, I besought him to go out to spare me the embarrassment of his presence. With kind, forbearing sympathy he yielded to my wishes. He remembered his own struggles with timidity, and he deferred to the foolish and yet real fears of his youthful assistant; but after a season he announced to me that his sense of duty could not longer allow him to absent himself from the house of God, and to relieve me, he gave me advice, the assurance of his assistance, and the promise of his prayers.

Bishop Andrew took a deep interest in the missionary work of the Church. He sought, by all the influence he could wield, to awaken his own Conference, and after he became a Bishop the Conferences wherever he visited them, to greater zeal in behalf of the foreign and home fields. It is said that the greatest displays of his eloquence were when appealing to the Church in the interest of those without the light of the Gospel. He was much concerned for the Church on the Pacific slope in the days when, in eager quest for gold, men seemed to forget God and his laws. He wanted to see that region, so blessed with rich mineral deposits, have the greater blessing of the dominion of Christ in men's hearts. In 1855 he visited California, and wrote a series of letters to the New Orleans Advocate, discussing the morals and Church interests of that State. In November of the same year he presided at the North Carolina Conference, and at the Missionary Anniversary made one of his characteristic appeals. On this occasion he plead that the Gospel might be carried into the neighboring South American States. He urged that "the opening door in the Spanish States south of us should be entered at once, and the 'saddle-bag' pioneers take possession of the land in the name of Christ."

But any account of Bishop Andrew would be only partial which

did not speak somewhat in detail of his views and conduct with regard to the once prevailing institution of American slavery. He was born in that part of the Federal Union where slavery existed and was protected by the laws. Not in his own Methodist home, but at those of the neighbors, he met the slave every day. With his own eyes he must have beheld the revolting features of the system. He was reared in the bosom of a Church which had pronounced against it from the beginning. The position of the Methodist Episcopal Church as touching the monster evil and sin of slavery was never equivocal. Her General Conference steadily bore record against it. The Discipline branded it as against the law of God. But the Church made one concession. She tolerated the evil among her members for policy's sake—a sadly mistaken policy, as the sequel revealed, in the manifest rebuke of God. But, though in the slave States slaveholders had membership in the Church, the ministry held aloof from all participation in the trafic. The sentiment was too deep and positive for him who took in his hand the sacred emblems of the body and blood of the great Emancipator to hold by the same hand, as common chattels, the body and blood of a fellow-man.

But slavery was taking deeper root as the years went on, and our Church in the South became more and more infected by it. Apologists, if not defenders of the system, were gradually increasing, and sentiment became more lax. Meanwhile the antislavery sentiment of the North was growing more determined. With every year it became intenser. With every year upon this issue the Church in the North and the Church in the South were receding from each other. It needed little foresight to discern the coming crisis. Clouds were already in the sky, and others gathering, and the storm must soon break forth. In the hour of threatening, to the nation as well as to the Church, Providence assigned a leading part to the Methodist Episcopal organization. More by accident, however, than by his own choice, we believe, Bishop Andrew figured conspicuously in these exciting scenes. We do not learn that in all his career, up to the General Conference of 1844, he had ever been the voluntary spokesman or champion of the pro-slavery element of the Church. He was not an agitator in its behalf; nor, on the other hand, did he ever criticise or denounce the system. We know not that he ever uttered

an abolition word. He gave not the might of his eloquence and great influence to break the shackles from his fellow-man. He accepted the institution as he found it, and sought to make no change. But there are some things we ought not to forget. The society in which he was born and reared was closely identified with slavery. Both socially and financially it was committed to the system. Even in that part of the Church in which he grew up and always lived it was allowed and sanctioned. The natural effect upon the youth growing up amid such surroundings, we must admit, was to obscure the vision and soften the features of the great wrong. But although, as we have said, he expressed no condemnation—although he sought to effect no change in the political and social condition of the black man—Bishop Andrew manifested a deep interest in his spiritual welfare. He preached to the slave and pointed him to the Lamb of God. He says of himself:

When I was yet a mere boy I taught a Sunday-school of slaves, in which I taught a number of them to read, and from that period till this day I have devoted my energies to the promotion of their happiness and salvation. With all my influence, in public, in private, with my tongue, with my pen, I have assiduously endeavored to promote their present and eternal happiness.

The following extract from the "Southern Methodist Quarterly" is to the same point:

At the session of the South Carolina Conference, early in 1832, a decided and memorable impulse was given to the missionary spirit, particularly among the preachers, by a speech delivered at the anniversary of the Missionary Society by the Rev. James O.—now Bishop—Andrew. Professor Parks, of Virginia, was in attendance at the Conference. His fame as an orator had preceded him, and the highest expectations were excited at the announcement that he would address the meeting.

After the usual preparatory exercises Mr. Andrew was introduced to the meeting, and read the following resolution: "That while we consider false views of religion as being every way mischievous, and judge from the past that much evil has resulted from that cause among the slave population of this country, we are fully persuaded that it is not only safe, but highly expedient to society at large, to furnish the slaves, as fully as possible, with the means of true scriptural instruction and the worship of God." We have heard many good and clever speeches in our time, a few that deserved to be called great; but foremost in our recollection stands the remarkable speech made by Bishop Andrew on that occasion.

He drew a picture of the irreligious, neglected plantation negro. He pointed out his degradation, rendered but the deeper and darker from the fitful and transient flashings-up of desires which felt after God—scintillations of the immortal blood-bought spirit within him, which ever and anon gleamed amid the darkness of his untutored mind. He pointed to the converted negro—the noblest prize of the Gospel—the most unanswerable proof of its efficiency, etc."

With sentiments and a record upon the slavery question such as the foregoing reveals, the name of James O. Andrew was presented to the General Conference of 1832 for the office of Bishop. He was elected on the first ballot, receiving the highest number of votes. Bishop Emory was elected by the same Conference. The former was the representative of the South, the latter of the North. Bishop Andrew was as acceptable with the Northern Conferences as could be any man with Southern feelings and sentiments in those days. He had never had any personal connection with slavery; and was regarded a man of moderate views and high personal character. During the twelve-years' interval between the General Conferences of 1832 and 1844 he traveled extensively throughout the whole connection, though his episcopal appointments were mostly in the South. He lost the wife of his youth and mother of his children during the quadrennium preceding the General Conference of 1844. A few weeks before the assembling of this General Conference he married again. His second wife, a Georgian lady, was the owner of several slaves. The report that one of our Bishops had thus, by his marriage, become a slaveholder, caused great excitement among the delegates of the North, many of whom had first heard of it on their way to or after arriving at New York, where the Conference was held. It was plain that the hour of the culminating struggle between the antislavery and proslavery elements of the Church was at hand. In the early days of the session the Episcopal Committee waited upon the Bishop and learned the fact of his slave connection from his own lips. For twelve days the case was before the Conference. Perhaps no other General Conference has witnessed as stormy debates as this discussion elicited. It was a battle in which was involved, as some men thought, a principle dearer than life. The talent of the North and South was there. Every weapon of logic and wit, of sarcasm and impassioned utterance, was wielded by the respective partisans of the controversy for many days.

The question of General Conference powers over the episcopal officer, its right to deprive of office or suspend, its power mandatory or advisory, these were the chief points of law in the case, which were discussed with eminent ability.

The moral phase of the question, that is, Bishop Andrew's act of marriage under the circumstances, and how it would affect the Church, were also much and warmly debated. Upon this phase of the case the following points were urged by the Northern delegates:

1. The Church always had testified against slavery.
2. It only tolerates it through necessity.
3. Non-slave-holding Bishops were never unacceptable in the South.
4. Slave-holding Bishops could not be tolerated in the North.
5. It would encourage a slave-holding ministry.
6. A Bishop belongs to the whole Church.
7. It would sanction slavery.
8. No necessity impelled Bishop Andrew.
9. The South formerly opposed it.

The embarrassment of the case was deeply felt by all parties. The wife of Bishop Andrew had inherited the slaves from her former husband, who had secured them to her by a deed of trust, which made manumission impossible. The law of Georgia required that the slaves be held or transferred to another to be held as such, under heavy and painful penalties. The only extrication for Bishop Andrew seemed to be removal from the State of Georgia.

Throughout all the heated discussion all personal reference to Bishop Andrew was in kindliest words and manner. In his own speech, after the trial had been in progress for ten days, he testifies to the uniform courtesy and kindness with which he had been alluded to personally. The following extract from his speech on that occasion may interest the reader of this biographical sketch:

> At length, however, I came into the possession of slaves, and I am a slave-holder, (as I have already explained to the Conference,) and I cannot help myself. It is known that I have waded through deep sorrows at the South during the last four years. I have buried the wife of my youth and the mother of my children, who needed a friend and a mother. I sought to make my home a happy one, and I have done so. Sir, I have no apology to make. It has been said, I did this thing voluntarily, and with my eyes open. I did so deliberately and in the

fear of God. I might have resorted to a trick by making over these slaves to my wife before marriage, or by doing as a friend suggested, having my wife make over these negroes to her children, securing to herself an annuity from them, who might have abused and maltreated them. Sir, my conscience would not let me do this. Strange as it may seem to the brethren, I am a slave-holder for conscience' sake.

He concluded by asking that the discussion come to an end. The result was inevitable, and why delay it longer? The case was ended by a vote of 111 to 69, adopting the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this General Conference that he [Bishop Andrew] desist from the exercise of this office so long as this impediment remains.

Bishop Andrew retired from New York deeply afflicted by the action of the Conference. He thought he had been harshly dealt with. He did not attend the Bishops' meeting, and received no appointment for the following year.

In May, 1845, a convention of the Southern Conferences met in Louisville. Bishops Soule and Andrew presided over their deliberations, while the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was organized. Bishop Andrew adhered to the Southern Church, and traveled throughout its bounds, performing episcopal labor until 1866. After the death of Bishop Soule, in 1867, he was the senior Bishop of his Church, and did much by his experienced counsels and unceasing labor to advance its interests. As he grew to old age he grew more and more in the affections of the Church he had so long served. He came at last to be the patriarch in the midst of his people. Conferences throughout the Connection greeted his coming with cordial welcome. He was honored and beloved by colleagues, preachers, and laymen. At the General Conference of 1866, having passed the allotted age of threescore and ten, and conscious of his growing infirmities, he asked the Conference to relieve him from active duties, and retired from the regular work. But even in the feebleness of the five years which he yet lived after his retirement he could not refrain from preaching Christ on all occasions when his strength permitted. He would visit the churches where he had preached, and talk to the people of Jesus and glory, and, thinking to see them no more in the flesh, he would shake hands with them in farewell, and bid them come on to heaven.

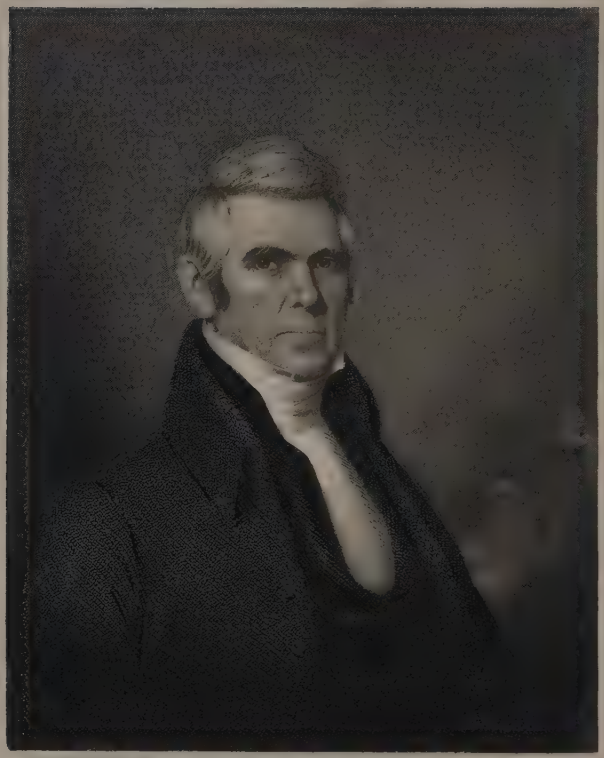
At the residence of his son-in-law, in Mobile, Ala., under the roof of his own daughter, on the second day of March, 1871, Bishop Andrew died. He had lived seventy-seven years in the world, had been a member of the Methodist Church sixty-seven years, a preacher fifty-nine years, and a Bishop thirty-nine years. His death-chamber was made glorious by the presence of God. He was serene and happy as he rested on the margin of the river. He had "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." He spoke much of his "going home," and of a happy reception there through Christ. To his dear friend Bishop Pierce he sent the following message: "Tell him that I love him, and that I have a home on the other side." He also requested that Bishop Pierce should preach his funeral sermon. He sent word to his colleagues, the Bishops: "Tell them that I would like to meet them in May, but I cannot, for I am fully persuaded that my time to go is near at hand; that in them I have the fullest confidence, and die rejoicing that God has put the Church in their care and superintendency; and that they must always live in love and harmony." In this tranquil state he lingered for several days, expecting to go at any moment. His bed was surrounded by his children, grandchildren, and many of his brethren in the ministry. At last, when he knew himself going, he turned to his weeping relatives and friends and exclaimed, "God bless you all! Victory, victory!" and died.

Bishop Andrew is described as of moderate height and of full but not plethoric habit. His round body and broad, full chest bespoke great physical strength. His face was of the Roman mold, his countenance placid and grave, indicating great self-possession. His eye was gray and ordinarily calm and lusterless, but kindling ever when his characteristic vein was sprung.

Intellectually he was in many respects a great man. His mind was comprehensive and swift in its operation. His judgment was sound, strong, and discriminating. Hence, he was always regarded as a safe and wise counselor. He wielded the pen with great facility. His two published works, "Household Government" and "Miscellanies," reveal the author's rich, easy style of composition. He was a great reader, and gathered large stores of information; but for the want of early training was never very methodical. He digested the

material which he gathered in a way peculiar to himself, never failing, however, to give it the stamp of his own personality.

As a preacher he was unique. His style was his own. It was unstudied, but free, full, and flowing. He never dwelt in propositions; had nothing to do with divisions, firstly, secondly, thirdly, and lastly. He dealt with one great leading idea, concentrating upon it his wonderful power of amplification. He loathed the bony bareness of pulpit "skeletons," and declared his unwillingness to limit his range of thought to the "textual trisections of anatomical sermonizers." His voice was deep-toned and impressive, speedily arresting and enchaining the attention of his audience. A writer says: "The first half of his sermons was always the best—often grand, imperial in the range of thought, the sweep of imagination, the wealth of words. The latter half was commonly colloquial, simple, sometimes commonplace. It seemed to me that in prayer and meditation and communion with God, he had ascended some lofty elevation, some bright mount of vision; and when he entered the pulpit and announced his text he launched out, on bold, broad pinions, like an angel flying through the midst of the heavens." In his personal religious experience he was never demonstrative. His religion was deep and quiet. From the day he became a minister he never turned aside to pursue any other calling. He loved the work his Master had given him to do, and made it his one business. He knew by experience the trials and sorrows and disappointments of a preacher's life, yet on his dying bed he said, that if he could live his life over again, he would be a Methodist preacher still—the only change, greater loyalty to the Lord Jesus.



JOHN EARLY.

BY REV. LEONIDAS ROSSER, D.D.

JOHN EARLY was born in Bedford County, Va., January 1, 1786, and died at his own home in Lynchburgh, Va., November 5, 1873, aged nearly eighty-eight years—having lived almost a century in the most eventful period of American Methodism—an era of moral heroism second in resplendence only to the apostolic.

His parents were Baptists. At eighteen years of age, on April 22, 1804, he was converted under the powerful ministry of Stith Mead —joined the Methodist Church—was licensed to preach in 1806, and under the direction of the presiding elder began his ministry among the slaves of President Jefferson, and the poor. He was admitted on trial into the Virginia Conference in 1807, in 1809 was ordained deacon, in 1811 was ordained elder; and in 1813 and 1814 Bishops Asbury and M'Kendree, perceiving his administrative genius, appointed him Presiding Elder of the Meherrin District, extending then from Richmond to Lynchburgh. In 1815 he located to adjust his temporal affairs to his sacred work, and returned, with "every weight" laid aside, to his old district in 1821.

Now his zeal knew no bounds. His district flamed from end to end with great revivals. His eye scanned the whole field, and like a general he marshaled and led the hosts to triumph on every hand. I quote from authentic records: "On the Greenville Circuit he received five hundred members into the Church. At the memorable camp-meeting at Prospect, Prince Edward County, Va., to the august glory of which Weems, in his 'Life of Washington,' makes special reference, it is said, one thousand persons were converted in seven days." A volume might be written descriptive of the extraordinary revivals that attended and followed his labors wherever he went at this pentecostal period of Virginia Methodism. Meantime, his ability for organization and administration shone with equal luster, and was adequate to the demands of revival. What he reaped he gathered straightway

into the garner. Moreover, his great soul now flamed also with missionary fire. He organized five branches of the Missionary Society, and devised four others on his district. Hear him in his own words: "Cold is the heart that takes no interest in the missionary cause, especially if it be found among the prophets! Let my right hand forget its cunning, if I forget thee, O, Jerusalem! Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy!"

From 1824 to 1826, inclusive, he was Conference missionary; in 1827 he was one of the three preachers on Bedford Circuit, and in 1828 he was left without appointment at his own request. From 1829 to 1832 he was again at work as Presiding Elder. From 1833 to 1840, inclusive, he was Agent for Randolph Macon College. He was one of the committee, in 1825, who drew up a report on education, out of which the college grew. He was for many years the President of its Board of Trustees. From 1841 to 1846 he again appears as Presiding Elder on the Lynchburgh and Petersburgh Districts. This brought him down to the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in Petersburgh, Va., in 1846.

In 1812, but five years after his admission on trial into the Virginia Conference, he was sent as one of the eleven delegates to the first delegated General Conference, which met in the City of New York in 1812. He was a member of the General Conferences from 1828 to 1844. To his practical wisdom we owe, what have been aptly termed those time-saving and convenient institutions, Standing Committees.

The first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to meet the demands of the Southern Church for its publications—the Northern Book Concern not having paid the Southern Church its share—resolved on the enterprise of a Book Agency. A man of superior tact, experience, and capacity, was required, and John Early was elected as the man needed. He opened his office in Richmond, and carried on the work successfully until 1854, when the Publishing House was established in Nashville. In this agency he continued till he was elected Bishop, at the General Conference which met in Columbus, Ga., in 1854. Unaltered in resolution, undiminished in zeal, and inflexible in integrity, he continued actively engaged in the duties of the episcopacy till, at the General Conference in New

Orleans, in 1866, with Bishops Soule and Andrew, he was voted a superannuated relation. He was now in his eightieth year. But he did not cease to work, to the last demand of his high office, and the *last limit* of his mind and body, till he died.

I now quote at length from the "tribute" of the Virginia Conference to his memory, prepared by a special committee, and recorded on the Conference Journal:

In 1866—the year of his superannuation—he was severely hurt in a railroad accident, and for awhile it was feared he would die. The vigor of his constitution, however, triumphed, but left him greatly disabled. From that time onward to his death his physical forces gradually failed, and his public ministrations became less frequent. The opinion has often been expressed that but for the shock which his nervous system sustained by that accident, he would probably have reached his hundredth year. His tenacity of purpose and resoluteness of will often sustained him when other signs prophesied imminent death. The weight of years, and the repeated shocks of an old malady, at last wore him down, and on the morning of November 5, 1873, at a quarter to nine o'clock, he sweetly and calmly fell asleep, and passed away to the rewards of a well-spent life. For twelve months or more before his death he was unable to attend upon any of the public services of the Church. But through all his long confinement, and amid all its alternations of suffering and repose, he manifested a wonderful cheerfulness, patience, and resignation. The secret of these was found in his abiding, unshaken faith in God. He never seemed for a moment to question either the wisdom or goodness of God in his dealings with him.

As to death, he regarded his life-work as a preparation for it, and betrayed no fear of its approach. When he spoke of it, it was with a calm composure, and when he looked beyond it, it was often with the joyful anticipation of assured victory, and glorious greetings of the loved ones who had preceded him. There were several things which came out with such pleasing emphasis during the last years of his life, and down to the last week thereof, that they deserve mention in this paper.

First. We notice the readiness and zest with which he always entered into any act of religious worship. The visits of Christian friends, and especially his brethren in the ministry, the singing of the songs of Zion, and prayer around his family altar, or at his bedside, never failed to arouse the deeper responses of his soul.

Second. The frequency and fervor with which he spoke of his being at peace with his Maker and all men, were often touching, and especially to those who knew of the many trying and stormy periods of his active life. His noted strength of opinions, and independent boldness in their expression, had often led men to misconstrue his motives, misinterpret his spirit, and form harsh judg-

ments concerning him, and therein to antagonize him in both feeling and action. But over all these asperities, engendered by such conflict of judgments, his soul had triumphed, and its holy impulses had gathered in peaceful benediction upon all men.

Another feature marking him was, his fatherly spirit toward his younger brethren in the ministry. For them his tenderness seemed to deepen as his days grew apace; and his respectful and even deferential manner toward them gave a mellowing charm to his intercourse with them.

Then, too, there was conspicuous to the last his deep interest in the general prosperity of the Church. Truly his soul loved our Zion. In the opening up of our mission fields, and especially that in Mexico—in the growing prosperity of our educational interests, and especially that of Randolph Macon College—in the success of the ministry—in the signs of a growing spirit of unity between the different Protestant Churches—in the welfare of the young—he ever took the warmest interest, and of all these he was often wont to speak, and in such terms as showed the fires of a holy zeal still burning upon the altar of his heart, and they burned there to the last. Of him it may be truly said: "He had fought a good fight, and kept the faith." The result was, his end was peace. Quietly, from the bosom of his family, and from the home which had sheltered him for fifty years, he passed away to his heavenly home.

His death produced a profound impression upon the community of Lynchburgh. There, where he had been so long and so well known, his character had made a deep impression.

Presidents of the United States, governors of his own beloved State, politicians and citizens, had time and again invoked his superior practical wisdom for the management of important civil trusts, but he yielded to none save in an incidental way. Not that he was wanting in devotion to the material as well as the spiritual prosperity of his beloved State. But it is a significant fact, and one which serves to illustrate his remarkable character, that, while he responded to some of these calls, he never allowed them to interfere with his ministerial duties; nor did his participation in any public State interests compromise his standing and influence as a Christian minister. The natural result was, respect had blended with esteem until it ripened into veneration for him.

To strength of opinion and fearlessness in its expression, he had so uniformly added evidence of integrity and highmindedness as a Christian, that all classes, however different in their opinions, had learned to cherish him as a man, as a patriot, as a Christian, and as a faithful minister of the Gospel of Christ. When he died, therefore, public sentiment testified a great and good man had fallen.

His funeral obsequies furnished another evidence of the high esteem in which he was held. The closing of business houses and post-office; the adjournment by its judge of the Circuit Court, then in session; the public and private

expressions of grief, the large concourse at his funeral, all bespoke the public sense of loss occasioned by his death.

In other cities and places such action was taken by our ministers and people as shows that our one sentiment as a Church is, "A prince and a great man has fallen in Israel." His name had long been a household word through our borders. He was one of the great historic characters of American Methodism, and especially of Southern Methodism.

With this Conference he had been identified in labors and love for sixty-six years. But two of our members survive who entered the Conference before him, and none who so long were engaged in the active work of the ministry.

We therefore feel ourselves bereaved of an honored leader and a conspicuous landmark. But our rejoicing is this: That he was not only spared to us so long, but that the grace of God abounded toward his aged servant, and through a long and most eventful life enabled him to work a mighty work. Thousands were brought to Christ through his ministry; and his flaming zeal, his unshaken devotion, and his peaceful end, are the beacon lights to guide us, and the heritage of our memories over which we are given to rejoice, and through which, though dead, he yet speaketh. Of him we may well say—

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

In concluding this brief paper, we beg to offer the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That we receive with profound sensibility this visitation of God in the removal, by death, of our beloved Bishop; but recognizing the fact that our God doeth all things well, we bow with resignation to his sovereign will.

2. *Resolved*, That we recognize in Bishop Early a man of rare endowments, embodying originality and boldness without rashness, quickness of perception with caution in the formation of opinions, and developing in his life a tenacity of purpose based upon deep convictions, an unbending integrity, a fearless courage, a practical wisdom, and an executive power that gave to his character a force which was ever progressive yet always conservative, and which stamped him at once as a leader among men.

3. *Resolved*, That we recognize in him a Christian and a Minister of the Gospel of Christ, whose one watch-word through life was *Duty*, whose inspiration for the discharge of duty was Love, and who, in the performance of duty faltered at no sacrifice or danger, but through a long and most eventful life, in all the stations of high trust and grave responsibility to which his Church could call him, displayed a zeal worthy a disciple of Christ, and which showed that, in the work of the ministry, he amply met his highest ambition.

4. *Resolved*, That in his life of piety we have a cherished example for our imitation of Christian devotedness, and in his peaceful death another cheering encouragement to fidelity in our work as ministers of the Gospel of Christ.

5. *Resolved*, That as a Conference, with which he had been so long identified, we tender to his bereaved family our sympathies, and assurances of prayer for the richest blessings of their father's God to rest upon them.

John Early was one of the fathers of American Methodism, whose career from his earliest ministry proceeded on the only basis of an increasing and enduring fame. For sixty years occupying an uppermost seat in the supreme councils of the Church, he faithfully discharged the solemn trusts committed to him with a frank, firm, and undisguised integrity—an integrity which he never compromitted, and a responsibility which he never evaded. Always conspicuous with the foremost in promptly and prudently resisting every innovation attempted in constitutional Methodism, and always an incorruptible friend to civil liberty, he boldly opposed every effort of the ministry or membership that in the remotest manner tended to encroachment upon the civil jurisdiction of the country. In doctrine and deed he always wore the fresh and fadeless complexion of evangelical truth and republican purity—a countenance of majesty that inspired the timid with courage, and caused even obtrusive leaders of party feuds to retire. The influence of his presence in Church and State was a sort of inspiration, exciting a confidence which the most powerful eloquence and massive logic could not strengthen, and the most formidable opposition could not diminish—an effluence of character, the product and supporter of truth itself. "A very rock and pillar of the Church." A word from him was the index of past Methodism, and his judgment prophetic of her future history. Possessing wisdom, prudence, experience, sagacity, and firmness *—those higher qualities of true greatness—he was capable of estimating causes ever vigorously at work, and of determining their momentous results, however remote. His was not the heart to quail, nor the will to waver, nor the

* Dr. Bennett, editor of the "Richmond Christian Advocate," who last year visited the site of "the Great Camp-meeting" already referred to, says: "We have heard an incident of this meeting which is well worth preserving. It is authentic, as it was related only a few days since by the venerable Bishop Early to Rev. E. N. S. Blogg. On Tuesday of the meeting, after a sermon by Mr. Early, among many other penitents a young lady presented herself at the altar. In a few moments a young man entered the altar with horse-whip in hand, and, seizing the young lady, who was his sister, took her away. On Friday following, while Mr. Early was in the midst of his sermon, a young man rushed up to the stand, and catching hold of the preacher's coat, cried out: 'Stop, sir, stop, sir, pray for me, pray for me!' The minister paused, and looking him in the face, said: 'No, sir, no, sir; go and bring that young lady back you took from the altar, and we will pray for you.' He left, and in a few moments after re-appeared leading the young lady to the pulpit, and again asked the preacher to pray for him. 'No, sir,' said Mr. Early, 'not here; go and kneel down in the dust in the altar, and then we will pray for you.' They did so, and soon both were happily converted."

hand to tremble, nor the conscience to swerve, when those causes came before him for adjustment, direction, and control. Such as he was,

> "The rude and storm-vexed times required;
> A pilot formed by nature to command."

He was no abstractionist in theory or in action. Analysis and synthesis were intuitive and simultaneous with him, coalesced instantly in action, and then his constitutional resolution yielded only to impossibilities. His impetuosity in debate was grand. His soul was set on fire by the velocity of its purpose. He did not stop to consider whether he was impelled by his own innate energy or by the immediate inspiration of the Spirit, for the two so blended as to render the former indistinguishable, and both perfectly irresistible. Nor did he pause a moment for circumstance, obstacle, or opponent, however formidable, in the executions of his genius and faith. Never was a leader less dependent on others for his resources, his triumphs, or his fame.

Inspired by no provincial or selfish spirit, and profoundly conscious of the wisdom and justice of his convictions, he was content to refer his verdict to the future, and in that verdict he has long since not only had the satisfaction of his friends, but the approval of his opposers. At his grave friend, rival, and opponent meet and unite in the recognition of his greatness and his merit. Nor is this all. In the impartial exercises of the legitimate functions of his episcopal office, when he sometimes encountered the dissatisfaction of strong men in some of the Conferences, the general prosperity of the Church that followed was the convincing attestation of the Spirit to his wisdom and integrity. I have often heard it observed by old men of the Virginia Conference that no Bishop ever stationed the preachers in that Conference more wisely than Bishop Early did.

His preaching, if not always arrayed in the polished and refined graces of oratory, was always dignified, simple, and impressive, and sometimes, as in debate, perfectly overwhelming. He was convincing without the formulas of logic; persuasive without the embellishments of rhetoric; captivating without the decorations of learning; exhibiting native greatness, radiant with a resplendence divine. O, I have imagined him at times like Peter on the day of Pentecost, or John,

preaching the eternal word from the "secret places of thunder." The majesty of truth and the dignity of the sacred office he never compromised. Like his own character, the truth mysteriously, insensibly, and ofttimes irresistibly, subdued the largest and most polished assemblies, and thousands upon thousands of souls in his own Virginia were seals to his ministry. In confirmation of the power of his preaching in many places, he could employ the language of St. Paul to the Church at Corinth: "Am I not an apostle? . . . If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you: for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord." In a remarkable manner, truly, was his preaching accompanied with "signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds." Persons of all degrees and all tastes and all pursuits and all ages—the vain, the formal, the fashionable, the gay, the moral, the dissolute, the rich, the poor, the refined, the rude, the skeptic, the infidel, the backslider, the penitent, the Christian, the statesman, the politician, and the scholar—all have bowed before the uncontrollable power of his preaching. It is not surprising that from such scenes passing before his eyes his sagacity should have discovered and his judgment selected some of the most thrilling incidents, which he often interwove so appropriately and with such effect in his preaching as to elevate the soul to its acme of excitement—a faculty which few possess, and a method that sometimes produces more profound and lasting impression than the most brilliant oratory or the most persuasive elocution. His soul was fathomless with genuine religious enthusiasm, ever ready to guide the believer, old and young, as in a chariot of fire toward heaven, or interpose between the wicked and the infinite depths of hell. His large blue eye flashed with a tranquil luster, his powerful voice, like the blast of a trumpet, roused every feeling and shook every nerve; his erect and imperial form heaved with irrepressible emotion; and his countenance beamed with an intensity no words can describe, as he reached the crisis of his discourses and vanished in the dazzling glory that followed.

In 1858 I heard him preach at Amherst Court-house, Va. He was buoyant as in the prime of life. It was pleasant to follow his mind, gliding along, unfolding in beautiful simplicity and great force every part of the text. The sermon abounded with discriminations, illustrations, expositions, appeals, bursts of eloquence, flashes of rhet-

oric, and flights of commanding oratory—all his own—exhibiting conspicuously the solid excellences of the earlier Methodist preachers, and unequaled by the artificial refinements of his elegant sons around him. The crowded throng was overwhelmed by a sublime and tender power. He was one of the few men whose preaching filled me with unutterable tenderness and excited me to irrepressible tears.

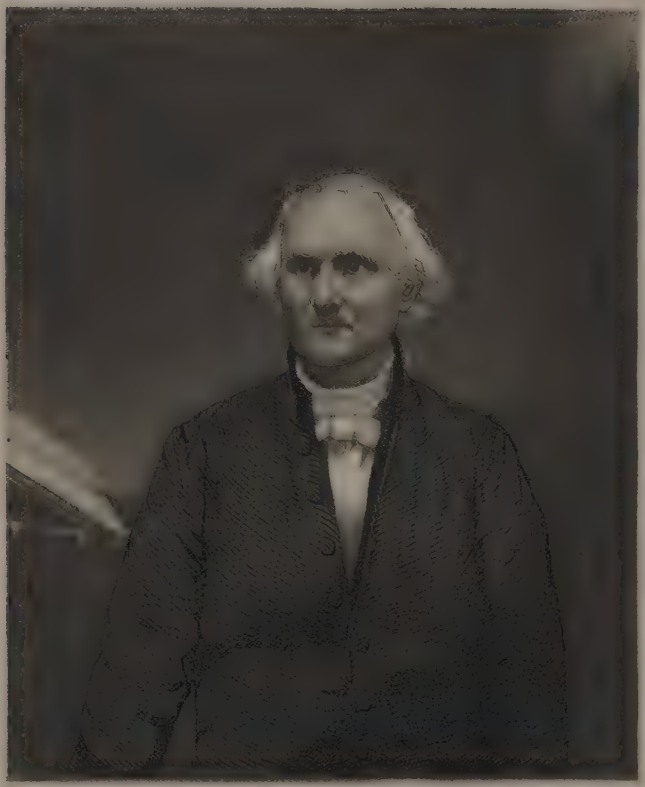
He was a revivalist of the highest order. It is generally conceded that he traveled more, had more souls converted under his ministry, and received more persons into the Church, than any of his contemporaries. Within one step of Wesley, inasmuch as he received the prophet's mantle from Asbury, he bore the torch of revival down to our day, and left it in our hands to illumine distant ages. Probably more ministers were converted under his preaching than can be claimed by any other man in America. O the greetings when he entered heaven! And his crown on the coronation day! And his place before the eternal throne!

Wilbur Fisk at the North and John Early at the South were among the first to initiate and promote a collegiate education in the Methodist ministry, and the Wesleyan University and Randolph Macon College are their enduring monuments. Yet it is a question of the greatest importance whether we have not lost more in zeal than we have gained in education; and declined in "the demonstration of the Spirit," as we have improved in "excellency of speech" and "enticing words of man's wisdom:" a consequence which Bishop Early by no means believed to be inevitable, and yet a danger which he foresaw impending, and against which, from the beginning, he uttered the most solemn admonitions and warnings, while he exerted his utmost to the last in behalf of his loved Randolph Macon College. May the colleges of to-day blaze with the old Methodist fire, like the burning bush, out of which God spoke!

Dr. Abel Stevens, in his "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," speaks of the subject of this memoir: John Early began "his public labors among Mr. Jefferson's slaves at Poplar Forest, and, notwithstanding his adherence to the policy of the Church South respecting the slavery controversy, he has been noted from the beginning for his interest in the religious welfare of the colored race. Possessing an iron constitution, a practical but ardent mind, a notably

resolute will, and habits rigorously systematic and laborious, he became a favorite coadjutor, a confidential counselor of Asbury, M'Kendree, Bruce, Jesse Lee, and their associate leaders of the denomination. He was a renowned, if not, indeed, a dreaded, disciplinarian. Every interest of the Church received his devoted and persistent attention. He was a chief founder of Randolph Macon College, and has continued to be its rector down to our day."

August man of God! One such as he were enough to immortalize an age. The memory of him is a living presence in our councils, our Churches, and at our firesides. His influence is a sort of omnipresence, checking our levity, restraining excess, and rebuking presumption. His body sleeps in the shadow of his own Blue Hills, but his spirit, like a presiding genius, abides with us, inalienable and venerable, pointing to the "old paths," and beckoning us onward.



William Capers.

BY REV. W. M. WIGHTMAN, D.D.

AMONG the eminent men who filled the Methodist pulpits of the South, and carried forward the Methodistic movement in the generation immediately succeeding Asbury and M'Kendree, William Capers holds no mean rank. He was born in South Carolina, in January, 1790. His father, who had been an officer in the war of the Revolution, became a Christian and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the first introduction of the ministry of that Church into South Carolina. He died late in 1812, and was a pattern of piety, illustrating in his life the consistency, simplicity, and power of religion, and on his death-bed its surpassing triumph. William passed through a childhood of innocence, simple pastimes, gladsome sympathies, in the happy world of a country home. As he grew up he had the training of suitable schools, and in his sixteenth year was admitted to the Sophomore class of the South Carolina College. Under the strain of excessive study, however, his health gave way, and he left college at the close of the Junior year. He then spent some time in the study of law; but before his admission to the bar the providence and Spirit of God opened before him a very different career. By the conversion of a dear sister and brother-in-law he was powerfully impressed with the truth and importance of spiritual religion, and led to seek most earnestly its manifestation in his own soul. In this state of mind, and in order "to break with the world" formally and entirely, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church; and in a few weeks after, at a Quarterly Meeting, he found the unspeakable blessing he had been seeking—"the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." He saw, felt, and knew that Christ was his, and that through him he had received the Spirit of grace, and was become a child of God. The conviction that he was called to preach soon became clear and strong. Following up these impressions of imperative duty, he abandoned law, and gave

himself to the work of the ministry. At a Conference held in Greene County, Ga., in December, 1808, and attended by Bishops Asbury and M'Kendree, he was admitted on trial in the South Carolina Conference. Few young men of his day had fairer worldly prospects. In addition to the social position of his family, his fine personal appearance and agreeable manners made him popular in all circles; and the force and variety of his intellect, together with the power of sustained mental application, promised ample success in the profession originally chosen. It was a very genuine conversion which led him to "break" with the world which held out to him the promise of a brilliant career, enhanced by the glamor thrown over it by youthful enthusiasm. Without a sigh he turned away from all this, and consecrated his life, while yet the sparkle was on its dewy morning, to that ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, "to testify the gospel of the grace of God." What things were gain to him he counted loss for Christ.

After four years of hard service on circuits and stations he was married to a charming young woman, gentle, refined, deeply pious, of noble courage and surpassing beauty. The town at which he was stationed this first year of his married life was one of the three in the Conference which possessed a parsonage. The building so called had two stories, the lower eight feet high, the upper just high enough to allow a man of ordinary height to stand upright with his hat off. So meager were the collections for his support that less than two hundred dollars was all that was paid him for the year's work; and, of course, private resources had to be drawn on. Yet I cannot doubt but that the "peace of God which passeth all understanding," and the smile of that beautiful young wife, turned the shanty into a palace. The first visitors who pronounced their benedictions upon the young housekeepers were Francis Asbury and his traveling companion, Henry Boehm. This year's work laid the foundation for a society which afterward reckoned among its members some of the best, most intelligent, and influential Methodists known anywhere.

The next circuit of Mr. Capers was among his relatives, where he required no parsonage, and where, of course, his abilities and disinterested zeal were highly appreciated. The year ran its course,

filled up with duty and usefulness; but its close brought the greatest trial and conflict of his earlier ministerial life. The Church made no adequate provision for family men; on the contrary, the usage then was for married preachers, after serving a year or two and exhausting their own means of support in making up deficiencies of salary, to retire honorably and quietly from the active service of the regular ministry, and sustain thenceforward the relation of located preachers —finding support in secular pursuits, exercising the ministerial functions only as occasion served. Mr. Capers was in the full vigor of early manhood. He had the promise of many years of distinguished usefulness before him. He had admiring friends who anticipated for him wide and noble influence; and besides, the vows of God were upon him to consecrate time, strength, and faculty to the exclusive work of the ministry. All the force of obligations of this sort was felt by him; yet, on the other hand, there was the usage of the Annual Conference of which he was a member; the stern fact that the Church at whose altars he was serving seemed oblivious of its part of the obligation. To think of being able to get on with a year's salary consisting of eighty dollars for himself and eighty dollars for his wife, with traveling expenses, and no more, was chimerical; and beyond this the Book of Discipline required no provision to be made. After much trouble of mind and anxious consideration he felt compelled to locate. His wife, when consulted, doubted, hesitated, and objected to his taking this step, and at last yielded with extreme reluctance, saying to her husband: "If you are clear in your mind, you must do it; but I fear you will do it too much on my account." And now a small farm that had been given him by his father before his marriage was put in working order. Things went on well until the close of the year. Then suddenly, at one sharp stroke, that lovely wife—the desire of his eyes, the idol of his heart—is taken from him. In the morning he had seen her, the perfection of beauty, the joy of his life; at night her spirit had fled! Enough of the farm now. The blow was sudden, but the solemn lesson was well improved. As soon as suitable arrangements could be made he resumed his great life-work, and thenceforth, to the end of life, he gave himself, talent and fortune, energy and activity, in full consecration to the sole work of the gospel ministry.

He was re-admitted into the South Carolina Annual Conference in 1818, having married again—this time, also, very happily. This lady, whom I long knew and honored highly, possessed eminently many of the qualities required in the wife of a Methodist traveling preacher. She had a fine face, a sweet voice, an excellent judgment, an amiable temper, a noble endurance, and the spirit of unreserved self-sacrifice. She loved God with all her heart, and was to her husband a wife who did him "good and not evil, all the days of her life." She survived him but a few years, and died in Charleston, S. C., in 1860, in the arms of a beloved son who had just been repeating for her the beautiful lines beginning, "Over the river they beckon to me."

In 1820 Mr. Capers was elected a delegate to the General Conference held in Baltimore, and at once took rank in that body as an able debater and man of affairs. The year before, he had been stationed at Savannah, Ga. He had crowded congregations, preached three times on Sunday, and, besides one or two prayer-meetings, preached on Wednesday evenings, and visited the classes weekly. When the sickly season came on, yellow fever desolated the city. Day and night he was in the thick of the pestilence, ministering to the sick and dying. This endeared him greatly to the community. Among those who died that autumn was a distinguished and noble minister of a large Congregationalist Church, Dr. Kollock. Mr. Capers was sincerely attached to him, and during his illness preached for him once on every Sunday. After the doctor's death the pastorship of the Church was respectfully tendered to him. The position was highly influential. It involved no sacrifice of doctrinal views. The salary offered was among the highest at that time paid to any minister in the United States. But this exchange of the hard, ever-shifting, poorly-paid service of a Methodist traveling preacher, for affluence, a permanent home, and high social respectability, he declined without hesitation.

Mr. Capers was always very popular with the colored people. He was ever deeply solicitous for their religious welfare. Some of them were highly esteemed by him as men of intelligence and piety, who read the Scriptures and understood them, were consistent professors of religion, and zealous for its spread among people of

their own color. The most remarkable of all whom he had known was Henry Evans, of Fayetteville, N. C. Evans was, confessedly, the father of the Methodist Church, white and black, in that town.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in New York in 1819, and at the General Conference held the next year the Constitution was amended, and branch societies were recommended to be formed in all the Annual Conferences. The first mission established was among the Wyandot Indians in Ohio. The next was a mission in the South—to the Creek Indians, who then occupied lands east and west of the Chattahoochee River, in Georgia and Alabama. In 1821, at the session of the South Carolina Conference, which then embraced Georgia, Mr. Capers was selected by Bishop M'Kendree to set on foot this mission. He gave, during a couple of years, his full strength and time to its establishment. Protracted absences from his family, long journeys on horseback, and no small amount of preaching in Georgia and South Carolina, were involved. This was the earliest illustration of that noble devotion to the cause of missions which characterized his whole life. He continued superintendent of the mission a couple of years longer, though stationed at Milledgeville, Ga. He was a member of the General Conferences of 1824 and 1828. At the latter of these he was elected as the Representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the British Wesleyan Conference. The duties of this honorable mission he discharged to the great satisfaction of the English Methodists. He had the ease and elegance of finished manners, a simple and devout spirit, fine conversational powers, and the charm of genuine eloquence in the pulpit. The Conference assured him, in one of their resolutions, that he should long retain a high place in their affectionate remembrance.

He had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Bunting, who was President of the Conference, preach; and pronounced him the finest preacher he had ever heard. He spent an afternoon and night with Dr. Adam Clarke, at Haydon Hall. He describes the doctor's manners as being "as easy, playful, and familiar, as can be conceived; such as in turn would equally interest a scholar and a child. In preaching, his utterance is rapid, and his language always clear, strong, and simple." This visit was just four years before Dr. Clarke's death. Dr. Newton is

mentioned as "the Apollos of the Wesleyan Methodists as a public speaker, and particularly so on the platform. His manners are very dignified, and yet exceedingly pleasant; he converses freely, is very witty, and full of anecdote, and is a finished gentleman as well as a very able man." Of Richard Watson: "Such a forehead as Mr. Watson's I never looked at in my life. He is very thin and pale, with a wan face which looks even narrower than it might be on account of the unusual size of his forehead. Mr. Watson is rather above six feet high, but I suppose he would not weigh much, if any thing, more than I do. He is acknowledged on all hands to be the ablest man in the Connection."

Shortly after Mr. Capers's return to the United States the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him; and he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy and Belles-lettres in Franklin College, the State Institution of Georgia. A year or two afterward the Presidency of La Grange College was offered him. These honorable positions, however, he declined to accept.

Dr. Capers had now been preaching some twenty years. He was in the prime of his powers, and had a national reputation. Suppose we pause, and inquire as to the leading characteristics of that preaching.

Beginning with the *physique:* he had in great perfection the natural elements which go to make up the pulpit orator, and which give vast power over popular assemblies. He was a fine-looking man. His face was strikingly handsome; his forehead finely molded; his eye lustrous, black, and full of power; his chin delicate, but firm-set; his hands and his feet were small. Every movement was graceful, natural, utterly free from affectation. He had the ease of the most refined breeding, the composure of entire self-possession. His voice, while it had compass enough to be heard distinctly by more than a thousand listeners, was yet sweet and musical; its tones always on the right key; its management always under perfect control. So that it was a matter of pleasure to a popular assembly just to look at and listen to him.

The time and sphere allotted him by the providence of God, in the great movements of American Methodism, called for clear, strong, extemporaneous preaching; for a vigorous, masculine, intellectual faculty; for keen and quick observation, profound knowledge of men, and the

power of sustained activity. Amid the constant changes and the miscellaneous engagements of a traveling preacher forty or fifty years ago, severe systematic study was very much out of the question. Dr. Capers was far more a man of vigorous, original thinking, than a man of books. His reading was select, and embraced only a few of the masterpieces of sacred literature, Jeremy Taylor being among his favorite authors. He appreciated high scholarship; but he made no pretensions to extensive and various learning, the result of nothing less than years of patient study.

He had trained himself to rapid mental combinations—to the readiness and alertness which come from concentrated reflection. The rules which influenced his practice early in his ministry, he tells us, were to keep strictly to the text, never bringing in matter which did not directly spring from it; to keep the mind constantly directed to the subject of preaching, and so to conduct reading and thinking as to be on the alert to find preaching matter; and after preaching a sermon, to "put out the tracks" as soon as possible by not recollecting any thing of it. "To be an off-hand preacher"—such was his view of the matter—"requires indispensably that one keep his work always in mind, and so actively as to press into his service for the pulpit whatever may be desirable for it. And if one would have new matter in every discourse, he must look for it in what has come under his observation in books, in men, in every thing he has met with since he preached last. But, above all things else, it is by studying the Scriptures with an active preaching mind, that we may bring forth to effect things new and old in all our pulpit efforts."

His preaching, the result of the habitual application of such rules, was strictly extemporaneous, aided by no manuscript or brief, grounded on no *memoriter* preparations. He never used formal divisions or subdivisions of his subject. He discussed the great principle or lesson of his text with no artificial helps of heads of discourse formally announced. This leading principle once attained, formed the main point of view of the discourse. The powers of clear discrimination, fertile illustration, earnest appeal to the conscience, were brought into play to unfold the relations of the main point, and to give effect to the truths involved. Occasionally, but not often, you heard the grand thunder. It must be some camp-meeting scene, some special call upon

the deep emotions—then his eloquence "flew on eagle flight, forth and right on."

Several very remarkable instances of the sort occurred in his earlier ministry. Ordinarily, in the place of vehement, irresistible impulse, and torrent-like rush of thought and emotion, there was the more refined, graceful, and self-restrained delivery. Fancy, indeed, distinguished his mind, rather than imagination. His preaching partook, for the most part, not so much of the grand as of the pleasing and instructive. It reminded you of a beautiful summer sunrise, with the sparkle of its dew-drops, and its breezy freshness, rather than of the sea swept by mighty winds, and "deep calling unto deep." Bishop George F. Pierce—a prince among pulpit orators—says of his preaching:

> At other times he was transfigured. His very form dilated, his eye beamed with celestial beauty, soft with the light of love, yet radiant with the joy of his rapt and ravished spirit, and his voice, mellowed by emotion, spell-bound while it inspired the heaving multitude. When the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, when the angel touched his lips with a coal from the altar, O, he was a charming preacher! I have heard him, when the consolations of the Gospel distilled from his tongue as honey from the rock, and the message of salvation came down like the angelic song upon the shepherds of Bethlehem. Anon, I have seen him clothe himself with terrible majesty, as when a prophet proclaimed the vengeance of the Almighty; and then the thunder of the violated law from his lips pealed like the trump of doom, and the pallid, awe-struck assembly told that the preacher had power with God, and had prevailed.

I need hardly add, that Dr. Capers's preaching was always evangelical, in the strict and proper sense of that somewhat abused word. He had realized in his own soul the divine life. He knew as the result of personal consciousness and daily experience, "the new and living way to God by the blood of Jesus." He had the spiritual insight that comes of deep spiritual life. He gave utterance, therefore, to what he considered no doubtful speculations, when he declared the freeness and fullness of Christ's atoning sacrifice as the ground of man's justification, and the power and grace of the Holy Ghost as the efficient cause of man's regeneration and sanctification. He held the essentially simple and grand Methodistic point of view—justification by faith alone to all who feel their guilt and danger and turn from sin with the repentance of a broken and contrite heart; faith, as

a personal trust in, and commitment of the soul to, Christ, for present salvation; the promise of God, as sufficiently free and ample to warrant an instant application to Christ for salvation; the witness of pardon by the Holy Spirit, as the common privilege of believers; this comforting assurance being maintained by the lively exercise of the same faith which justifies the soul; the result of the whole, holiness and usefulness here, and eternal life in the world to come. These doctrinal rudiments, which throw their blended glory around the cross of Christ, constituted, in ample variety, richness, and force of application, the Gospel preached by this eminent man.

Dr. Capers's reverence for revealed truth was sincere and profound. The speculative faculty in his mental constitution was held in strict subordination to the "mind of the Spirit," as presented in the word of God. In matters of religious faith he subscribed, *ex animo*, to the fine sentiment of Richard Watson: "Where eternal reason has not beamed, human reason cannot be enlightened." Accordingly, where the heavenly illumination stopped, he stopped. He felt no anxious longing to overstep the limits which separate the unknown from the known. The bounds beyond which all things are dark and impenetrable, were clearly discerned by him; and no mental appetite urged him on to break through and attempt to gaze. That Christianity was from heaven, he had the most irrefragable of proofs—he had *tried* it and found it *divine*. Satisfied with the authority of Scripture, his mind sought, with becoming humility and dependence on God, to find out, by comparing Scripture with Scripture, the principal sense, the great substance and body of truth, therein revealed. This furnished him materials for preaching.

How necessary he judged the office and work of the Holy Spirit to be in all successful preaching his own words will strikingly set forth:

> The Gospel is the vehicle of the gracious power of the Holy Ghost, and is nothing less. To *preach* the Gospel is to set this vehicle in motion. It is enjoined to be preached because the Holy is in it; and for this cause, and no other, it ought to be preached to "every creature," at any cost; life itself being despised for it. Yes, the Gospel which Christ has commanded to be preached conveys to men actual salvation—forgiveness and regeneration and sanctification, by the Holy Ghost, whose word it is. "Quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword," how little is it like the poor stuff of preaching, which, alas! has come in place of it.

These were the views Dr. Capers entertained, both of the Gospel itself and of the spirit in which it should be preached. His testimony to the kind and quality of the primitive Methodist preaching of this country is worth considering:

Methodism was neither poverty nor rags, nor a clown's coat and blundering speech, nor an unfurnished, half-provisioned house or no house at all for the preacher; but it was the Gospel simply believed and faithfully followed, and earnestly, vehemently insisted on. It was powerful, not because it was poor, but because it was the living, breathing, active, urgent testimony of the Gospel of the Son of God. It apprehended Christ's presence, and took hold on his authority to perform its work. Its every utterance was a "Thus saith the Lord." The Bible, the Bible, was ever on its lips. Nothing but the Bible, and just as the Bible holds it, was its testimony of truth. It was all spiritual, experimental, practical; not speculative, abstracted, or metaphysical. When it preached, it was to testify of "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ;" and to both, and to every degree of both, for the time present. When it exhorted, it was to enforce its preaching, as it ever saw sinners sporting on the brink of a precipice and believers in danger of being seduced from their duty and safety. And, preaching or exhorting, its inexhaustible argument was, eternity; eternity at hand—an eternity of heaven or hell for every soul of man. Its great element was spirituality—a spirituality not to be reached by a sublimating mental process, but by a hearty entertaining of the truths of the Gospel as they challenge the conscience, and appeal to the heart for credence in the name of Christ crucified, whenever and wherever the Gospel is preached. And this, together with a moral discipline answering to it, I understand to be Methodism still, and God forbid there should come any other in its name.

With profound convictions of this sort, no wonder that his ministry never made the attempt to plunge into the vortexes of transcendental metaphysics, nor wound its painful way through the labyrinths of ontological science; that it affected neither casuistic subtleties nor psychological speculation. Nor did that ministry seek to awaken the poetic susceptibilities of our nature, and afford mere delight to taste and imagination. On the contrary, it insisted with all possible urgency on the necessity of that spiritual change which produces a holy life in this dark, polluted world; which leads us "to worship God in the spirit, to rejoice in Christ Jesus, and to have no confidence in the flesh." A very genuine humility characterized and imbued his whole spirit in the pulpit and out of it. The celebrated Harriet Martineau, when in South Carolina years ago, expressed to a

friend of Dr. Capers a strong desire to hear him preach. To the inquiry of this friend the doctor returned the following note:

I expect to preach in the morning—a poor stick for such a service. If Miss Martineau pleases, she may come to *hear me*. She would do better, though, would she simply come to hear the Lord's commands, not minding the mouth through which they may have utterance.

Miss Martineau did go, and was deeply impressed as well as charmed by the sermon she heard.

He was, for a year or two, editor of the "Southern Christian Advocate," exhibiting a manly vigor and well-sustained ability; but he was adapted neither by temperament nor taste to this department of Church work. As soon as it became practicable he gave up to other hands the management of the paper, and at the General Conference of 1840 received the appointment of Missionary Secretary for the South. For several years he was actively and incessantly engaged in the laborious duties of this office. His name is identified, however, most honorably with a particular department of this missionary work, commenced a few years before, which embraced the blacks on the rice and cotton plantations of the low country of the Carolinas and Georgia. The colored population of the cities and healthier portions of the country had access every-where to Church privileges—to the enlightening and elevating influences which go along with a Christian civilization. But this was not the case in the localities just mentioned. On the large plantations which lined the river deltas you might find thousands of Africans, descendants of those brought into the country in the time of the slave-trade, and who enjoyed a congenial climate where scarce a score of white persons could live at all during half the year. Religiously considered, their condition was little better than in Africa. This state of things was matter of great concern to Dr. Capers. The providence of God opened the way into this important field of missionary operations; and the doctor, at that time Presiding Elder of the Charleston District, was led to take the preliminary measures necessary to the establishment of missions among these blacks at the instance of the Hon. Charles C. Pinckney, and other gentlemen owning large properties. Two mission stations were set on foot at the next session of the South Carolina Conference, to which two of the preachers of the Conference were sent—the whole arrange-

ment being under the supervision of Dr. Capers. One of these missionaries died at his post in the succeeding autumn, from fever contracted by exposure in the swamps where his mission lay. In 1833 there were 4 missions, with 4 missionaries, and a membership of 1,495. The missionary collections for this work amounted to $2,247. In 1843 the missionary stations amounted to 14, served by 12 preachers; the number of members 6,110, and the revenue $10,155. In 1853 there were 22 missions, 29 missionaries, 11,653 members of the Church, and the collections taken for the support of the missions had reached $25,049. By the close of the next decade it appeared that little less than a half million of dollars had been contributed in all for this object in the South Carolina Conference alone. These statistics will show that no small measure of interest was felt during those thirty years in the religious welfare of even the most destitute of the African population. In 1845 Dr. Capers said in one of his reports:

> We are more than ever convinced of our bounden duty, and we feel it deeply at heart, to preach the Gospel to the slaves throughout the country, and in doing so to adapt our ministrations to their peculiar wants, that we labor not in vain. And we exhort the missionaries who stand foremost in this godly work to take courage, to be diligent, using plain language, (but never what is mean and broken,) as well in their sermons and exhortations as in their ordinary intercourse with their people; teaching them patiently and with great pains the way of life. And in view of the greatness and difficulty of this work, we repeat to them the expression of our decided judgment, that too much of their time can hardly be devoted to catechetical instruction, both to adults and children; and we add that this, in connection with preaching and visiting the sick, must make it necessary for a missionary to be employed not less than four or five days in every week continually, if not all his time.

This will serve to show the profound interest felt by Dr. Capers in this department of the missionary work, and the judicious measures advocated and put in operation by him to promote the religious welfare of the colored population of the Southern country. He held the appointment of Missionary Secretary for the South from 1840 to the time of his election to the episcopate.

This election took place at the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held at Petersburgh, Va., in May, 1846. The venerable Joshua Soule presided at the solemn service of the ordination, Bishop Andrew taking part. This honor came,

as all others before had come, unsought—the spontaneous testimonial on the part of his brethren of their esteem for his character and past services; of their confidence in his ability to discharge faithfully and well the duties of this highest position in the Church. The same scrupulous delicacy and nice sense of propriety which had characterized him through life marked his conduct in reference to this election. Writing to his wife on the occasion, after expressing the surprise to himself which the occurrence had produced, he says:

I felt that the favor of God and the confidence of the Church was our best estate, and best patrimony for our children; and whether or not, I dare not, I would not draw back. To-day I feel that we are on the altar together; and O, have I not felt that "the altar sanctifieth the gift?" I have only to cast all my care on God, all my multiform unworthiness on his divine goodness and condescension in Christ, and go on. I have so reverenced the work and office of a Bishop and the Bishops themselves that that itself embarrasses me. I cannot feel myself a Bishop; but, thank God! I feel what is better—an abiding sense of being accepted of him, in an humble and sincere devotion of myself without stint, to his service.

For nine years he filled the responsible office, maintaining, with blended dignity and kindness, and with undeviating fidelity, the form of sound words and godly discipline which had been intrusted to his keeping at his ordination—a precious deposit from the fathers of the Church. His official visitations embraced all the Annual Conferences in the Connection, first and last. Several of his tours were made, for the most part, on horseback. Referring to his second tour of visitations, which carried him to Arkansas and Texas, he makes pleasant mention of his horse:

I rode him a thousand miles, over mountains not a few, without his once stumbling with me, though he could not have been much used before I got him, being under five years old; and he was equal to the best of horses I traveled with, and, except one, decidedly superior as a traveler, both for the easiness of his action and his progress on the road. A pleasant horse was Mac, and very lucky was I in procuring him. White, nearly every hair of him, just fifteen hands high, thin-shouldered, deep-chested, light-footed. Bought and sold for sixty dollars.

If in these days of railroads Methodist preachers had the use for horses which their fathers had, it might be worth while to emphasize the points of a good riding-horse laid down by the Bishop.

Just before his sixtieth birthday, he completed his fourth round of episcopal visitations. He refers to the superintending providence of God during this tour in the following words:

After the manner of the most kind Providence, which has attended me all along the way of my journeying from the beginning till now, I have threaded the dangerous navigation of the Red River, up and down, from New Orleans to Shreveport and back again, without port or haven. Every boat, I was told, that had ascended Red River this season, not excepting the one after me, lost some passengers by cholera; but my boat, and one of the worst and dirtiest I was ever on, though crowded to excess, so that the clerk told me we had, little and big, black and white, five hundred passengers on board, had not one case. One old man died on board of asthma. I have no asthma. What is to come may well be confided to the "will Divine;" but in all my traveling for more than forty years, by stage-coach, by railroad, by ship, and by steamboat, no accident has ever happened to hurt me, or any one else traveling with me, to this day. Verily, there is a Providence which watches over men.

The last year or two of the good Bishop's second quadrennial term were marked by occasional ill health and the advancing feebleness brought on by exacting labors at his time of life. Nevertheless, he faltered not in his course. He had finished his tour of annual visitations, and had returned home in comfortable health and excellent spirits, and with the prospect before him of several years of service to the Church, when he was suddenly attacked on the midnight of January 25, 1855—the day on which he completed his sixty-fifth year—with *angina pectoris*, and after an illness of three days, at sunrise on the 29th, he finished his course and entered into his rest—"the joy of his Lord." When the attack of illness first came, his two daughters were awakened by their mother calling to them in great alarm. They hastened to the Bishop's room and found him sitting up, but suffering great agony. He said, "My precious children, give me up to God. O that more of you were here! But I bless God that I have so lately seen you all." Then turning to his daughter Mary, he said: "I want you to finish my minutes to-morrow, and send them off." The preparation of those minutes of his last Conference was the last official act of his life; and it is touching to observe how his habits of promptness, punctuality, and order were manifested at a crisis so solemn. A physician was soon with him, and succeeded in producing temporary relief. After being removed to his bed, he asked

the hour, and on being told, said: "What, only three hours since I have been suffering such torture? Only three hours! What, then, must be the voice of the bird that cries 'Eternity, eternity,'" (referring, no doubt, to a strange occurrence mentioned in the writings of Melanchthon.) "Three hours have taken away *all but my religion!*" Yes, all but his religion. Darkness lay upon the valley and foot-hills now; but the Alpine summits were all aglow with celestial radiance!

During the next day he suffered much, but was constantly engaged in prayer, especially for his family. On Sunday he was better. At daylight the next morning Dr. Jones, his son-in-law, who had come from his circuit the night before, approached his bedside and inquired how he was. He answered, "I feel decidedly better, and would like to get up that your mother may be able to sleep." Dr. Jones said: "The doctor wishes you to take a small dose of castor oil."

"Well," said he, "give it to me in a table-spoon, for I have no taste."

Being assisted to raise himself, he took the spoon, drank the oil, then took a tumbler of water and rinsed his mouth over a basin. Mrs. Capers turned from the bed to put aside the tumbler and basin, and in a moment he breathed his last. His countenance expressed the utmost composure; no single sigh or convulsive movement marked the approach of death. Gently as dies the latest whisper of summer winds, his life passed away. His fond and faithful wife could not believe that this was death. She thought it must be only a fainting fit, and that she should again see the light of those dear eyes, and once more hear the voice of her beloved husband. All the restoratives within reach were applied for some time in the hopeless endeavor to recover him to consciousness. But the pleadings of affection fell on "the cold, dull ear of death." The immortal spirit had joined the innumerable company before the throne!

Thus ended the long and brilliant career of this great man. The whole course of his ministry tended to the edification of the Church. He was meant by the divine Head of the Church to be a standard-bearer in the host, and so he was. His large views, his catholic spirit, his eminent abilities, his powers of action and endurance, his readiness to submit, for the Gospel's sake, to privation, hardship, self-

sacrifice; his loyalty to Christ; his disinterested attachment to the itinerant ministry, proof against all assaults from without, all fears from within; a character spotless, well poised, mighty in influence, exhibiting from first to last the highest forms of virtue, holiness, and usefulness—all this placed William Capers, in the midst of his own generation, as a shining pillar hung around with trophies of victory, and will make his name illustrious in the coming generations.

Henry Bidleman Bascom.

BY REV. W. H. MILBURN, D.D.

HENRY BIDLEMAN BASCOM, who for nearly forty years did the work of a Methodist preacher on circuits, in stations and agencies, in colleges, and for a few months filled the office of Bishop, was born on the 27th of May, 1796, and died on the 8th of September, 1850, aged a little over fifty-four years. Few men in this country have filled a larger space in the admiration and love of their contemporaries, but aftertimes will be obliged to accept tradition as the guarantee of his greatness, for he has left nothing in print to justify his fame. One reads with pain, not to say shame, the feeble and distorted praise of newspapers which his biographer has sprinkled through his memoirs, and would gladly accept in lieu of the glamour which genius cast upon a gaping crowd, the calm judgment of an appreciative hearer. Toward the close of his life I knew and loved him well, and in telling the story of his career, and stating an estimate of his powers and character, must be allowed to do so as one who feels that his was one of the sweetest and noblest souls that ever looked through human eyes.

Bascom was born amid the picturesque scenery of Delaware County, N. Y., when that region was almost a wilderness. By his father's side the blood of the Huguenots was in his veins, which accounted for his vivacity and brilliancy of speech and action, and for much of the trouble and misconception which he encountered through life. The Bascoms left France while the religious wars were raging, and found an asylum in the north of England, whence his ancestor emigrated in 1650, during the troubles with the Protectorate, and settled in Northampton, Massachusetts. Thence Henry's father, Alpheus, removed beyond the Catskills to settle on the beautiful banks of the East Fork of the Delaware, and here he found Hannah Houk, the first of his three wives. She was of German descent, and is spoken of as comely in person, sweet in temper, of rare grace and excellence as wife and

mother. She bore eight children to Alpheus Bascom, of whom Henry was the second; and the fond hold which she took of his heart was only loosened more than five and thirty years after her own decease, when the hand of death stilled his pulse.

Mountains were the friends of his boyhood, and the clear flowing stream taught him many a lesson, deep and long. Hunters and raftsmen were the only guests at his father's fireside, and poverty was among his earliest acquaintances. But fine blood went out and in the portals of his heart; his form, cast in Nature's finest mold, grew sinewy and strong; his senses, vivid and alert in the discipline of border life; while his quick eye grew sensitive to Nature's forms of beauty and majesty around him, clad in the year's ever-shifting hues; and the mind, with her best nurse, Contemplation, in those solitudes found scope "to plume her feathers and let grow her wings." Toil, self-reliance, and self-denial were the rigorous lessons of his early years, but sweetened and made easy by his mother's love and his reverent obedience to his father's word. A dame's school and a few months with a cruel master were his only opportunity for a lettered tuition until his eighth year, and then four years at school in Greenwich, New Jersey, across the river from Easton-on-the-Delaware, completed his academic training. When twelve years of age he removed with his father's family to Little Valley, on the banks of the Alleghany, in South-western New York, and thenceforth Bascom knew the schoolroom no more until he entered the halls of Madison and Augusta Colleges as a professor. The region of late so famous for the production of petroleum, where so many men have "struck oil," which has been the means of self-indulgence, luxury, and ruin, was where Henry found the oil that filled the lamps of the wise virgins, by whose light they entered the marriage supper with the bridegroom. In this wild district, peopled by a few whites and a large body of Seneca Indians, where the love of Christ was preached only by a few Methodist circuit-riders and exhorters, the poor, illiterate and friendless boy obtained the pearl of great price, and was able to testify from the depth of a regenerate heart and life that God had, for Christ's sake, pardoned his sins. This sweetest, strongest sense the human soul can know decided his career and shaped his future. Boy as he was, the passion seized him to proclaim the unsearchable riches of

Christ, that he might lead men to repentance. For this purpose he performed long journeys on foot through the wilderness, and soon, by his zeal and fluency, attracted the notice and then gained the regard of Mr. Gilmore, somewhat older than Henry, by trade a pump-maker, but at the same time a licensed Methodist exhorter. His friendship took a definite shape in an offer to teach Henry his craft, to take him as a partner, and also to become his tutor in theology. Together they crossed the mountains on foot—a weary way—and spent the summer on the west branch of the Susquehanna, gaining two or three dollars a day by pump-making, and also trying to draw water from the well of life. They gave all the time they could spare from the labor of their hands to prayer and study, to prepare them for their abundant public labors in school-houses and in private houses, which were thronged with large gatherings of people drawn by the fame of the boy preacher. Not often has it happened that precocity has developed into real greatness, for boy preachers generally die before their time, or give their friends reason to wish they had.

Alpheus Bascom seems to have been an unprosperous man—about this time like a rolling stone—for in the following year we find him removing with his family to the neighborhood of Maysville, Kentucky; and a few months later across the river into Ohio, five miles on the road to Ripley. Through these changes of scene, the temptations of flat-boat life, the stern exactions of poverty and farm labor, Henry's purpose held firm, nor did it falter through all the after years of discouragement and trial. It seemed as if a fire was in his bones, and he could not rest until it kindled the hearts of others.

The old Western Conference, which included within its bounds the whole valley of the Mississippi, had been divided at the General Conference of 1812 into the Tennessee and Ohio Conferences, and in September of that year the latter was to hold its session in Chillicothe. I can remember the interest, made up of admiration, love, and reverence, which used to glow in my boyish breast in the gathering of the way-worn veterans of the saddle-bags on the frontier, and can, therefore, understand Bascom's feelings when, in September, 1812, he went to Maysville to meet the preachers on their way to Conference. Saturday night came, but none of the brethren had arrived, and young Bascom was "put up" to exhort. His discourse astonished the con-

gregation, and made no little talk in the village. The next morning the brethren came pouring in, and William M'Mahon, one of the young men of promise, preached. While thus engaged he noticed a remarkably handsome youth, whose flashing eye and mantling cheek told how deep was his interest in the sermon. After the service he asked who the lad was, and heard for the first time the name of Bascom, and, moreover, of his startling exhortation the night before. He sought him at once, and in time the souls of these men were knitted together as were those of David and Jonathan.

Henry had long desired to attend the Conference, but had no outfit, and his father was too poor to furnish one. A neighbor having offered him work, he had spent the preceding summer in the woods with his ax, felling trees and splitting rails at the rate of twenty-five cents a hundred. His horse, saddle, bridle, saddle-bags, and wardrobe being thus provided, he was now ready for a ride to Chillicothe to see and hear the venerable Asbury, the great M'Kendree, and the company of backwoods preachers, more illustrious to his imagination than the paladins of the Round Table or the knights of chivalry. Bascom gladly accepted M'Mahon's invitation to become his traveling companion to the Conference. Arrived at Chillicothe, the preacher in charge curtly informed them that provision was made only for members of the Conferences, and as Bascom was nothing but an exhorter he was turning away with a flushed cheek and wounded heart for a lonely ride home, when M'Mahon happily bethought him to inquire of the *brusque* parson who was to share his bed; and, informed that he had it alone, asked Bascom to share it with him; and thus the boy attended his first Conference. That year he traveled Brush Creek Circuit, in which his father lived, and the next, 1813, was received as a preacher on trial, and appointed to Deer Creek Circuit. It is not my purpose to follow him through the list of his appointments, nor to narrate all his trials and dangers from hardships, exposure from wild beasts and wilder men, and, hardest to bear of all, from the prejudice and ill-will of his brethren. Many were his perils and hair-breadth escapes by flood and field. He was chased by Indians, and to save himself was obliged to force his horse through a river filled with floating ice, and he emerged unscathed, but in a frozen coat of mail. He was chased by wolves and barely escaped with life;

had a fight with a bear, in which Bruin had well-nigh been victorious, and the voice of the future great preacher silenced. On the wintry mountain's side his bed has been a hollow tree, while night was made hideous with the howling of wolves. Once he barely escaped death from a panther; and again his guard at night, through a mountain fastness beset with wild beasts, was two stout, ruddy-cheeked damsels, armed with clubs and attended by a pack of dogs. His way lay through pathless forests, through tangled thickets of undergrowth, over trackless mountains and treacherous quagmires, through fever-breeding swamps and bottoms, "where pestilence walked in darkness and destruction wasted at noon-day."

His studies were pursued on horseback in the forest glade beset by wild-cats and rattlesnakes, or in the settler's cabin, where snapping hounds, crying children, a scolding woman, and a growling squatter, taxed his powers of concentration by day, and the snoring at night was the musical undertone as he lay prone on the hearth, trying to follow the page by the dubious light of a quivering pine-knot. It was his misfortune, at least so many of his brethren esteemed it, to be uncommonly handsome, and they seemed disposed to visit it upon him as a fault. It may be doubted whether a person of nobler and more imposing aspect has been clad in the habiliments of modern society; and had he lived among the old beauty-loving Greeks, his faultless form would have lent grace to many an antique statue, whose torso might have told the later world how divine was Phidias's dream of manly beauty. But an Apollo in homespun was not the man for a Methodist preacher, whispered the old brethren. Dear old heroes! Lofty in courage, valiant in self-sacrifice, glorious in achievement and endurance, worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance! but it must be confessed they were a little narrow. Lithe and sinewy as an Indian, buoyant of step, his frame instinct with grace and dignity; his kingly head carried in kingly wise; his large dark eye the organ of expression to every mood, from the dreamy calm of meditation to the lightning flash of inspiration; his features as perfect as if chiseled by the hand of a master; his high broad forehead wreathed with a crown of glossy black hair; every attitude and gesture spontaneous, yet commanding; he arrested every eye, and as he passed, you instinctively turned to gaze upon him until the crowd hid him from your sight. I have been told by persons

who lived in Lexington, Kentucky, his home for many years, where he was as well known as was Henry Clay, that in his daily walks every man, woman, and child, white and black, to whom he was familiar as a household word, would stop and turn to look at him again as they had done a thousand times before. Custom could not stale nor familiarity blunt their admiration; moreover, he had a way of looking well in his clothes—whatever he had on. In the commonest garb he appeared like a sculptor's model, or as if ready to enter a royal drawing-room. Many of the old brethren, therefore, to whom clownishness was near akin to godliness, could not but take offense at his mien and port, and expressed the fear that he was of such stuff as dandies are made of, and not parsons, at least not pioneer parsons. They looked askance at him, and although his first circuit was hard and rough enough, they determined to put him to the proof, and in his second year sent him to what was known in the Conference as Botany Bay—Guyandotte Circuit, Western Virginia. The people were, for the most part, poor hunters, who gained a precarious livelihood by the trap and rifle. The houses were cabins of a single room; the fare, venison, bear meat, and corn-dodgers; the costumes of his people were made of dressed deerskin for the men, and linsey-woolsey for the women; the roads, if any, were bridle paths or blazed tracks over the mountains; while his way often took him by the brink of yawning chasms, whose precipices would have made a less firm brain dizzy; or over swollen torrents that periled life and limb to cross. This circuit, the old brethren thought, would break his pride, and drive him from the itinerant ranks. Little did they know the man, for he went to his work from a sick-bed, traveled three thousand miles on foot and horseback, preached four hundred times in three hundred days, and received twelve dollars and ten cents for his year's labor. When, at the end of two years' trial, he came up for admission into full connection, and for deacon's orders, he was rudely refused by the vote of the Conference, but as an act of grace was "continued on trial" another year. At the end of the third year he was again refused, and yet there was no charge or even complaint against his moral or ministerial character and labors, but the brethren thought he did not *look* like a Methodist preacher. Stung to the quick by the injustice and unkindness of his brethren, whose rebukes and buffets he had meekly

borne, and in all humility striven to conform himself to the requirements of their wise and godly judgment, he turned with a bursting heart to quit the ranks in which he burned to serve, but for which he was thought unfit because it had pleased God to make him a supremely handsome man, and was preparing to return disgraced to his home, when the wise Bishop M'Kendree said to the Conference: "Brethren, if you have no use for that boy, I have," and transferred him.

In the Tennessee Conference he had to run another gauntlet of narrow-mindedness on account of his superb appearance. I have elsewhere told a story which will bear repetition here, as it illustrates the feeling against him. An old layman, who was Bascom's well-wisher, but shared in the orthodox disapprobation, undertook to remonstrate with him upon the foppery of his appearance. Henry assured him that he couldn't help the way that he was made, and that as he was too poor to buy clothes, he had to wear whatever was given to him. The brother said triumphantly, "Will you wear a suit if I have it made for you?" "Gladly," said Henry. The old man chuckled at the thought of the metamorphosis he was about to effect by changing a dandy into the similitude of a preacher. When Bascom came round the circuit again the old gentleman had the clothes ready, and, taking him out into the grove for a dressing-room, bade him don the new attire. When he was arrayed the old gentleman exultantly approached, but soon his expression of pleasure gave way to that of pain, as surprise, mortification, and anger, chased each other over his features. He drew near, and retired; drew near again, turned Bascom round and round, surveyed him from every point in every light. There it was, the Quaker garb affected by the old preachers as a sign of orthodoxy: the straight, cut-close vest and shad-belly coat: but all would not do, and the old man, irritated, roared out, "Bascom, take off them clothes; they make you more of a dandy than ever." But the preacher wore them until they were threadbare. Under this matchless exterior Bascom had an exquisite nervous organization, the source at once of his strength and weakness. By reason of its surcharge of electrical power, he at times produced marvelous, almost incredible effects upon his congregations; but the predominance and delicacy of his nerve filaments made him the life-long victim of embarrassed shyness and tremulous diffidence.

It was not an uncommon thing for him before preaching on some important occasion, to pace the floor for three days and nights, sleepless, and almost without food. In mixed society he was never at ease, and his reserve looked to strangers like indifference or haughtiness. His was the temperament of poets, and, belonging to the *genus irritabile*, he never gained the easy self-command and quiet complacency which much and varied contact with the world imparts to less finely-strung natures. He looked as regal as the palm-tree, but was as impressionable as the *mimosa*. This physical sensibility was inscrutable to men of tougher fiber, and they judged it as such persons are apt to dispose of the enigmas of idiosyncrasy—if not harshly, at least without sympathy. They could not understand how one who, in the presence of breathless thousands, seemed to wield their judgments and feelings at his pleasure, should be as silent and timid as a blushing maiden in the company of ordinary men. The small change of society-chat, gossip, lively satire, and scandal, was never on his lips. He admitted few to his intimacy, especially after the rough discipline of his early years; and it is not strange that men of small imagination and narrow sympathies called him proud, haughty, arrogant, and I know not what besides.

These, then, were the causes which doomed him to years of misconception and misinterpretation at the hands of his brethren, and throughout life made him a riddle to the mass of his acquaintances. Yet never did there beat a truer, kindlier, tenderer heart than Bascom's. Nothing could exceed the beauty of his filial piety and devotion, the gracious, self-denying, exhaustless affection he bestowed upon his friends, the generosity he extended to his enemies, his life-long self-sacrifice for the honor of the Church and the good of the world.

Notwithstanding the uncharitable treatment he received, he went to his hard circuits without a murmur, and did his work bravely and with fidelity. He made rapid strides toward mental and spiritual power, and grew in favor with God if not always with man. Greedy of knowledge, he sought it as men search for hid treasure; he redeemed the time to devour books, and stored his wealth of facts, ideas, and suggestions in a capacious and retentive memory; or, to speak more accurately, assimilated his intellectual food, and, using the strength daily acquired in the ceaseless labors of his ministry, gained rapidly

in mental and moral breadth and heighth. Of course, nothing could atone for the want of a thorough early education, and from this he suffered all his days. With few books at hand and fewer of the best, with no one to direct his reading, school his taste, and give him the advantage of a genial, appreciative, yet rigid criticism, it is not to be wondered at that the gifted and brilliant boy fell into faults of style and manner from which he never recovered. Had it been his lot to possess in youth and early manhood the fortune of a thorough academic training until his imagination and sensibilities had become imbued with the spirit, and his memory furnished with the forms, of the best ancient and modern literature, it cannot be doubted that his masculine and brilliant genius would have given to after times many a page so written that the world would not willingly let die. He did the best his circumstance allowed; and noble was the work and nobler still the spirit of the man. The misuse which has been made of the phrase "pulpit oratory" has brought it into disrepute. Its free bestowal upon the productions of every stripling who desecrates the desk to scrape the sky for a rubbish of stars, clouds, and sunsets, and ransacks earth for wreaths from amaranthine bowers, gems of priceless hue, and whispering zephyrs, or gathers an idle multitude to gape at flimsy rhetoric or sensational antics, has made "pulpit oratory" a stench. But Bascom's was not of that kind. He was an orator born, not made. It cannot be denied that he was betrayed, at times, into exaggeration, indeed, into extravagance; but it was the redundance of tropical wealth unpruned by the hand of art; and his wildest flights and exuberant style were redeemed by his simple and lofty aim—not to gain applause—but to turn men from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to the living God. To this high end all the great powers of his body and soul were bent. His wonderful preaching soon gathered crowds, and his reputation increased apace. Men and women would make long journeys to hear him. By the time he had been a preacher ten years his fame had extended through the Western and South-western States, and when it was announced he would preach, no edifice could hold half the multitude. I remember going when a boy to a church where he was to officiate at eleven o'clock, and found the street thronged at eight.

In 1823, at the instance of Henry Clay, he was chosen Chaplain to

Congress. His first sermon in the capital was a failure, and his chagrin at the mortification of his friends and the loudly expressed disappointment of the public, had such a morbid effect upon him that he never regained his equipoise in the federal city, or preached there with pleasure to himself or satisfaction to his hearers. At the close of the session he was anxious to hasten across the mountains to hide his diminished head among his friends in the West, bent upon never revisiting the sea-board. But the sickness of a friend detained him; and ere long he was persuaded to visit a camp-meeting in the neighborhood of Annapolis, where he regained his power and preached in such a way as to astonish, nay, transport, all who heard him. Thence he went to Baltimore, to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, to Philadelphia, where like effects were produced. It was agreed on all hands that rumor had been outrun by reality, and that not half the story of Bascom's greatness had been told. From this period to 1839 he was in his prime, and it may well be questioned whether any preacher on the American Continent has ever wielded such extraordinary power and produced such immediate, remarkable, and startling effects as Bascom did in those years, both in the East and the West.

It would be difficult—impossible—to convey to a person who never heard him, an adequate idea of his appearance, manner, voice, and influence in preaching. There was the breathless multitude, packed almost to suffocation, while eager crowds thronged every avenue to the church, filled the windows and doors, and stood far beyond the sound of the preacher's voice as if to catch the echo. Thus had they waited for hours. As the time draws near the preacher is helped through a window at the back of the pulpit, and after his brief private devotions the service begins. As he rises, pale and quivering, to announce the hymn, the leaves rustle, and in his agitation the book almost drops from his hand. The reading is hurried, the prayer brief but earnest, sometimes almost an agony. Again he rises, to give the text, and pauses for a minute which seems an age. You almost pity him as he stands there white as marble, his eye dreamy or fixed on vacancy; he is asking God for help and summoning his self-possession. At length the painful hush is broken and the verse is read. He attempts to be deliberate, but cannot, and starts at speed. You brace yourself in the calm attitude of critical attention, and resolve that, let others do as

they may, you will keep cool, and by patient analysis find the secret of his spell. You are interested at once, but ever and again offended by a high-sounding word, a turgid phrase, an occasional bit of grandiloquence. But after a brief introduction you find that the grip of the subject is masculine; here is no boy's play of sophomoric fire-works, but a Christian preacher, who reasons of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come—an embassador for God, beseeching you in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. Argument, imagery, appeal, warning, denunciation, entreaty, come thick and fast—thicker and faster. The voice clear, full, strong, yet musical, capable of every modulation, from the shriek to the whisper, running through the octaves of feeling with sympathetic tone; the enunciation so perfect, so wonderful, that he distinctly utters three hundred and fifty words a minute throughout a sermon; the attitude and gestures dramatic, yet unconscious; the face like an ever-shifting transparency with a burning naphtha lamp behind it, and the eye iridescent with every phase of feeling; now steeped in tears, now pleading with unutterable tenderness, now blazing grandly at the thought of God's pity to sinners, or in scorn at the weak devices behind which sin would screen itself. There is something more than the torrent-like rush of words, the lambent play of the eagle eye, the pose, the movement which Garrick would have studied with delight, the sweep of argument, the crowd of images, the fiery earnestness, the depth of passion that holds that vast assembly spell-bound as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest. At every pause there is a convulsive gasp as the multitude strives to breathe, and that is the only sound save the preacher's voice in the great edifice. At times you almost hear your own heart beat, so violent are its throbs; and again its pulse seems to stop. You loose your eye from the thrall of the preacher's glance, which appears armed with double sight to read your thoughts. You turn your head, and lo! the mass of the people are on their feet, standing statue-like, staring in a dazed way at the enchanter who has robbed them of the sense of time, place, and posture, and who holds them in a trance of fear, terror, love, or rapture. Again the light of his eye arrests you, and you cannot slip his despotic hold. Criticism is disarmed, perception, reflection, imagination, emotion, are all mastered; you see, hear, feel, think, only as he allows. Your heart and brain are flooded by his

personality, and this is only to make way for his august theme. His impetuosity increases, his mastery of your every faculty is complete. If you have hidden under refuges of lies, he tears them down and leaves you exposed to the hailstones of wrath; if you are a trembling penitent, he encourages and comforts, and you behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world; if you are a hopeful believer, you see the great white throne with a rainbow round about it, in sight like unto an emerald, and in the midst of the throne a Lamb as it had been slain, and almost hear the song of the four beasts, and four and twenty elders, and of the multitude that no man can number. Halleluia! halleluia!

He ceases, and you find yourself, when restored to consciousness, upon your feet where you have been for half an hour, and as your benumbed frame drops into the seat you shudder with a strange mingling of pain and delight, and find yourself almost exhausted from the mighty strain. I know that this will appear an exaggeration, the vapor of an idle brain, to those who never heard Bascom in his prime; but to those who have been thrilled to ecstasy by his resistless eloquence, it will fall short of the memory—how far below the experience!

Let me here quote the description of a sermon delivered by him in old Light-street Church, Baltimore, at the General Conference, in May, 1840, written by the beloved Bishop Wightman:

> The throng was as dense as could crowd into the spacious building, the adjoining street being filled with people who could not find entrance into the church. His text was, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" The sermon embraced all the cardinal elements of the Christian system, set forth in a light so vivid, under illustrations so overpoweringly magnificent, and with a vehemence so rushing and pauseless, as to hold the vast audience spell-bound. At particular passages, several of which we distinctly remember, the effect was awful. The sentences came like sharp zig-zag lightning, the tones of the preacher's voice were like articulate thunder. The hearer cowered under the weight of thought piled upon thought, and was driven almost beside himself by the rapid whirl of dazzling imagery. The sermon, artistically considered, had the strange fault of being too great. It covered too vast a field of thought; it was marred by an excess of grandeur. You were bewildered by the quick succession of vivid pictures thrown off as by the turn of some grand kaleidoscope. The impassioned fervor of the preacher seemed

too self-consuming. We felt, as some one has happily remarked respecting Chalmers, that powers and resources such as these were indeed not needed by the Gospel, but much needed by gospel-rejecting man.

This incident may be added, which I had from Bascom's own lips. He was preaching in a large country church on a bright Sabbath morning. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity; the windows were all open, one of which was immediately behind the pulpit, overlooking the rural graveyard. The preacher was describing the various typical forms and manifestations of the Holy Spirit. Spell-bound and breathless, the congregation hung upon his lips. It was the baptism in Jordan; with John they saw the opening heaven, and the Spirit of God in the form of a dove descending upon the Son of Man, when silently, suddenly, as an apparition, a milk-white dove flew through the pulpit window and rested on the preacher's shoulder. Astounded, he paused; an instant it sat, then rose, and three times describing a circle around his head, away flew the snowy bird to the summer woods. The effect of this startling coincidence must be left to the imagination.

It would hardly be credited if I were to attempt a record of the manifest results of his preaching—how strong men fell from their seats in swoons, how some were even carried from the church in delirium, or how thousands on a camp-ground were lifted to their feet and swayed as trees are swayed by the wind, or carried by an invisible yet irresistible current in a mass toward the pulpit. Let it not be supposed that these were chance successes; for at his home, where he preached most frequently, his ministry was most highly prized. Who can doubt that while his physical beauty, genius, and the reservoir of magnetic power in his nervous system had much to do with these phenomena, the rapt earnestness, the prophet-like self-abandonment, and, above all, the power of the Holy Ghost, were necessary to complete the results? In this way he would sometimes preach day after day for weeks; but it was at a fearful discount of the threescore years and ten, or even fourscore years, of man's allotted time; for no electric battery in mortal could long endure such vast expenditure. A premature failure of his vocal organs and magnetic power, and death long before his time, were the consequences.

More attractive to me, however, than his dazzling eloquence is the story of his domestic virtues and his homely affections. I have said

that Alpheus Bascom was not a prosperous man—save that it pleased God to grant him three wives and twelve children, if that be prosperity. Henry's mother died in 1815, his father in 1833, and during this interval of eighteen years Alpheus had two wives and four children. At the beginning of his ministry Henry went in debt to help his father, and until the grave received him he carried that crushing burden. The narrow stipend of a Methodist preacher did not afford much margin for beneficence, but all he could make and save was given to his family. Not only so, but while followed by delighted thousands, his praise filling all the Churches, he would hasten to the banks of the Ohio, and with his own hands cut and haul the family's fire-wood for the winter, help in harvesting, mend the fences, patch the house, and do all that in his power lay to promote the comfort of the household. While he was a very young man, traveling a rough circuit in Kentucky, one of his sisters died, leaving two orphan daughters commended to his care. He accepted the trust, provided for and educated them, as he did in the case of all his younger brothers and sisters, and declined to marry until all were settled in life except his younger step-sister, who was bred as a daughter under his own roof, and then given in marriage. When his aged father came to die Henry was at his side, as he had been for months, tending him with all a woman's care. The mortal sickness had been long and attended by great suffering. Henry was his father's minister to body and soul. The old man asked him to give the sacrament of our Lord's body and blood. The holy rite was performed, and a great peace rested on the dying man. The open shutters let in the growing light of a wintry morning; the father's arm was around the form of his ministering son who kneeled at his bed-side, the gray hairs of the one mingled with the glossy jet curls of the other upon the pillow; "Glory to God," fell from the lips of the dying man, and an unearthly light lingered for a moment upon his wan features, and Alpheus Bascom passed from the chilly dawn of earth to that city which hath no need of the light of the sun, and where there is no night. Henry felt that the one man who understood him thoroughly and loved him wholly was gone; and great, admired, famous as he was, he stood orphaned, desolate. Never has a family been more bravely wrought for and tenderly nurtured than was that of Alpheus Bascom by his son Henry.

The step-mother and all his younger brothers and sisters were at once taken into his home, and ever remained as his own mother and children. It must not be forgotten that in those days the current notion as to the support of Methodist preachers was low and stinted. "If the Lord will keep you humble," said an old steward, welcoming a new preacher to his circuit, "we will see to it that you are kept poor enough."

Bascom's allowance from the Church for the first thirteen years of his ministry was $100 per annum; and for more than half the time he did not receive half that pittance. The help, therefore, which he gave to his father's family involved him in debt, and from the meshes of that net he never succeeded in releasing himself. Even when his income became larger, when filling the chair of a college professor, or acting as the president of a university, it was yet so meager, and the necessary expenses of his station were so increased, that there was no chance of relief from his growing embarrassment. Again and again he made desperate exertions to free himself from the wretched entanglement. His quick and honorable spirit chafed at the sense of slavery which debt always imposes. At length, almost driven to madness, he continued to lecture night after night to tear himself free from these chains, while the vulture gnawed at his vitals—notwithstanding an attack of bronchitis demanded rest and silence for a time—and thus was destroyed his trumpet-like voice, and for the last eleven years of his life he was obliged to struggle on with sadly impaired vocal organs. It is pitiable to remember that while hundreds of thousands of men and women enjoyed the loftiest and most vivid pleasure of their lives as the gift of his toil and genius, they suffered him, through cold neglect, to pine in want, shivering with the dread of dishonor; and forgot the sacred word, "Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple; and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel."

So unremitting had been his labors as a student, despite the almost insuperable difficulties of his lot, and so brilliant were his faculties for the acquisition of knowledge, that by the time he had been fourteen years a preacher he was called to the headship of a nascent institution

of learning styled Madison College, at Uniontown, Pennsylvania. From causes beyond his control the venture was not a success, and at the end of three years he resigned. He then acted as the Agent of the American Colonization Society; and in 1832 was called to the chair of Intellectual and Moral Science in Augusta College, Kentucky, a position filled for ten years with credit to himself and advantage to the institution. He was then elected to the presidency of Transylvania University, at Lexington, Kentucky, which, with much reluctance, he accepted, and discharged its duties with his accustomed zeal and fidelity until about a year before his death. For some years before 1828 he was much interested, and took an active part in the discussion of the question of ecclesiastical reform, which issued in the establishment that year of the Methodist Protestant Church. Although in favor at the time of most of the changes proposed, and especially urgent upon the right of agitation, which it was thought had been rudely denied in some quarters, he did not take the final step of the reformers.

He was a member of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church from 1828 to 1844. Although no man in these gatherings compared with him in the fame or the power of his sermons, he never opened his lips in debate. This was partly due to his diffidence, and partly owing to his great dislike, amounting almost to disgust, for the speech-making habit, so general and so baneful in deliberative assemblies, and such a delight with common-place men. He was, nevertheless, earnest and faithful here as every-where, doing his duty upon committees, for which he wrote many able reports. At the General Conference of 1844, although, I think, almost every other man on the floor made a speech, he resolutely held his peace, but when the time for action arrived he voted with the minority, and cast in his lot with the delegates from the Southern Conferences.

He was a commanding member, although silent, of the Louisville Convention of 1845, at which the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was organized, and of the General Conference held at Petersburgh, Virginia, in 1856. It was his pen that wrote most of the important papers on his side of the question in the memorable division of the Church. In the last-named year he was elected the editor of the "Southern Methodist Quarterly Review," and also one of the com-

missioners to arrange the question in dispute between the two bodies. The duties of his three positions—the presidency of a university, the editorship of a quarterly, and a commissionership charged with numerous delicate and vexing questions, were too much for his waning strength and unwearied industry, and all the time he was worried by debt.

In May, 1850, he was elected to be one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, but lived only long enough to preside at one Annual Conference—the St. Louis—held at Independence, Mo., in July. His superb physique had for years been yielding to the exhaustion resulting from undue labors, and to the pressure of care and sorrow upon an abnormally sensitive organization. The Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri Rivers, along which his route lay, were very low, and navigation was, therefore, much obstructed and wearisome; the voyage was made in the scorching heat of mid-summer, and the cholera was making frightful ravages throughout the region. On his way home from the Conference he stopped at St. Louis, and was importuned to preach. At first he declined on account of sickness and wasted strength, but then bethought himself and said, "I will, for it may be my last opportunity." A great congregation gathered in the afternoon, and hung entranced upon his lips—but it was for the last time. The next day he pursued his way, and after much delay arrived at Louisville, hoping to reach his home in Lexington. But it was denied him to die under his own roof. He made a last effort, and against the remonstrance of his friend, the Rev. Dr. Stevenson, took the coach from his door at three in the morning, but was brought back in an hour a dying man. He breathed his last on Sunday morning, September 8, 1850, just at the hour when, for almost forty years, he had been used to meet the thousands who gathered to learn from him the way of life more perfectly. As those matchless lips were closing he said, "My only trust is in the goodness of Almighty God through the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." His noble form was followed to the grave by thousands of mourners, while his whole Church felt with unspeakable sorrow, "That a prince and a mighty man hath fallen that day in Israel."

Bishop Bascom was married in 1839 to Miss Van Antwerp, of New York. His wife, a daughter, and son, survived him. The son has since passed away.

This is not the place for a critical estimate of Dr. Bascom's life, labors, and character, nor am I the man to make it. I honored and loved him while he lived, and now reverently and tenderly cherish his memory. Other hands than mine, then, must use the scalpel. His contemporaries believed him—and with reason—to be, among American Christian orators, *facile princeps*, and I knew him to be true and tender as a woman, sweet and artless as a child. The invidious disparagement of another's merits so often hurled from clerical lips never polluted his; and pretense of critical acumen was never used by him as a cloak for a jealous hostility. He loved and honored his brethren of high and low degree, and especially was the friend and helper of the young preachers, and of those who were unfortunate. I suspect that the only speeches he ever made in Annual Conferences were in behalf of men who were in trouble. He was the last to believe evil of a brother, and nothing but sun-bright proof could convince him. He was never known to utter detraction; and always found good in the poorest sermon when the preacher had honesty and simplicity. His knightly heart would peril influence and reputation, or even life itself, upon a friend's behalf, and though his purse was scantily supplied, it was ever open to the needy. His inflexible will and dauntless courage bore him through trials so sore, and over oppositions so fierce, that a less resolute man would have cowered in dismay. His colossal genius and burning eloquence were consecrated to the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. The crown he wore was wrought of iron, and on it was graven Self-renunciation. As the departing traveler looks back upon the receding city at night, he beholds the myriad lights grouping themselves into a single glow; as he who looks upon the heavens beholds a constellation gleaming in the light of a single star; so he who recalls the past of Methodism on this continent, the labors, the sorrows, self-sacrifices, almost martyrdom, and the triumphs of its sons, finds rising to his lips the loved, the honored, the revered name of Henry B. Bascom.

E. M. Marvin

Enoch Mather Marvin.

BY REV. LUCIUS H. BUGBEE, D.D.

AMONG Americans there is no pride more pardonable, and, withal, more gratifying, than that which traces lineage back to the Puritan fathers. We do not know that Bishop Marvin ever indulged this pride; nevertheless, he had good reason to feel gratified in thinking of his ancestors, for the Marvins were among the earliest settlers of New England, and his great-grandfather, Elisha Marvin, married into the celebrated Cotton Mather family.

Under date of "15th April, 1635," an official record in England specified that the Marvyn family were registered to "imbarque in the ship 'Increase,' Robert Lea, Master, to New England." Among the original settlers of Hartford, Conn., were two brothers, Matthew and Reinold Marvin. Reinold's will is recorded among the Colony records of Saybrook. In this will he directs that to each of his grandchildren "there be provided and given a Bible as soon as they are capable of using them." Members of the family held good positions as intelligent and useful citizens, and were marked by fine social qualities—a feature of character which was agreeably felt by all who came within the sphere of Bishop Marvin's influence. There were among them Church deacons, captains and lieutenants in the Indian wars and in the Colonial army, and representatives in the General Court.

Elisha Marvin, great-grandson of Reinold Marvin, was born in Lyme, Conn., 1717, and died in 1801. He married Catherine Mather, who was related to Cotton Mather, of whose learning and literary industry all readers of American literature are well aware. Cotton Mather, D.D., published three hundred and eighty-two volumes, some of them very large, and at his death, in 1728, he was reputed the greatest scholar and author America had then produced. Enoch, son of Elisha Marvin, was born in 1747. He married Ruth Ely, and removed to Berkshire, Mass., where his son, Wells Ely, was born. He died in 1841, in Missouri, whither he had gone with his son in 1817. Wells Ely Marvin married a lady whose ancestors were Welsh, and

had settled in Missouri the same year with himself. He made his home in Warren County, where he built a double log-cabin after the best fashion of those times, covering it with clapboards weighted down with poles. Here his third child, Enoch Mather Marvin, was born June 12, 1823.

Wells Ely Marvin was not a member of any Church. He died December 30, 1856, and was buried in the family grave-yard on the home place. One year after this, January 1, 1858, his wife died. She was a devout woman, a member of the Baptist Church, and by precept and example instructed her children in the principles of Christianity from their earliest years. That she was a woman of intelligence and energy may be inferred from the fact that in a small house, built for the purpose in the yard, she taught school, imparting to her own children and the youth of the neighborhood the elements of an English education.

At the age of sixteen, in August, 1839, Enoch Mather Marvin joined the Methodist Episcopal Church as an anxious inquirer after salvation, but not until December, 1840, was he conscious of the believer's sense of pardon and acceptance with God. That he placed a high value upon his Church membership may be inferred from the following passage taken from one of his best sermons, "Christ and the Church:"

> Soon after I had united with the Church I had an experience I am sure I can never forget. I was in the saddle, on the Lord's day, on my way to a social meeting in the country. The aspects of the autumn scenery are as distinct in my memory as if it had been only yesterday; the warm sun lay upon the mottled foliage, and there seemed the hush of a hallowed peace upon the face of nature. All at once the thought came to me, "I am in the Church, and it is in my power now, by my unholy living, to bring a blot on the Church, and to dishonor the Saviour." For a time the reflection seemed insupportable; it was almost more than I could bear.

This incident furnishes, at this early period of his career, a forcible illustration of the tenderness of his conscience, a characteristic often manifested in his later life; indeed, at times, in his self-examinations, his scrutiny of motives seemed almost morbid. His mind, eager for knowledge and desirous to prove all things, was much agitated on points of dispute between Immersionists and Pedo-baptists. A tract on Baptism, by Rev. Peter Doub, of North Carolina, settled his doubts.

He was licensed to preach in 1841, that year was admitted on trial into the Missouri Conference, and in 1843 was ordained deacon, and elder in 1845. This year he was married to her who proved herself a helpmeet indeed to him, and with whom his life was bound up, as that characteristic and delicate tribute to his wife in the dedication of his late book of sermons testifies. Of his domestic traits we shall have occasion to speak further on.

After much experience in mission, circuit, and station work, he was made Presiding Elder of St. Charles District, in 1852. He was financial agent for St. Charles' College in 1854–55, and the result of his labors in that sphere was an endowment fund, the existence of which at present is testimony of its usefulness; for it is one of the very few of that date that survives among us. He was next appointed to the pastoral charge of Centenary Church, St. Louis, and up to 1862 filled other appointments in that city.

During his pastorate of Centenary Church occurred an event which brought him prominently before the public, and illustrated the strength of his convictions and how unswervingly zealous he was in the discharge of duties he thought incumbent upon him. In the autumn of 1859 a Roman Catholic priest delivered in the city a course of lectures on questions at issue between Romanism and Protestantism. Being published in the "Missouri Republican," these lectures were extensively circulated. The pastor of Centenary Church felt bound by his ordination vow to "be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines, contrary to God's word;" and, in obedience to his convictions, commenced a series of replies. Although his lectures extended to twenty-three, he had large audiences throughout, who warmly testified to his ability in defending the faith. They were published in the "Republican," and had a wide reading. They were afterward issued in book form—his first book, "Marvin's Lectures," a 12mo of 333 pages.

In consequence of his Southern sympathies during the civil war, he found it necessary to leave St. Louis in 1862. This was a turning-point in his life. His eminently unselfish nature found ample scope for its exercise and development in the arduous duties of chaplain to the armies in Arkansas and Texas, in preaching to the soldiers in camp and on the march, and ministering to them in hospitals.

Under his stirring eloquence and vivid presentation of gospel truths many conversions took place, and in consequence he became widely known as a preacher. His work during the war had separated him for a long time from his family, but upon being appointed to the pastoral charge of the Church in Marshall, Texas, about the close of the war, he was rejoined by them. He became widely known and was every-where favorably spoken of for his power and unction as a preacher and his unequaled social excellence as a man; and for some time before the meeting of the General Conference, at New Orleans, in the spring of 1866, the preachers and people of the South-west and the trans-Mississippi department had him in view as the first new Bishop that would be made. Knowing that he had been talked of as a candidate for the episcopal office, his sensitive nature would not allow him to be present at the Conference until the election was over; he wished to avoid even the appearance of personal influence. This was commendable modesty. He was elected on the first ballot, receiving 73 out of 144 votes.

The manner in which he discharged the duties of the episcopal office proved his fitness for it, and the wisdom of his election. His first episcopal tour took in the Indian nation, and he signalized his first year in the Episcopacy by an act of characteristic self-sacrifice, but for which the Indian Mission Conference must have ceased to exist. It was during the late civil war, and both armies had so preyed on the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Creek Indians that they were greatly impoverished, the people being reduced to the point of starvation, and there appeared but little hope of being able to support the preachers. The vital question was, Could the organization of the Conference be kept up? In this emergency Bishop Marvin showed that Christian spirit of disinterested self-sacrifice which has endeared him to the whole Church, and proved how deeply he felt his responsibility for the success of the Gospel. The Conference was held, preachers were appointed to their circuits, and for their support he drew on himself for $5,000, in quarterly installments; and having finished the routine of official work, he spent the winter traveling through the Church at large, pleading, in his eloquent and forcible way, the cause of the Indians, and reimbursing the empty treasury to meet his drafts. This is but one instance of many such acts of Christian devotion, which

displayed alike his capacity for planning and enterprise and the utter self-abnegation with which he threw his whole being into the work of the Christian ministry.

Before the completion of the overland railroad the Pacific work fell to him. He went out by the isthmus, held two sessions of the Conference there, and after seventeen months' absence returned by the completed railroad to his home in St. Louis. Speaking of Bishop Marvin's labors in the West, Bishop M'Tyeire says: "In two visitations to our farthest West I have been able to find few places where Bishop Marvin had not been. Many paths he alone has traveled. Every-where his name was as ointment poured forth."

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had instructed the College of Bishops to send out one of their number to ordain native preachers in China; in addition to this, the need of a general *reconnaissance* of the missionary field of the East was felt, as a guide to future missionary operations. When, in May, 1876, the question came up in the College of Bishops, "Who will go for us?" "Here am I; send me!" was the response of this devoted servant of God. How well he discharged this trust his book, "The East by Way of the West," is convincing proof. In October, 1877, after holding Conferences in Colorado and California, he was met at San Francisco by a congenial fellow-traveler, the Rev. E. R. Hendrix, of Missouri. The importance attached to this mission, and the esteem in which Bishop Marvin was held, was testified in a farewell meeting in which the brethren recommended him to the grace of God.

He went out through the gates of the West, and having made a tour round the world, widening the scope of his mind, enlarging his affections, with his heart more than ever desirous to see the whole world brought under the power of the Gospel, he returned through the gates of the East the following year. Into no other of his published works has he infused so much of his own rare character as he lays before the reader of "The East by Way of the West," the work giving an account of his travels.

Previous to his departure on this survey in the interests of the Church, the Rev. Dr. Summers, of the "Christian Advocate," requested him to contribute a letter once a week. He did so; and for keen, accurate observation, graphic description, general knowledge of men

and things, these letters are unsurpassed; and in missionary enterprise they are altogether unique—these jottings of the moment on junk and shipboard, after a day's ride, in his tent, or in the busy city. These letters were afterward republished in the work we have already mentioned: "The East by Way of the West." This work is replete with vivid pictures of life in the Eastern countries, showing to the Christian reader the great need for missionary effort on behalf of the heathen; and this thought—the conversion of the heathen—seems to have been ever uppermost in the writer's mind; all through the book this is revealed as his chief care and anxiety. Whenever he sees a lovely prospect in the material world of heathendom, he cannot finish the picture without calling to mind the saddening thought that the good news of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ has not reached the benighted inhabitants of this otherwise beautiful country. The deep interest he took in missionary work is manifested in the delight with which he partook of the Lord's Supper with some heathen converts at Dai Nippon, Japan. He says:

> After baptism the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, Dr. Maclay officiating. With what joy I met these men, so recently in the darkness of Sintooism and Buddhism, now kneeling at the cross of Christ! While we broke the bread together God himself was present, and we did eat of angels' food; and while we drank the wine we had already a foretaste of that juice of the vine which the Lord will drink new with his people in his Father's kingdom.

Again, after describing a Sabbath spent on the Inland Sea of one of the Japanese Islands, he says:

> So passed our Sabbath in the Inland Sea, alternately reading the Scriptures and looking out upon the mingled scenes of natural beauty and human toil, unrelieved by any hallowed day. On them was the primal curse of labor unrelieved by our blessed Sabbath light. How my heart yearned toward them! O my blessed Lord, when will thy sluggish Church send its message of peace to every one of these villages?

While considering this topic—the missionary spirit by which he was animated—we cannot refrain from quoting a passage in which he urges the claims of the heathen with Pauline fervor and logic:

> The conversion of China would go far to complete the conquest of the world for Christ. It is *the* great achievement which the Church has before it now. That accomplished, between Russia and China on this side and the north, and

Europe on the other, Western Asia would be compelled to capitulate; and as for Africa, it will ultimately be what Europe and Asia make it.

The Churches of America are chiefly responsible for the conquest of China. Europe is remote. There are the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Straits of Malacca, and the China Sea, to be traversed. From America there is only the Pacific Ocean.

Of the Churches in America, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has the greatest responsibility in the premises. All the other great denominations have scattered their forces in the East. We are nowhere but in China. We can concentrate. We can bring the great resources of a powerful and wealthy community to bear here. God is merciful to us in that his providence has withheld us from other fields, that we may deliver our full strength on this, the most important of all—*this*, which is the key of the campaign.

Toward the close of the book, after describing the fields for missionary enterprises, he exclaims:

But amid it all my heart yearns for China! There is our opportunity. God himself has set before us the great and effectual door there. By his help and grace we will go in and possess the land!

On his way home, in July and August, 1877, with his fellow-traveler, he worthily represented the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, before the British Wesleyan Conference at Bristol, then in its one hundred and forty-fourth session.

That circuit of the globe was a fitting climax of Bishop Marvin's successful and busy life. He was well prepared to profit by a year of travel. He had a talent for observation which not one in a thousand possesses, as the minute and detailed descriptions of things which he could have but little time to study carefully fully prove. He had a zealous missionary spirit, and this survey of the mission field in the cause of his Master, was carried out by him as a labor of love; and as he surveyed the field his zeal was fired anew, his faith in the power of the Gospel to redeem these millions of benighted heathen, was confirmed; and if he had lived long enough, it would have borne much fruit in well-directed, energetic missionary labors at home. His outlook upon the world was extended, and the responsibilities of the Church seemed to him more than ever solemn and binding. To quote from Bishop M'Tyeire's memorial discourse:

The bed of his mind was deepened by it; his heart was enlarged; the fervor of his spirit was increased. To the uttermost parts of the earth he measured

the promised inheritance, and instead of being appalled at its extent and difficulty, he encouraged the Church that we are fully able to possess it. More than ever the world, redeemed, was on his heart; he took it all in, and claimed it for Christ. He realized intensely the necessity and possibility of its conversion to God. As he went, he preached—on the Pacific seas, in Japan, in China, in India, in Egypt, in Jerusalem, in Athens, on the Red Sea, on the Mediterranean, on the Atlantic.

Describing the events preceding Bishop Marvin's illness and death, Bishop M'Tyeire says:

A year from the day he left home for his great tour he returned, and was happy again in the bosom of his family. An accumulated correspondence having been disposed of, he began his round of Annual Conferences the last week in August. His colleagues, in apportioning their work, (that he might be near home,) had assigned him the episcopal district which included the Missouri and bordering Conferences. In their plan a rest had been laid in the midst of the sessions; but for reasons, doubtless in themselves good, brethren desired a change in time, and to this, unselfishly, but unwisely, he consented. After holding the Western at Atchison, he came back and held the St. Louis Conference; then on to Fulton, presiding over the Missouri Conference. The last days of its session were very heavy to him on account of the death of his only brother. Though but a day's journey distant, he had not time to look upon the dead face—hurrying on to the Choctaw Nation, for the Indian Mission Conference; that over, he went to Independence, to preside over the South-west Missouri Conference. Five Annual Conferences in five weeks! Too much even for a strong man. At the close of this tour his nervous system was prostrate.

I know not another assembly the presidency of which is so exhausting as an Annual Conference. The Bishop in the chair during the day is not burdened; but when the Conference adjourns he meets the presiding elders, to map out the work and consult on the appointments. The wants of people and preachers are canvassed, and more than wants—fitnesses and possible arrangements for the greatest good to the greatest number. The "Cabinet" adjourns sometimes at a late hour, but there is no pause for him. He lies down and rises up with this care of all the Churches; the tension is continuous. Nor is relief always brought by the announcement of appointments, and adjournment *sine die*. The hardest things to bear sometimes follow after—the dissatisfaction of some who take hasty and partial views of the work done.

At home again, he may recuperate; for not until December 5 does his next and last Conference convene—the Mississippi. He is writing, or revising, final chapters of his book, churches are to be dedicated, and his services are in demand for other meetings.

On Sunday, Nov. 19, 1877, the Bishop addressed the Sunday-school of Centenary Church, St. Louis, and after the address preached on

the text: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Taking a hasty lunch after preaching, in the afternoon of the same day, he went to Kirkwood, about thirteen miles west of the city, and dedicated a new church, preaching on: "And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it:" showing in his discourse the need of temples of worship here, their use to the Church in the world, and that in the heavenly world these earthly temples shall be done away with.

In the preparation of this sketch we have had to depend for our material chiefly on the memorial sermon of Bishop M'Tyeire already mentioned, delivered in Centenary Church, St. Louis, November 29, 1877, and we feel we cannot do better than give our readers the closing scenes of Bishop Marvin's life, and estimate of his work and character, as presented by his colleague and fellow-laborer in the Church in this memorial sermon. Speaking of the sermon on the text: "And I saw no temple therein, etc," Bishop M'Tyeire says:

It was his last sermon. That night he had a slight chill, but returned home Monday morning, and made no mention of it to his family. Monday evening, with his wife, was spent at a friend's house, and he was even more cheerful than usual. Tuesday morning he made an engagement to visit the Orphan Asylum and talk to the inmates. That night a heavy chill came on. He told them he had not suffered so for years. The pain in the side soon involved the lungs. Domestic treatment availing not, he consented that the family physician should be called. Thursday he had some proof sheets read to him. Coming in on this, his physician positively interdicted all work. Saturday he dictated to his daughter notes to Bishop Keener and myself, about attending his Conferences. He complained of his breathing. A consultation was called, and the case was thought not so bad if there were any thing to build upon. Sunday morning he inquired of his wife, "Is not this the Lord's day?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, he asked, "Have the children gone to Sunday-school?" That evening he said to the doctor: "I think you have cause to be alarmed; I cannot go through such another night." His physicians were with him at midnight. His wife observed he was breathing heavily; but that was not unusual with him when lying on his back, and, hoping he would get some rest in sleep, she did not disturb him. At four o'clock she offered him the prescribed medicine. He could not be aroused! She called her son and the family, but he waked to consciousness no more. In fifteen minutes he was dead. There were no last words, no messages, no allusions at any time as to his departure being at hand. We

must take his life for that. "And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him."

Dividing the years of his life into three parts, just two thirds were spent in direct effort for the salvation of mankind. By every token he was still growing in grace, in polish, and in power, and we looked for his social intercourse, his pulpit ministrations, and his official counsels, to be more than ever enriched by his late opportunities. His plans and ours for greater usefulness were projected upon the future, when suddenly he was taken off. . . . He was at his prime—never so useful, so widely known, or so much beloved as when suddenly removed. Do you exclaim: Mysterious Providence!

It is something for the Church to have a clear impression of Christian and ministerial excellence, in which the ideal and the real nearly approach each other—a picture to be hung up in the hearts of the people. Old age has its infirmities, and sometimes the blunders of later life mar the work that was done before. But when by quick and sudden movement the seal is taken up the clean-cut outlines are left without a blur. We like pictures of our friends taken when in health, and at their best condition. So will the Church think of Bishop Marvin, and look up to that standard long after the days of her mourning are ended. . . .

Bishop Marvin's preaching and living produced a deep impression: may we inquire into the secret of his power? In addition to the general qualities already spoken of as making up a well-rounded character, we see in him ability to learn much from original sources—communing with God, with himself, with men and nature. He drew largely from his experience; and this imparted a characteristic freshness and variety to his ministrations.

Courage, firmness, and aggressiveness were not wanting in him; but these were veiled under a physical form of weakness, much-enduring and uncomplaining—a benevolent eye, a conciliating voice. All the natural forces that were excited drew to sympathy, and not to antagonism or antipathy. Beyond the offense of the cross there was no incidental offense to discount his influence. The mob that stoned Whitefield would have fought for Summerfield.

It was a privilege to counsel with him. His mental uprightness, his candor and charity, gave meaning to those words: "We took sweet counsel together." His love for his brethren was wonderful. He showed it, and did not mind saying outright, "I love you." He was not given to judging his fellow-men, but he judged himself severely. He dealt closely with his own conscience; and thus it came that he reached and searched the consciences of others. As an instance of this habitual self-scrutiny take a paragraph from his last Preface:

"It is needless for me to profess a good motive in preparing these discourses for the press, for every Christian man is supposed to act upon good motives; yet, truth to tell, I have never been quite as well satisfied with my own motives as I would like to be; for while I trust that the 'love of Christ constraineth me,' still, upon any deep introspection, I have occasion to suspect the presence of

a subtle selfishness and vanity, from which I find no resort but in atoning mercy. I can only pray God that if there be any taint of any such thing in the publication of this volume, the all-saving blood may wash it away, and that the Holy Spirit may make my poor work the instrument of salvation to some who are in sin, and of edification to those who are already in Christ."

Those sermons had been prayed over before. With that end constantly in view, his less elaborate productions had been honored with the demonstration of the Spirit. Prevailing with God, he prevailed with men, and had an unction from the Holy One. His traveling companion gave me this incident: They had gone from Shanghai into the interior of China, and seen many strange things, about which on their return he was indulging some humorous remarks. Suddenly he checked himself in poignant sorrow and penitent prayer. "What! God's servant in the presence of paganism, in this valley of dry bones, indulging merriment! Sorrow is here better than laughter."

He was consecrated. His love-feast expression was, that if there was any thing pertaining to him which had not been consecrated to God, he prayed to know what it was, that he might lay it also on the altar.

Brethren, this is Thanksgiving-day, and by appointment, which he had accepted, Bishop Marvin was to have preached in this pulpit at this hour. Can we not, even with the drapery of death about us, follow the apostolic injunction, "In every thing give thanks?" Can we not, with the Psalmist, "sing of mercy and judgment?" Let the Church give thanks that God vouchsafed to her this "chosen vessel," and you of Missouri especially, for "he was a burning and a shining light," and it was your privilege, for a season, to rejoice in his light.

Can his family give thanks? Already it has been done, and without premeditation. Soon after he breathed his last, and the sad, unexpected tidings stole abroad in darkness, friends hastened to comfort them. The widowed wife met the first that reached the door, with a face of chastened peace, exclaiming, "Isn't God good to me? *he died at home!*" She and her children were not strangers to the fear that he might die of sickness among strangers, or by some accident in his journeyings on land or sea. Living and laboring abroad, to them and to him it was granted, that he should die at home.

Bishop Marvin added to his fame and popularity by several published works, and in these he appears no less successful as an author than he had already proved himself as a preacher and pastor. His first book, "Marvin's Lectures," was the outcome of the series of controversial discourses delivered in reply to the attacks of a Roman Catholic priest, as we have before stated, in 1859. In his "Life of Capers," while unfolding to his readers, in his terse, nervous style, the character of his friend with a rare insight and discernment, he

unconsciously reveals himself in the happy expression of some of his best thoughts. "The Work of Christ," published some years ago, handles in no negative way some of the profoundest topics of Christian inquiry. A volume of "Sermons," now in the second edition, has lately been warmly welcomed by the Church; and those who were accustomed to hear his eloquent discourses with the additional charm of his magnetic presence, will prize this the more highly since now he can be heard no more. His addresses and sermons before the Annual Conferences and on other occasions have often been published by special request. His last literary work was the preparation for the press of his "Letters of Travel Round the World," and on which he worked till within a few days of his death. This posthumous work came out in 1878 under the title, "The East by Way of the West." In a previous part of this narrative we have mentioned this work, and we there express our belief that this is the most characteristic of all his published writings. The strong missionary spirit manifested throughout the work has been amply set forth. His capacity for observation is evident on almost every page, and is fully equaled by his fine descriptive powers. Nothing essential to a complete picture is omitted; the reader seems to see with his own eyes every thing placed before him by this energetic traveler; and to this minute accuracy in observation, and this power of description, thoughts that stir the deepest and holiest emotions of the heart are added. His power of illustration appears truly wonderful. To give his reader an idea of Eastern scenery and objects he is never at a loss for illustrations taken from home surroundings, and his adaptation of them is sure to convey the idea intended. This was one of the most powerful elements of his success as a preacher of the word. His descriptions of things were vivid pictures of them; there was no danger of ambiguity; the most unlettered of his hearers understood and felt his utterances, and searching his own heart with such unflinching scrutiny, his illustrations, bearing upon the questions which generally set hearts on the search for God, could not fail to make themselves felt. The marked social qualities of the early Marvins have been spoken of. No one was better adapted for the social duties of the ministry than was Bishop Marvin. He found exquisite pleasure in the society of his kind; his keenly sympathetic nature was ever ready to anticipate the wants of

others; in seasons of joy he could rejoice with those who rejoiced, and none could more truly and delicately minister consolation to those who mourned. There was a magnetism about him which, when he occupied the pulpit or was the center of the social circle, drew all hearts toward him. Speaking of his *compagnon de voyage*, he says:

I count myself happy in that I go not upon this journey alone. . . . When he learned of my contemplated tour he immediately proposed to be my companion of the way. I had known him from his boyhood, and received the proposal with delight. His presence will contribute much to the objects of the tour, will be a great pleasure to me, will afford me much of that deep and hallowed experience which is realized in the "fellowship of saints," and be helpful to me in many ways.

Again:

Brother H. and I are reading the Bible in both Testaments, in course, with conversational comments in connection with our morning prayers. For this our double state-room is very convenient. In these readings and prayers we come very near to God.

Writing of the welcome the travelers received from Christians on the shores of China, he exclaims:

Ah! what an old-time Methodist greeting was in the face and voice of our dear Sister Lambuth, as she greeted us on the veranda, and how fully has the first tone of the greeting been followed up from that moment of meeting until now! Blessed be the name of God for all the sweet charities and endearments of Christian life and hospitality! Our Saviour promised to those who should forsake houses and lands and homes for the Gospel's sake, that they should have a hundred-fold, even in this present time—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, *homes*—and I hereby testify that he has kept his word to me. In America, in Japan, in China, he has made the promise good.

So dear to him were the delights of home and the society of his loved ones, that only his greater love for the Church and Christ, and his firm faith in God's protecting care, could have induced him to make the prolonged absences he did.

He had a great fund of humor and keen perception of the ludicrous. Take his description of the camel:

Of all dumb brutes I have ever seen the camel is the most unshapely. With his long hind legs, barely tacked on to his body; the hump on his back like a hideous deformity; his thin, long, round neck, taking a start downward, and then turning up as if drawn by a convulsion; the two straight forelegs set under

the chest like stilts; he stands before you in an apologetic attitude, as if he were asking pardon of the universe for having been obtruded upon it. Add to this the miserable head, set on the upturned end of the neck, with the facial line, from the ear to the unhappy-looking nostrils, level with the horizon, looking like a statue of misery—a mute, perpetual appeal for pity—and you have the ideal of the ugly standing before you eight feet high.

His well-stored mind was a wonder to all who knew him. He seemed so busy at all times with the duties of his office and the various trusts committed to his care, as to have no time for study to acquire such an amount of information on a wide range of subjects as he had command of. But such a mind could hardly help gathering knowledge—knowledge could not be kept from it. He was well versed in theology; he had a good command of general history; he had devoted some time to scientific reading, and had not neglected metaphysics; he had read some Latin, and had acquired enough Greek for a critical study of the Scriptures. As a speaker his style was fluent and perspicuous to a rare degree of excellence, and often combined elegance and eloquence, especially, as often was the case, when his delivery was vehement and impassioned. The same beauties of expression appear in his writings; his descriptions are wonderfully lucid and graphic, and passages of rhetorical beauty and deep pathos occur frequently.

Bishop Marvin's industry was untiring. His active mind saw necessary work a long way ahead of him, and when his keen foresight had surrounded him with arduous labors, his severe conscientiousness would not abate one whit of what he considered duty. He lived an intense life. The moving thought of his life seemed to be, "There is so much to be done for the Master, and such a short time to do it! Am I always at the post of duty?" His incessant labors and ever-increasing cares in behalf of the Church made irreparable inroads on his constitution, and rendered him an easy prey to disease. And yet how few in such a short life accomplish so much! What a life of true, unselfish heroism his was! Had he chosen a more flowery path he might have prolonged his life many years: but no; fame, family, friends, health, self, all were laid at the foot of the cross, and the sacrifice was counted as nothing if he could but win souls to Christ, and be conscious of the Master's approval. His life was an example to the Church.

E. A. Doggett.

David Seth Doggett.

BY REV. JOHN E. EDWARDS, D.D.

REV. DAVID SETH DOGGETT, D.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was born in Lancaster County, Va., January 26, 1810, and died at his residence in the city of Richmond, Va., October 27, 1880, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was a descendant, on his father's side of the house, from an old English family that immigrated to America long before the Revolutionary War. His great-grandfather, the Rev. John Doggett, was a clergyman in the Established Church of England, and, on coming to America, settled in Lancaster County, Va., and was for a number of years rector of White Chapel Church in that county, during colonial times. He died in a ripe old age, and his remains were interred under the floor of the old White Chapel Church. He left a son who was the father of John Doggett, and John Doggett was the father of the late Bishop Doggett. It does not fall in with the design of this sketch to say any thing further with regard to the lineage and descent of the Bishop, excepting that it was a family of high respectability, and that the immediate ancestors of Bishop Doggett were stanch friends of the Colonies, and took a prominent and heroic part in the war of the Revolution, which resulted in the establishment of American Independence.

Mr. John Doggett, the father of Bishop Doggett, just at the close of the Revolutionary War married Miss Mary Smith, of the city of Philadelphia, and removed at once to the estate and old homestead bequeathed him by his father, in Lancaster County, lying at the eastern extremity of what has long been known as the "Northern Neck of Virginia." As early as 1792 John Doggett and his wife made a profession of religion under the ministry of one of the pioneer Methodist preachers who visited that section of the country, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Their house became a

preaching-place for the Methodist itinerants before church edifices were erected in the "Northern Neck." Mr. John Doggett became a class-leader, then an exhorter, and in turn a local preacher; all of which positions he filled with credit and honor, both to himself and to his Church.

Ten children were born to the Rev. John and Mary Doggett—four sons and six daughters. David Seth Doggett was one of the latest born. While he was yet a mere boy his father died, leaving him to the care of his widowed mother, and specially to the guardianship of his elder brother, Cyrus Doggett, now the Rev. Cyrus Doggett, who is still living, after a long life of eminent usefulness both as a citizen and as a preacher of the Gospel.

Young David S. Doggett received his elementary education at what were known as neighborhood schools, after which he was entered as a pupil in the Northumberland Academy, in which Rev. Mr. Thornton was principal, and Mr. Cyrus Doggett was an assistant. The young student made rapid proficiency in his course of study; and, in obedience to the wishes of his father, as expressed before his death, began to prepare himself for the profession of the law. While at the academy, and when he was in the seventeenth year of his age, he professed conversion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at old White Marsh Church, in the Lancaster Circuit, then in the bounds of the old Baltimore Conference.

It was not long before young Doggett felt that he was "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost" to preach the Gospel. This conviction grew upon him until he determined to abandon the law as a profession, and to enter the itinerant ministry. On leaving the academy he engaged in school teaching for one year in Orange County, Va. Here he devoted himself to such preparation as time and opportunity allowed for the work of preaching the Gospel. He acted as class-leader for the Church nearest his school, conducted prayer-meetings, and exhorted the people, and in due time received a recommendation to be admitted on trial in the traveling connection of the Methodist Episcopal Church. February, 1829, he was admitted into the Virginia Annual Conference as a probationer, and assigned as "helper," or junior preacher, on the Roanoke Circuit, in the State of North Carolina—the larger part of that State then being in the bounds of the

Virginia Conference. The young preacher very soon acquired great popularity, and achieved decided success.

He was young, and handsome in person. His manners were winning, and withal he was an exceedingly eloquent and powerful preacher for one of his years—being less than twenty years of age. The following year, 1830, he was sent to the Mattamuskeet Circuit, in the lowlands of North Carolina, than which, at that time, there was not a less desirable circuit in the Virginia Conference. On this field of labor he preached with wonderful success. Large additions were made to the Church under his ministry, and he went up to the Conference bearing with him the affections of his people, and loaded with testimonials of their appreciation of his earnest and effective labors among them.

The next year, 1831, being his third year in the Conference, Mr. Doggett was stationed in Petersburgh, Va., an appointment that was scarcely second to any charge in Virginia. Here he remained two years, enjoying unprecedented popularity, and achieving almost unparalleled success. He had now acquired the fame and reputation of a singularly gifted and wonderfully eloquent preacher, and was on the high road to marked distinction in the ministry of his Church. Through a succession of years, following his pastorate in Petersburgh, he continued to fill the largest and best charges in the Conference—as Lynchburgh, Norfolk, and Richmond, and again Petersburgh, until 1841, when he was elected to the Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Randolph Macon College, a professorship which he filled with marked ability for the space of six years, when he again fell back into the regular pastorate, and again took the round of the leading stations in the Conference.

In 1851 he was appointed to the editorship of the "Southern Methodist Quarterly Review," a position he held for seven years; and, with the exception of one year during this period, he received his appointments as pastor in charge of the largest city stations, performing the double work of pastor and editor at the same time, and doing his work well and ably in both departments of service. He was then Presiding Elder on the Richmond District for four years, his term of service closing about the commencement of our late civil war. During the war he was pastor in Richmond. For one year following the

close of hostilities he was associated with the Rev. John E. Edwards, D.D., in the proprietorship and editorial conduct of a new religious paper published in the interests of Southern Methodism, under the name and title of the "Episcopal Methodist."

At the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in the city of New Orleans, April, 1866, by a flattering vote, Mr. Doggett was elected one of the Bishops of his Church, and entered at once upon his episcopal duties. This position he filled with eminent ability and with great satisfaction to the Church until his work was done, and God called him from labor to reward.

The foregoing is a mere fragmentary outline of the life and labors of Bishop Doggett. We now proceed to give a rapidly condensed review of the character of this almost peerless man, as exemplified through fifty-one years in the ministry.

Bishop Doggett, in his prime, and before incessant toil and advancing years had undermined his constitution and robbed him of his elasticity and manly vigor, was an unusually handsome and courtly man in port and presence. He was a little less than six feet in stature, his complexion bright and ruddy, his features delicately chiseled, his eyes a lustrous blue, and his hands and head a model for the sculptor.

As a speaker, Bishop Doggett had a finely modulated voice, with striking facial expression, graceful and appropriate gesture, all of which was rendered doubly effective by the genuine and unaffected goodness that beamed in every feature, and shone out so conspicuously in every utterance of his eloquent lips.

As a preacher he had but few equals on this continent. There is no exaggeration in saying that he was a prince in the pulpit. At camp-meetings and on great out-door occasions he surpassed himself, so to speak, in preaching. The presence of the great congregation inspired him; and, breaking away from the trammels of restraint, he gave himself up to the impulses and suggestions of the occasions, and preached with a pathos and power that was perfectly marvelous. He swayed the masses with his eloquence, and was instrumental in the conversion of hundreds of people who have lived to cherish his memory, and prove an ornament to the Church of God.

His mode of sermonizing was original and peculiarly his own.

From his text, which not unfrequently embraced a whole paragraph, he deduced his subject, which he elucidated by a strikingly beautiful and apposite introduction of all the words and phrases in the text, weaving the whole into an elegantly wrought piece of net-work that awakened admiration by the skill displayed in the arrangement, engaged attention by its felicity of thought, and produced conviction by the irresistible logic of his conclusions. He was the master of a rich and copious vocabulary. His diction arrested the attention of all cultivated minds, and his nice and exact distinctions and discriminations excited a pleasurable surprise. His exegesis was clear, his analysis complete, his arguments forcible and convincing, his application pungent; and from exordium to peroration he showed himself a master in the construction of a sermon.

Bishop Doggett was pre-eminently an extemporaneous speaker. Not in the sense of speaking without patient and painstaking preparation. He was a diligent and untiring student. He used his pen in preparing his sermons, but rarely did more than write out the leading thoughts, with a careful statement of his propositions. In the delivery of his sermons there was no effort at a *memoriter* reproduction of his manuscript. His mind was left open to the suggestions springing out of the discussion, and arising from the occasion; and hence it is that the finest and most effective portions of his discourses are never found in his written preparations.

In a high sense Bishop Doggett was a man of *one* book. The Holy Scriptures engaged his almost undivided study and attention. He had a familiarity with the sacred text that is rarely equaled. His library was large and selected with great care, and he kept fully abreast with the advanced and ever-advancing thought and criticism of the age. His acquaintance with theological learning and literature was wide and varied. Hence he was always fresh in the pulpit, "bringing out of his treasury things new and old," never growing stale by repetition, nor dull and tiresome by reason of his dealing in mere platitudes and delivering threadbare old sermons. No minister had a more pleasing variety in his regular ministrations than Bishop Doggett. Not that he had any fancy or fondness for novelties, as such, nor that he even tolerated sensationalism in the pulpit; but that he was opulent in his stores of well-digested thought on all the great cardinal doctrines of

Christianity, and possessed the happy facility of presenting even hackneyed subjects in a new and engaging light, by throwing them into new combinations with correlated doctrines, and investing them in a drapery that gave them all the witchery and charm of novelty.

Doctrinally the Bishop was an Arminian in theology, after the Wesleyan pattern and the standards of his Church. He preached what he believed, and his trumpet gave no uncertain sound; but he never carried his polemics into the arena of sectarian controversy. The proper and unqualified divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; the all-sufficient atonement made by his sufferings and sacrificial death for the sins of the whole world; the mediatorial reign of the Redeemer, and everlasting retribution and reward after death, were favorite topics with him in the pulpit. On his dying bed he said, "Proclaim it that I die believing in the doctrines of my Church as taught by our founder, and by our standard writers. The doctrines," said he, "which I have so long preached to others, are my solace and comfort upon my sick bed, and in view of death."

Bishop Doggett has left no literary monument behind him in the form of a *book*—the product of his facile pen. His "Review" articles, if collected, collated, and systematized, would form a volume of value. Selections from the great mass of his sermons, lectures, and public addresses are, at the time of this writing, going through the press. This volume will be followed by a second, made up of sermons, lectures, and addresses, including his last and greatest address on the "Progress of Methodism in the Nineteenth Century." This latter he delivered a number of times throughout the domain of Southern Methodism, from Virginia to California and from Maryland to Texas. This address was every-where heard with interest, profit, and pleasure, and elicited the highest commendations from Conference, people, and press, as a production of rare excellence and merit.

As a *man* Bishop Doggett was not understood and appreciated at his full value, except by those who were admitted to his confidence, and to unreserved freedom of social intercourse with him. He was somewhat reticent, not to say positively taciturn, in mixed and promiscuous company. He was never a talkative man, and yet in the company of known friends he was free and easy in conversation, and entered with zest and relish into the innocent pleasantries of humor,

wit, and repartee. There were times, however, when he seemed lost in abstraction and in a sort of reverie, and when it required the stimulus of some particular topic in which he felt a lively personal interest to awake him to his surroundings, and to engage him in conversation. He was not demonstrative, even in his warmest friendships, but he was as true as steel in his attachment to one whom he knew to be worthy of his confidence. He had a keen and high sense of honor. Nothing could be tolerated by him that was perfidious, or even truculent and unmanly. All the noble virtues, as a whole, had assumed a crystallized form in Bishop Doggett, and each facet of the crystallization was sharply defined by clear-cut angles, and stood out alone and conspicuously bright, and yet each facet blended harmoniously into symmetrical combination with all the other facets, preserving the unity and homogeneity of the whole, and constituting a many-sided jewel of peerless beauty and priceless value.

His election to the office of Bishop was somewhat of a surprise to himself. He entered on his work with not a little distrust of his own qualifications for the responsibilities and duties of the office. As a member of the General Conference in his Church, a position he had filled at each session from 1850 until his election to the Episcopacy in 1866, he had never taken a very active part in the deliberations as a debater or leader. At more than one session he had been chairman of the Committee on Education, and had written reports that were characterized by great beauty and elegance of style, as well, also, as by their breadth of thought. His judgment was good, and he was always safe and judicious in counsel, but was, nevertheless, a little wary about committing himself at once to any doubtful measure. When once he reached the point of committal he was bold and fearless in his advocacy of the cause. Some small degree of apprehension was entertained by his friends and those who knew him best as to whether his administrative tact and ability would be equal to the demands and emergencies of his new position. But he had not been long in the episcopal chair as President of an Annual Conference, and in the cabinet of presiding elders as the chief official in making out the appointments, ere he inspired confidence in his capabilities to meet all the requirements of his office. He soon became a favorite as a presiding officer, and became strongly intrenched in the affections of the whole

Church, commanding the respect and confidence of all with whom he was brought into association. His official administration passed each succeeding General Conference with approval. His escutcheon is untarnished, and he has gone to his honored grave with the affections of his colleagues clustering round him, and the benediction of the Church, which he served with unswerving fidelity, following him to his latest breath in life. In his episcopal visitations he traversed the length and breadth of Southern Methodism; and whether in Virginia or Oregon, in Kansas or Texas, in Missouri or Georgia, he bound his Church, ministry and laity, to him as "with hooks of steel."

Bishop Doggett was the friend and patron of education. He was for many years a trustee of Randolph Macon College—an institution whose charter bears an earlier date than any other Methodist college North or South. He was always ready to respond to invitations to deliver baccalaureate sermons and commencement addresses, and some of the best productions of his pen are to be found in this line of service.

For many years Bishop Doggett was an active member of the Board of Managers of the Virginia Bible Society, organized in 1814, two years before the American Bible Society—and at the time of his death he was its president. He was deeply interested in the work of Bible distribution. Some of the very best addresses and discourses delivered by him were in the interest and advocacy of the Bible cause. At Bible society anniversaries, and on the adoption of the reports of committees on the Bible cause at Annual Conferences, as also at special meetings called for the purpose of raising money to aid in the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, "without note or comment," the Bishop was a ready and willing respondent to the call for a speech. Some of the most felicitous efforts of his life, as a public speaker, were made on such occasions; and on his death-bed he spoke of his devotion to the Bible cause, and said that he esteemed it an honor to represent his denomination in this department of Christian activity, as the President of the Virginia Bible Society.

The Bishop was a pronounced and decided Methodist in all his convictions and preferences, and yet he was a man of the largest Christian charity. In the city of his long residence—Richmond, Va.—he was a favorite with all Christian denominations, and often supplied

their pulpits, on special call, to the edification and delight of the congregations.

There was no man in the Southern Methodist Church, occupying a high and influential position, that was more deeply interested in Christian fraternity as between the North and South, than Bishop Doggett. He favored nothing that involved a compromise of any vital principle; and yet he advocated charitable constructions and liberal concessions, and earnestly desired to keep the "unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." He was the friend and supporter of all suitable measures to inaugurate and maintain the interchange of fraternal messengers between the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. Personally, he visited the Round Lake Camp-meeting, and other like occasions, and showed his faith by his works. He was the advocate of the Ecumenical Council, and lent his influence to the furtherance of all proper and legitimate plans and schemes looking to a closer and more efficient unification of Methodism in the world. However earnest he may have been at any time in defense of the steps taken which resulted in the independent organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as a co-ordinate sister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, enjoying a common heritage, and invested with the same immunities, he never uttered an uncharitable expression, or performed a single act, that was not in consonance and harmony with the highest demands of Christian charity.

What we have said in the foregoing part of this article relates more especially to Bishop Doggett as a man, a preacher, a Church official, and a public character. But it is as a Christian that the Bishop rises in the majesty and grandeur of his noble and well-spent life to our backward gaze and contemplation. He was, by pre-eminence, a Christian. Rarely has there been a more beautiful and perfect embodiment of all the Christian graces and virtues that enter into the life and character of the highest style of the godly saint, than was exemplified in the daily walk and conversation of the subject of this sketch. He was consciously, experimentally, converted to God in spiritual regeneration while he was yet a youth. His talents were consecrated to God when he entered the ministry. He devoted himself with ceaseless and untiring energy to the best and most effective prepara-

tion for preaching the Gospel. He was pure in sentiment, chaste in language, circumspect in deportment, and blameless in life. He preserved an unblemished record, unimpeached and unimpeachable in all the relations of life—domestic, social, public, and official—from his boyhood till threescore and ten, and died, leaving a name and memory behind him that is fragrant with the precious odors of the "Lily of the Valley," and the perfume distilled by the leaves and fruitage of that Tree which is for "the healing of the nations." On his deathbed he said, "I claim to have lived above reproach as a minister of the Gospel." This was no idle vaunting. No man ever sustained a more irreproachable character.

Bishop Doggett married Miss Gwathney in 1834, with whom he lived in holy wedlock for the space of more than forty-six years, and when he died he left her a widow with five living children—three sons and two daughters—all of whom have arrived at the state of manhood and womanhood. He had provided for them a competency, and left his estate free from any embarrassments. In the domestic relations of life he had suffered terrifically distressing and painful bereavements. Two of his children, sweet little girls, by a strange coincidence were burned to death by having their clothes caught in flames. This occurred with an interval of several years between the two accidents: the first, while he was Professor in Randolph Macon College, the latter, during his later residence in the city of Richmond. At a still later period he lost, by death, a grown daughter in the beauty and strength of early womanhood. She was bright, gifted, and versatile; handsome in person and sprightly in intellect. These bereavements lacerated his heart, and ground him as between the upper and nether mill-stones, and yet he bowed submissively to God's chastening hand, and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

It is very natural for the reader to inquire, "How did Bishop Doggett die?" We answer, Grandly, sublimely. To this point we shall, therefore, devote the remainder of this fragmentary sketch.

Bishop Doggett had been prostrated several times during the later years of his life with attacks of illness supposed to have been occasioned by impaired digestion. Just one year before his death he was extremely ill for several weeks with one of these attacks, and serious

apprehensions were entertained that he would not recover; but he did so far regain his strength as to go out on his tour of episcopal visitations to the several Conferences assigned to him in the distribution of the episcopal work for the year. Having performed his work he returned home about the first of June, 1880, in improved health. Here he spent the remainder of the summer with his family, and had completed all his arrangements to leave for his fall and early winter Conferences in Colorado, Montana, and on the Pacific coast. A few days before his anticipated departure he was stricken down with an attack similar to the one from which he suffered the previous year. At first he hoped it would be of short duration, and that, if he failed to reach his Conference at Pueblo, Colorado, he would overtake his work in Montana, and proceed with his round of Conferences in Oregon and California. In this he was disappointed, and it cost him a painful struggle. He was not, at first, confined to his bed, but was unable to go out of his house, or even to keep up his correspondence. This was about the middle of August.

Living, as I then did, in Richmond, and being on terms of great intimacy with him, I was daily advised of his condition. On Monday, August 16th, I called in company with two other ministers of the city to see him. We found him lying on his sofa, and looking weak and faint. He seemed to be very much depressed in his feelings. We were hardly prepared to find him taking such a desponding view of his condition. Speaking of his disappointment in not being able to leave for his Conferences he said, "I am praying, and trying to rally to my work, but I cannot see how it will go with me. My work may be done," he said thoughtfully; and added, "but I cannot exactly see how it will be." He then said, "When I was sick a year ago I did not then feel that my work was done; but I cannot say so now." After a pause he went on to say, "I have dismissed all solicitude as to the Pacific Coast Conferences. I have done all I could to get ready to go, but God has ordered it otherwise, as it appears to me. His will be done. I am content." He then observed that he was comfortable religiously; and that on the day before (Sunday) he had a pleasant and delightful day. He asked us all to pray for him that God might order all things for the best. At his request I led in prayer. He was very devotional.

Not till the Friday following did I have an opportunity of conversing with him again. He seemed something better, but he conversed pretty much in the same strain as in the previous interview. He said he was perfectly resigned to God's will. Said he, "I cannot go to my Conferences; God knows best. My work may be done. I cannot see my way clear in that direction. I am content; his will be done." At longer or shorter intervals I saw the Bishop, and conversed with him. He was often suffering with nausea, and could not see company or converse with any one. Sometimes, for a day or two, he seemed to be something better; sometimes he was much worse. In an interview about the first of September I found him greatly changed in appearance. He said:

"I am a very sick man."

"What can I do for you, Bishop?" I inquired.

He responded, "Pray for me. I thought I would request you to call the elders of the Church together, and to pray for me, that God may help me to be submissive, meek, and patient; but," said he, "do as you think best."

After a few other sentences, he added: "And now let God be glorified and praised, and his will be done."

He did not speak hopefully of his recovery. He was not despondent or gloomy; on the contrary, he was as cheerful as his condition, suffering as he did, would allow him to be. His trust in God was child-like. There was no decided change in the Bishop's condition one way or another for several weeks. When in a condition to see his brethren in the ministry they were admitted to his bedside, and his conversations were always of the most cheerful and delightful character as to his own religious state and his prospects beyond the grave. Many of these conversations were preserved, but they would occupy a disproportionate amount of space in this sketch if recorded in detail.

Passing over other visits, I saw him September 24th. His condition was thought to be extremely critical. He was glad to see me, and after some endearing expressions of friendship, and a reference to the brotherly intimacy existing between us for so many years, he said, "I have just been talking with my family, and a precious talk it has been." Then turning more directly to me, he said, "Hitherto the Lord hath

helped me, and let his name be praised forever!" After a moment's pause, I asked him what he thought of his own condition, and of his prospects of recovery. He replied very promptly, "I have never been hopeful of recovery from this attack since I have been sick; but," he continued, "I have no solicitude whatever about its issue. I am at peace." He then added after a little pause, "As I get near the gates of the city the prospect is grand. The idea," said he, "that I shall pass over and land on the eternal shore is unspeakably sublime; and all through Jesus Christ, my Lord." He then added with very decided emphasis, "Yes, through Jesus Christ, my Lord. I believe in Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God—that," said he, in a sort of parenthesis, "is my doctrine—the eternal Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

In this conversation I said to him that his colleagues in the Episcopacy were all anxious about his condition, and had written me kind and tender letters of inquiry, and sent messages of love and sympathy to him; and asked if he had any messages for them in return? He responded, "Give them all my unfeigned love, and tell them that I love them all, and that if I see them no more on earth, I hope and expect to meet them all on the eternal shore." He then consigned his manuscripts to my charge, and said that his library would remain in his family, and would be free to his brethren in the ministry to use at pleasure.

During the interview now under notice, the Rev. W. E. Judkins, one of the Methodist pastors in the city, came into the room. To him the Bishop said, in reply to an inquiry as to his condition, "I have had peace, gospel peace, uninterruptedly, ever since I have been on this bed of affliction." While we were still listening to the Bishop as he reviewed his life, giving us interesting reminiscences of his ministry as his strength would permit, the Rev. Charles H. Read, D.D., pastor of the Grace-street Presbyterian Church, in the city, came into the room; and without taking a seat, knelt by the bedside. The Bishop expressed great gratification on seeing him. Dr. Read commenced by saying that he had a message of sympathy from the Board of Managers of the Virginia Bible Society to him. The Bishop interposed by saying, "Let me say a word before you deliver your message." He then remarked, in substance, what has before been stated,

that he felt it an honor to be President of the Society; and that while he had been able to do but little in furtherance of its objects, he still felt a deep and abiding interest in its fortunes. Dr. Read then delivered the message from the Board, which had just held a meeting. The conversation then turned on the subject which most occupied the Bishop's mind. He spoke of what he denominated his sweet enjoyment of the blessing of God upon his soul, and then said, "The blood of Jesus Christ is on me; that is my platform." Dr. Read signified his acceptance of it, when the Bishop replied, "We differ doctrinally on some minor points of theology, but we agree in this." Dr. Read remarked, "The difference is just wide enough to give full play to Christian charity." It would occupy too much space to give a recital of all that took place in this interview, which the Bishop thought would be his last, as, in fact, it was the last of any extended length. The Bishop said to Dr. Read, who was still kneeling at his bedside, "Doctor, pray us a short prayer." We all, at his request, knelt around his bed, and Dr. Read led in prayer; and as we arose from our knees the Bishop extended his hands and pronounced the benediction with impressive solemnity, as if he were dismissing the great congregation, and we all silently left the room.

Rarely has there been in the history of the Church a more complete triumph over death and the grave than was evinced in the closing scenes of Bishop Doggett's life. He was ready, waiting, and even anxious to die, and to be with Christ. On one occasion he said, "I have known life with its imperfections and frailties, and I am now anxious to be gone that I may know it in its perfection." To one of his brethren he said, "I have never been ambitious for office; but I have been ambitious, so to speak, to preach the Gospel with the highest efficiency and success within the compass of my ability; and O, how I have enjoyed it!"

The Bishop lingered till the night of October 27, but his condition was such that he but rarely received any company, or attempted any conversation. Like a weary, worn-out child he lay upon his bed, unable to turn himself—waiting for the Master's call. To his daughter, Mrs. Fitzgerald, who was near his bed on the afternoon of the day before he died, he said, "Pattie, unless God, my Father, were to take me up in his arms and nurse me, as a mother nurses her baby, I

could not get well." Indeed, from the beginning of the attack he never expected to recover. On Wednesday night, October 27, 1880, about nine o'clock, he was suddenly seized with a fatal turn, and in a few minutes his spirit had taken its mysterious flight into eternity.

Ministers of all denominations in Richmond attended the Bishop's funeral services; and a representative from each leading denomination paid a glowing tribute to his memory. He was buried in Hollywood Cemetery. Memorial meetings were held all over the country embraced in Southern Methodism, sermons and addresses delivered, and resolutions adopted, all expressive of the high estimate in which the Bishop was held by the Church at whose altars he had ministered, and in whose councils he had occupied a position of prominence for so many years.

The following letter, from Bishop Robert Paine, D.D., senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is given merely as a sample of the letters received from various sources, indicating the estimate in which Bishop Doggett was held, both by his colleagues and by the Church at large:

ABERDEEN, MISS., *August* 28, 1880.

DEAR DOCTOR EDWARDS: Yours of the 24th inst. just received, informing me of the dangerous illness of my dear colleague, Bishop Doggett. It startles and pains me inexpressibly. His death would be felt by many thousands as a great calamity. Have we overworked him? Have we been too proud of him? I confess that, during many years of intimate association and uninterrupted friendship, he has been constantly growing on my confidence and love, until my admiration for his rare endowments as a preacher has been equaled by my high respect for him as a high-toned gentleman and devout Christian. I pray and trust that God may spare him to us! We *need* him—do not see how we can do without him. Yet our divine Master knows it all. Do keep me advised.

Your Brother, R. PAINE.

EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

THIS body took its rise in the year 1800, in the Eastern part of Pennsylvania. It was composed of German-speaking people, who had been formed into classes by the Rev. Jacob Albright, the story of whose life will explain the planting and growth of his Church.

In course of time, as the work increased and laborers multiplied, Annual Conferences were held, and in 1816, sixteen years after the organization of the Church, a General Conference was held in Union County, Pa., which consisted of all the elders in the ministry. Since 1843 a General Conference, composed of delegates elected from among their elders, has held quadrennial sessions. Their Bishops are elected quadrennially. For the last forty-eight years the Association has struggled against fierce opposition, but their growth has been rapid. They numbered, in 1879, 828 itinerant preachers, 540 local preachers, and 105,013 lay members. They have a publishing house, located in Cleveland, Ohio, where their Church periodicals and an elaborate catalogue of books are printed in the German language.

Engd By I & C Evans N.Y.

REV JACOB ALBRIGHT.

Jacob Albright.

BY REV. THEODORE L. FLOOD.

THE dividing and subdividing of the Methodist Church from the day she was organized in the United States until the present, illustrates the restlessness of the human mind, besides showing how many men there are in the Church who think they were born to rule. Every departure from the original Methodist family has been made ostensibly in the interest of what the reformers thought to be sound doctrine, or a revival of spiritual religion, a moral reform, or a better form of church government.

Jacob Albright came into the Methodist Church because she preached the Gospel with a plainness and directness which satisfied his soul, and he went out from her that he might use the same Gospel and methods to awaken and save the Germans of Eastern Pennsylvania.

The pleasing story of his eventful life, which is mostly translated from the German, gives the account of his success in laying the foundation of what is, to-day, the most flourishing branch of independent Episcopal Methodism among the Germans of this country.

John Albright, the father of Jacob, came from Germany in a year to us unknown, in the eighteenth century, and settled in Montgomery County, Pa., in a place then called Foxbury, about three miles south east from Pottstown. Here Jacob was born on the first day of May, 1759, of poor parents, in a house which, having been simply and strongly built, is still standing. His parents being devoted members of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, Jacob received baptism in his infancy at the hands of a Lutheran minister. In his boyhood he learned the trade of brick and tile making. He was an industrious and skillful workman, and in very early life he accumulated considerable property. By his honest dealing he earned from his neighbors and customers the enviable title of "The Honest Brickmaker." In 1785 he was married to Miss Catherine Cope, and soon

after moved to Lancaster County, Pa. From this union they had nine children, of whom only three, two sons and one daughter, outlived him.

His education was limited. The schools of his time were few and imperfectly adapted to the education of young men for professional life; accordingly, Mr. Albright's accomplishments in scholarship were not numerous or profound. It was in a private school that he learned to read and write and to reckon in the German language. In addition to the Pennsylvania Dutch, spoken all around him, he mastered high German, and sufficient English to enable him, on occasion, to preach fluently in either tongue. His library was made up of the hymn book, Catechism, and a Bible Commentary, which he prized very highly.

In his boyhood he was instructed in the Catechism and rules of the Church, thoroughly indoctrinated, and then he was confirmed and admitted to membership in the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Douglass Township, Montgomery County.

At this time the German Church in Eastern Pennsylvania was in a deplorable condition; nothing was heard among them of true conversions, of prayer-meetings, Bible meetings, Sunday-schools, or the conviction of sin. The people held "the form of godliness," but denied the power; "the salt had lost its savor." Of this period of his life Mr. Albright says: "I walked thoughtlessly in the ways of the world, was gay with the gay, thought little on the object of life, esteemed not the duty of men, still less that of Christians. I lived as though this life, a span long, would last forever, and committed many sins for which God has threatened severe punishment." Church membership was by him, as by others, used as a license for sinning, and instead of growing better he grew worse. Yet his conscience troubled him, and he made resolution after resolution to reform, but did not put them into immediate effect.

In 1790 his family was visited with sickness and death. He passed through deep waters. His heart was made sore by the blows of Providence. He looked upon the death of some of his children as a sign of God's displeasure. He became humble and teachable, so that the preaching of the Rev. Anthony Hentz, a Lutheran minister, at the burial of his children, awakened him, and he forthwith

determined to seek the Lord. The two-edged sword cut deep. The voice of conscience disturbed the quiet of his soul. He wrote with his own pen, "O if I only had my life to live over again, how differently I would act! A sense of my unworthiness, augmented by portions of the Catechism I could recall, almost drove me to despair; but I was led to pray. I fell upon my knees: bitter tears of penitence flowed over my cheeks, and a long, burning, fervent prayer for grace and the forgiveness of my sins rose to the throne of the Most High." The conflict was severe, and the trial of his soul great. He sought counsel of men, but found little help until the Lord brought to him a plain, simple man, who was to do for him what Ananias did for Saul, and the old brother in the cloister at Erfurt did for Martin Luther. Of this, Bishop John Seybert writes: "Albright commenced to weep, fast, and pray. After he had sought counsel and help of God and man for a long time, a man named Adam Riegel visited him, a warm-hearted, zealous minister, who preached whenever the people would hear him. He undertook the cause of Mr. Albright. He worked and prayed with him until he obtained the forgiveness of sins and a hope of eternal life. This happened in Riegel's house. Mr. Albright was so overcome with heavenly joy and blessing that he hardly knew how to praise and glorify God."

This declaration of Bishop Seybert, who was not only Mr. Albright's contemporary, but was also born in the neighborhood where the Bishop was, should forever set aside the unfounded report that Albright was converted in a Methodist meeting at Mr. Butterfield's, or that he was brought to the Lord through the efforts of the United Brethren.

Mr. Albright writes that he was filled with joy, that comfort and consolation filled his breast, the witness of the Spirit and an indescribable joy were given him, so that his prayers were mingled with tears and thanksgiving. His feet out of the clay, a new song in his mouth, he strongly wished that his neighbors might see, and come and fear the same God. He immediately stirred up an old Baptist preacher (a non-possessor) by telling him, in the language that then obtained, "You must be converted or you will go to hell." We are not told whether it produced a permanent change in the preacher or not.

Mr. Albright was full of zeal and affection for his Master, and

saw at once the necessity of joining the Church. But as in the Lutheran Church he found himself mocked and persecuted by those who lived ungodly, he was under the necessity of seeking elsewhere a church home and fellowship. At first he united with several others to form a kind of independent society, which was known under various names. This society was without discipline; each member stood for himself; but all were united in the Christian spirit. Later they learned that without other bonds they could not grow and prosper; they then took upon themselves the name they still bear, "United Brethren in Christ."

Mr. Albright was dissatisfied with the lack of order. Among the different societies of his acquaintance, none appeared more to his taste than the Methodist; their Church services, doctrines, and Church government attracted his attention, and, in order to understand the Methodist Church fully, he studied diligently the English language, acquainted himself thoroughly with the Discipline, and rigidly judged himself by it. At this time the Methodists, few in number, were a despised and persecuted people. To Mr. Albright this mattered not; they preached Christ from their pulpits and in their lives, and accordingly he joined the Methodist Church, and became a member of Isaac Davies' class, which met at the leader's house for their class and prayer-meetings. Here he felt at home, and when afterward God led him into another field of labor, the experience here acquired was full of profit. He was attentive to the means of grace, passing through severe conflicts, and receiving strength from his victories. Among the Methodists he learned of Christian perfection, as taught by Mr. Wesley and others. Earnestly desiring, he sought for this new experience with his whole heart. Nor did he seek in vain, as his after testimony proves. Before setting out as a traveling preacher he says: "In possession of such grace, the gift of God, thoroughly equipped with the strength of his righteousness and holiness, sealed by his Spirit, and in love, faith and hope I addressed myself to the journey."

From the Methodists he received a license to exhort, a privilege he used faithfully, and soon developed his native talent for speaking. He thought not of becoming a minister of the Gospel, but his soul was stirred for the condition of his countrymen, and he daily prayed for them. Soon the voice was heard speaking to him, "Go, work

in my vineyard, and announce to my children the glad tidings of the Gospel. Trust in my fatherly love, that all those who will hear and believe may have part in my salvation."

Mr. Albright had never thought of such a call to such a work. Doubts arose, but the call was too distinct to be mistaken. He was uneducated, feeble in body, and deemed himself incapable; hence, he earnestly prayed that God would send some one more competent than himself. But he had no rest day or night while he thus hesitated. At one time he would be almost entranced by visions of the glory that awaited him if he entered upon this course of life and faithfully performed its duties; at another his heart failed him as he thought of his want of ability for the work. But he finally decided to obey the call and serve God as best he could. Not at once, however, for one hindering cause after another presented itself to his eyes, until he was chastised, as he thought, by a severe sickness. His nerves were attacked with unceasing pain, and his limbs were tormented with almost unendurable suffering; but greater than either was the mental anguish to which he was subjected. He recognized the hand of God, and turned humbly to him, promising that if he were raised up he would preach *anywhere* and begin *immediately*. Peace of mind ensued on this determination, and healing of body followed speedily. He was restored, and without further delay he committed himself to God's care, saying, "Here am I, send me." He sought preparation for his work in prayer and searching the Scriptures, and consecrating his body, "that no passion, covetousness, or love of ease, might hinder his course." He fasted sometimes for a whole week, endeavoring to bring his body into subjection, that Christ might dwell in his heart richly; and God blessed him in these endeavors, so that he was enabled to be temperate in all things, to love God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself. But, having no adviser, he went almost too far in these practices, to the injury of his health. While Paul kept his body under, he himself gives directions to us to preserve the temple of the living God.

It seemed necessary to Mr. Albright that his own heart and life should be pure, because he now felt that there was set before him the task of trying to save the Germans. He evidently saw the hand of God pointing him toward them as the field he must occupy; his

thoughts were of them, and his convictions moved him that way, and the rich experience in grace he obtained from God among the Methodists opened his eyes to see, more clearly than ever, the need of a spiritual ministry to teach the Germans the word of God.

At this time godly living in the German Church was an almost unknown thing; many preachers and office-holders were living in open sin, and only here and there was there an appearance of Christianity. The rules of Church order were trampled under foot, and the wild swine laid waste the vineyard of the Lord in a frightful manner. It is true, there were a few who had not defiled their garments, but they were conspicuous among the multitude who lived in sin.

Conversion was a strange word, and conviction unknown. Cock-fights, horse-races, bowling-alleys, and dog and bear fights were much more numerously attended than God's house. Every-where darkness covered the land. Open sins, as cursing, swearing, Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, etc., were freely indulged in. The extent of their religion was to be baptized, confirmed, and occasionally to receive the Lord's Supper. The German Church and people in America needed a thorough awakening and converting, and to this work God called a simple, practical man, and furnished him for his work by giving him a deep, heart-felt experience, and sending him forth to preach from the heart to the heart.

Mr. Albright mounted his horse as a Methodist itinerant, and went to the field with his preparation not of men, but of God. It was October, 1796, when he started. He traversed a great part of Pennsylvania and Virginia, preaching in churches, school-houses, and private dwellings, and meeting with great success, many souls being awakened and converted. At Schäferstown, Pa., a newly built church was to be consecrated. Mr. Albright went thither, but so large a crowd collected that he entered a neighboring market-house, and from a pile of boards so effectually preached the word that many were cut to the heart. Some roughs cried out, "The man is out of his head," and proceeded to abuse him. He only escaped by the aid of a muscular man defending him, and by taking refuge in a house. Having preached with great power at Upper Hanover, Montgomery County, Pa., he was driven out by the persecution which the arch-enemy excited. Satan raged as he saw his kingdom of darkness invaded, and he instigated

the ease-loving ministers to warn their people to beware of him who came to them "in sheep's clothing, but inwardly was a ravening wolf." Nevertheless, Mr. Albright continued on his way, preaching sometimes in the street, crying aloud, and sparing not; forming classes and appointing leaders wherever he could, and every-where faithfully warning the people to flee the wrath to come. Sometimes, under his powerful preaching, sinners would fall down unconscious, and many called aloud upon God to save them. To inquirers he would give such advice as this: "You must pray diligently, humble yourself, take the cross of Christ upon you, and believe with all your heart, and you will soon find the grace of God."

It was by no means Mr. Albright's intention to found a Church of another name, he merely sought to do God's will and save souls; but in 1800 he undertook to organize those converted under him into regular classes, after the fashion of Mr. Wesley's societies. The first three societies were established in Bucks, Herts, and Northampton Counties, respectively, and others soon followed. These were organized as Methodist class-meetings under the Discipline of the Church. It does not appear that Mr. Albright exercised any higher authority than a local preacher in the Methodist Church, or that he ever became a member of an Annual Conference; but he had power to organize classes, and to preach the word, as Mr. Wesley had done before him, and this power he used every-where he went. Once he came to preach at a place where a "frolic" was being held at the inn. He mounted a millstone used as a mounting-block, and commenced to preach. Soon he had broken up the "frolic," which so enraged the innkeeper that he, in turn, brought out his whip and tried to break up the meeting, but failed in his attempt.

At another time, when preaching to about a thousand people, he had such influence over them that one said, "See his face, he looks like an angel." Satan's minions looked upon him very differently. One of them said, "If I only had powder that would not make a noise, I'd shoot him down."

He astonished his host sometimes by declining to drink whisky, then the universal drink. He would say, when invited to drink: "I love people. I do not drink; I do not need it; can do well without it; but you must not take any offense at me for declining."

On November 3, 1803, a council of the different societies he had organized met. This council constituted Mr. Albright a genuine evangelical preacher, and ordained him their teacher. They also adopted the Old and the New Testaments as the rule of their faith and living. During the same session, J. Walter and A. L. J. Albrecht were also ordained preachers and elders by laying on of hands.

The year 1804 is a gap in Mr. Albright's history that cannot be filled out.

In 1805 Mr. Albright was at a place in Center County, Pa. He received permission to preach in the house of Mr. Bachman. In the meantime, Christopher Spangler, from Brush Valley, came to Mr. Bachman's house. Mr. Bachman said to him, "Listen, Spangler, there has come a man at this time to my house to preach." Spangler replied, "Tell him to come to my house, too, and preach." When Albright went, he entered with this speech, "You have a beautiful house, but if you were only converted, it would be much more beautiful." As a result of similar plain talk, Mr. Spangler repented and soon found peace in Christ, and in his old age was accustomed to speak with great animation of Mr. Albright as his spiritual father.

In 1807 Mr. Albright had been eleven years in the ministry. The results were several hundred conversions, four traveling preachers, three stationed preachers, and twenty class-leaders and exhorters. It was now necessary to hold a regular Conference. The first was held in Lebanon County, Pa., in 1807. All the preachers and leaders, twenty-seven in number, were present. At this Conference the Rev. Jacob Albright was elected Bishop, G. Miller was made an elder, and J. Dreisbach and Jacob Frey received as preachers on trial. It was also determined that Bishop Albright should draw up articles of faith and Church rules if his health should permit. The work was too severe for the now sickly man. It was a disappointment to all his friends to even think that in a few months his race would be run.

By the documents of this Conference it is evident that, as yet, the newly organized society had no particular name. They called themselves "Our Society." At the second Conference, in 1809, they used the name "Albright People," but afterward changed it to "Evangelical Association."

For a time the first Conference called itself "The newly formed

Methodist Conference," because they accepted the polity of the Methodist Church, their doctrines and customs of worship, as Bishop Albright had introduced them among his people wherever he preached. The fact is, that for seven years this people were a part of the Methodist Church, from 1800 till 1807. Without doubt, Bishop Albright was embarrassed because his preachers and people were Germans, and the English-speaking Methodists were equally embarrassed with the question of organic unity, when they thought of receiving them as a part of the Methodist family. This is the only obstacle that appeared to be in the way of Bishop Albright leading his followers into the Methodist Church. It was formidable enough to cause him to consent to the adoption of a new name, after a trial of seven years, outside of any Church organization. If the trial had come in later years, when the Methodist Episcopal Church organized German Conferences, and received German preachers, and published a German literature, we seriously doubt if there would be such a religious organization in existence as the "Evangelical Association."

From the time of the Conference in 1807, Bishop Albright's health continued to fail, yet he worked constantly, and as much as possible, until he went to his rest.

His career as a Bishop was short. He lived only one year after his election, to serve the struggling societies that looked up to him as children to a father. His friends believed that if he had lived and been favored with physical health, he would have made a substantial and brilliant record as a Bishop, but Providence ordered it differently, and he was cut off in the midst of his years.

Bishop Albright was endowed with a sound mind and a clear understanding. His habit of mind was reflective, and he was favored with a good share of mother wit, which in later years he used with telling effect upon his persecutors.

In person he was of more than middle height; his frame was closely and well built, with a clear, high forehead; blue, penetrating eyes; slightly arched nose; a well proportioned mouth and chin; his face was small, but long for its width; his hair was black, and he wore it long; his temperament was sanguine, and his movements lively and always graceful. He was one of nature's orators, though his modesty caused him to disclaim all pretensions to the gift. His words often

flowed majestically, and with power, at once astonishing and instructing his congregation.

On one occasion, in 1808, while preaching at a private house in Linglestown, Dauphin County, Pa., he was so direct in his remarks that toward the close of the sermon one stood up, remarking aloud, "That preaching is too cutting." Another arose and said, "Do you mean me? You've been preaching about me." "Yes, my friend," said the Bishop, "if I struck you, I meant you."

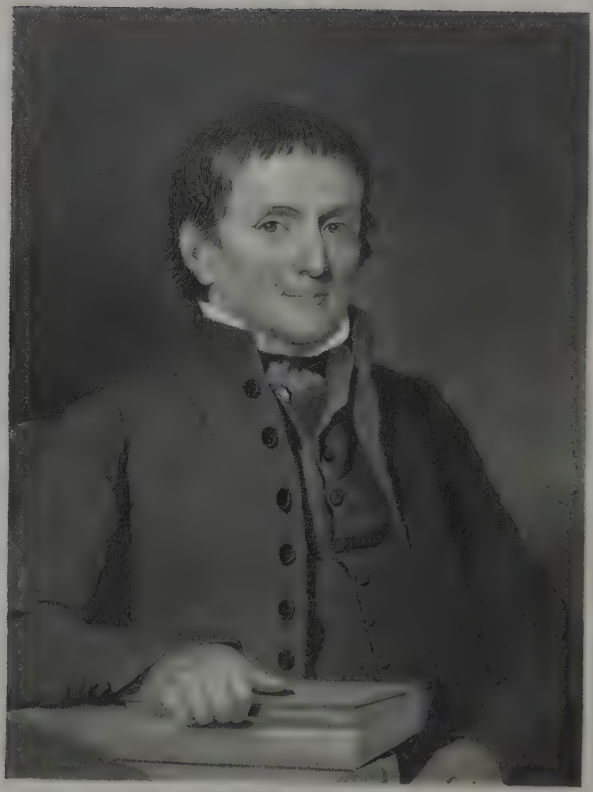
During one of his last meetings he gave his fellow-laborers this memorable advice, "In all things that you do, or think of doing, let it be your aim to promote God's glory, and extend the work of his grace, and to lift it up as much in your own hearts as among your brethren and sisters; and may you be diligent workers in the way God has indicated to you, and to which he will add his blessing."

His health now visibly failed, and he betook himself to his homeward journey to die. His sickness had been brought on by too great exertion. When he arrived at Muehlbach (now Kleinfeltersville, Lebanon County) he could go no farther. He went to Mr. George Becker's house and said, "Have you my bed ready? I have come to die!" He lay down, and never rose again.

He prayed for aid to triumph in the last hour. Victory came, and he called upon the by-standers to help him praise God. They felt God's presence and power making that chamber an ante-room of heaven. Thus the good man lay for a few days, then he took an affectionate leave of all, and gently sank to his rest. This occurred on May 18, 1808, in his fiftieth year. His funeral took place two days later, attended by a great crowd of people who were indebted to him for his labors as a servant of God. On his plain tombstone, beside the dates of birth and death, is the inscription, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Psa. cxvi, 15.

The testimony of friends is, that as a preacher he was very friendly and full of love, yet wise and prudent with every body. He rose early, lived simply, and read much in the Bible. He came right from the place of secret prayer to the meeting, and God's presence was with him, and the people oft

"Saw upon his face the flame
Of love that from the heavens came."



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JOHN SEYBERT.

BY REV. C. W. CUSHING, D.D.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Manheim, Lancaster Co., Pa., July 7, 1791.

He was powerfully awakened at the age of fourteen, and the conviction which seized upon him then never left him until he was converted, at nineteen years of age. "The Spirit," he says, "moved so powerfully upon me that I was overwhelmed, and became almost penitent. I sought and prayed for peace, yet my will was not subjected to the will of God, and I obtained no comfort." In this condition he remained struggling for five years, until, under the influence of a sermon preached by Rev. Matthew Betz, he was led into the light. "There," he says, when past fifty years of age, "I got a stroke from the sword of the Spirit of God, and the hammer of the word, the effect of which I feel to-day, and which I hope will last throughout eternity." The Lord converted him while he was washing his face at the well in the morning. "There," says he, "the Lord converted me *deep into eternal life.*" This occurred in 1810.

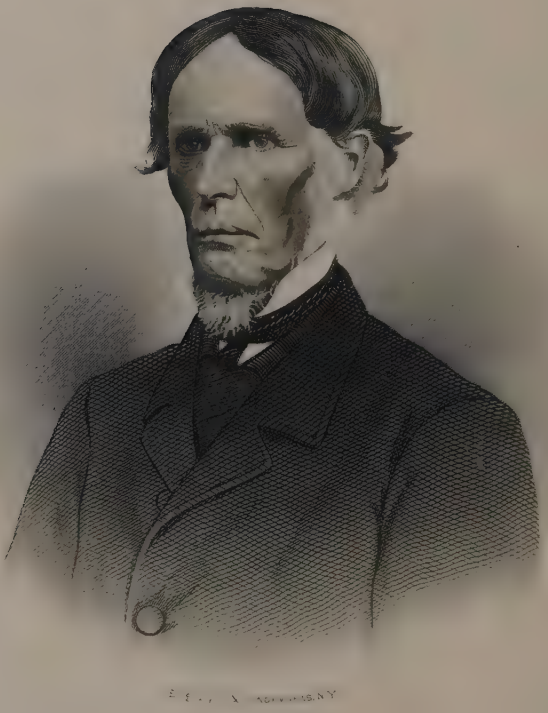
Very soon after he joined the Evangelical Association, and about a year after, being recommended by his class, Rev. John Driesbach gave him an exhorter's license. After this he was class-leader in two classes, where he served his Master with great acceptance and usefulness. It was not until after this that he speaks of feeling any special call to the work of the ministry, and when this conviction first came to him he felt his incompetency so keenly that he concealed his impressions entirely. The Lord, however, had made known the call to the Church as well as to him, so that in the year 1819, when nearly twenty-eight years of age, the officers of the Church, without his seeking, took him up and gave him license as a local preacher. On September 12, 1820, "I started as itinerant minister," he says. His great success in bringing souls to Christ fully convinced him that he had not mistaken his calling. His labors from this time until the close of his life were "more abundant."

For forty years, through the Northern States and Canada, he continued his travels, almost always with his horse and buggy, until many thousands were led to Christ by him, and many scores, if not hundreds, of young men, into the ministry. During these years, from 1820 to 1860, he traveled about 175,000 miles, preached 9,850 times, made 46,000 pastoral visits, led 6,000 prayer-meetings and 2,000 class-meetings, and visited about 10,000 sick persons. Surely these are labors before which the faint-hearted may tremble.

At the General Conference of the Evangelical Association, held in Center County, Pa., in 1839, the Conference voted unanimously for him as Bishop; and, says one of his biographers, "Such a humble, faithful, godly Bishop was he that he was re-elected every four years to this office, almost, if not quite, unanimously, and he remained Bishop, loved and respected by all, until the day of his death. In this high office he was willing to be the servant of all, and set a good example to all."

Bishop Seybert was a clear and sound theologian, but his energies were given to the elucidation of the practical bearings of the great themes of the Gospel, rather than to their technical distinctions. He was thoroughly Wesleyan in his views. His defense of the doctrine of full salvation, or Christian holiness, was able, and, as it appeared in his sermons, was often overwhelming. He preached with great earnestness, and not unfrequently with very marked results.

As a superintendent in the Church he was consistent and discreet. So far as we can learn, his administration was highly approved, and secured for him the highest esteem. He was pre-eminently a godly man, and his death was a fitting conclusion to a holy life, which for forty years had been crowded with labors in the service of Christ. To the last, he continued to hold up Christ to all who were around him. His last words were, "How fearful must death be to a wicked person!" Pausing here for a moment, he continued, "It begins below and comes upward through the body, and when it comes *here* [pointing to his heart] then man is at his end. Thus I shall fall asleep once." Saying this, he laid himself down, and his work was done. He slept, and passed through the open gate. It was on December 20, 1859, at the house of Mr. Parker, near Bellevue, Ohio.



REV JOSEPH LONG.

JOSEPH LONG.

BY REV. C. W. CUSHING, D.D.

BISHOP JOSEPH LONG was born October 21, 1800, in Strasburgh, York County, Pa., and died June 23, 1869, at the age of sixty-eight years, eight months, and two days.

From such records as have been accessible, the time and place of his conversion could not be ascertained. He joined the traveling ministry at the eighteenth annual session of the Evangelical Association, held in New Berlin, Pa., June 3, 1822, when he was at the age of twenty-two years. His first appointment was Somerset Circuit, under the charge of Rev. J. Baumgartner. At this time there were only twenty-three itinerants in this branch of the Church.

In 1823 he was appointed as preacher in charge on Berkley and Franklin Circuits. In 1824 he was ordained deacon, and appointed to Lancaster Circuit, Ohio, where he remained two years. He was ordained elder in 1826, and put in charge of Mansfield and Canton Circuits, with the Rev. F. Hoffman as associate. The Conference was divided at this session, and Mr. Long fell into what was known as the Western Conference. The first session of this Conference was held in Wayne County, Ohio, May 5, 1827, at which time he was appointed to Canton Circuit. During one half of this year he acted as Presiding Elder. In 1828 he was elected Presiding Elder of the Western Conference District, which relation he held until 1833, when he located.

He was present as delegate at the fifth and sixth sessions of the General Conferences held in 1835 and 1839, a privilege to which all elders were entitled, as no regular delegates were elected. In 1841 he returned to the traveling ministry, and was appointed to Harmony Circuit. At the General Conference of 1843, which met at Greensburgh, Ohio, it was found that the work had grown so that it could no longer be done by one Bishop. So, while Rev. John Seybert was re-elected to the office of Bishop, the Rev. Joseph Long was elected

as his associate in office. From this time Bishop Long was re-elected to this office at every General Conference until his death.

All who knew him represent him as a very zealous man, and unswerving in his fidelity. He had, naturally, a very strong constitution, capable of enduring great labor; but his untiring exertions so wore upon him, that for the last few years he was comparatively feeble, though he labored on incessantly, despite bodily indisposition. Failing at length, he wrote to a friend, Mr. Orwig, only a few days before his death, saying he was conscious he was near death's door. But, "I can adopt as my own the cheering truth found in the fifth verse of the Thirty-first Psalm: 'Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.'"

Bishop Long was a representative man at a period when there was great progress in his own Church. He represented the men of an age that was past, and yet he kept so fully abreast of the times in which he lived, that the young and progressive men looked to him as a representative man still. This, perhaps, was not attributable to intellectual superiority over other men of his time, so much as to his sympathy with the immediate surroundings, and his rigid honesty. Moreover, he was eminently unselfish—always ready to sacrifice for the Church. This was so manifest, that his example was an inspiration to others who came under his influence. Says one writer: "His example and influence in this respect were almost the greatest loss which the Church sustained by his death."

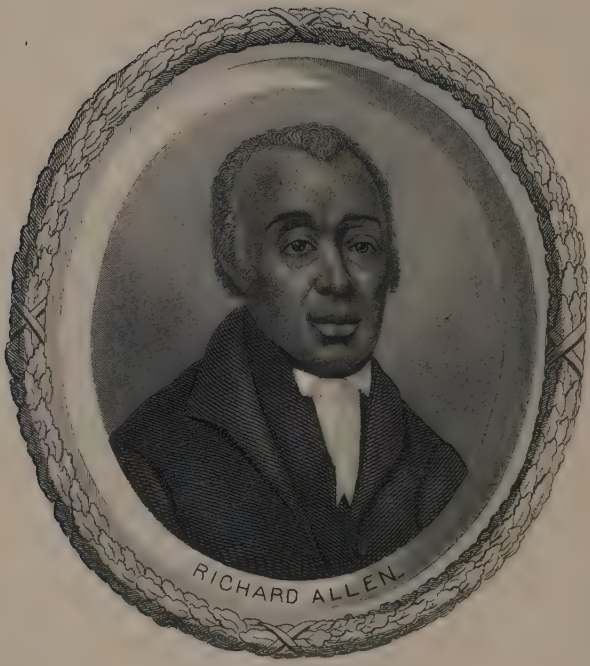
By those who knew him, Bishop Long is spoken of as a powerful preacher. His sermons were eminently scriptural, both in style and argument. On ordinary occasions he often seemed to fail to impress the people. But on special occasions, when all the latent energies of his great soul were stirred to their depth, "he would launch forth a torrent of irresistible eloquence, carrying every thing before him as by storm." He was a very plain preacher, "and went straight forward as a man does who believes heartily in the authority and veracity of his message, and delivered it as to men who were held to believe with the same implicitness." In the death of Bishop Long the Church lost a leader highly respected, and one whose example was worthy of imitation. He died in great peace, leaving the legacy of an earnest Christian life with the Church.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE separation of this Church from the Methodist Episcopal Church began in Philadelphia, in 1787, when an association of colored members was formed. A place of worship, separate from the whites, was dedicated for them by Bishop Asbury, June 29, 1794, with Richard Allen (who afterward became Bishop) as their pastor. The chief purpose of the separate organization was declared to be to obviate "the inconveniences which had arisen from white people and people of color mixing together in public assemblies." The name of the church was called "Bethel." Allen was ordained by Bishop Asbury in 1799. This congregation remained associated with St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church until 1815, when, in consequence of new and varied difficulties, a convention of colored people was called, and held in Philadelphia, April 9, 1816. It was composed of five delegates from Philadelphia, seven from Baltimore, three from Attleborough, and one from Wilmington, Del., and one from Salem, N. J. Daniel Coker was elected Bishop, but resigned the next day in favor of Richard Allen, who was elected in his stead. Of this Mr. Allen, Dr. Bangs, in his "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," thus laudably speaks: "By habits of industry and economy, though born a slave, in one of the Southern States, he had not only procured his freedom, but acquired considerable wealth, and, since he had exercised the office of a preacher and an elder, obtained great influence over his brethren in the Church." Bishop Allen was consecrated by prayer and the imposition of the hands of five colored elders, one of whom, Absalom Jones, was a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church (except that part relating to the Presiding Eldership) was adopted entire. The organization embraced about three thousand members.

In 1828 Rev. Mr. Brown was elected Bishop, and in 1836 Rev. E. Waters was elected. The early growth of the Church was slow;

but since the breaking out of the late civil war it has been rapid, and the statistics of membership at the opening of the year 1882 reported a total of one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two itinerant ministers, nine thousand seven hundred and sixty local preachers, and three hundred and ninety-one thousand and forty-four lay members. This Church is, therefore, doing a good work, and its future would seem to be assured.


RICHARD ALLEN.

Richard Allen.

BY BISHOP J. P. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 14, 1760. His parents were the slaves of Benjamin Chew, of that city. They, with four of their children, including Richard, were sold into the State of Delaware, to a man named Stokely.

Mr. Allen was instrumental in the conversion of his master, who finally became convinced that it was wrong for him to hold slaves, and accordingly he proposed to Mr. Allen and his brother that they should purchase their time for £60 gold and silver, or $2,000 continental money; this they agreed to do.

When he left his master's house, Mr. Allen says (in a sketch of his life written by himself) that he knew not what to do, as he was unused to hard work; but he was determined to have his freedom, and therefore he made persistent efforts to work, and not without success. After a few trials his hands became accustomed to hard work, and he sometimes sawed cord-wood, sometimes worked in brick-yards, and at other times drove a wagon. Much of his leisure time was spent in preaching, and he says that he enjoyed many happy seasons in meditation and prayer, while occupied with his work. After the Continental War ended, and peace was proclaimed, he traveled extensively, striving to preach the Gospel. He left his place of residence September 3, 1783. His lot was cast first in Wilmington; from there he went into New Jersey, and traveled, preaching the Gospel, until the spring of 1784. His labors in this State were very successful; he says: "My dear Lord was with me, and blessed my labors, and gave me souls for my hire." In 1784 he left New Jersey and went into Pennsylvania. He stopped first in Radnor township. Here he labored with much success, many being awakened and converted under his preaching.

Up to this time he had performed his journeys from place to place on foot; but as he was about leaving this place a kind friend

gave him a horse, which greatly facilitated his labors as a minister of the Gospel. From this place he proceeded to Lancaster, Pa. "Here," he says, "I found the people in general dead to religion, and with scarcely a form of godliness." After preaching for some time in this neighborhood, he went into the State of Maryland.

In December, 1784, the first Methodist General Conference held in America assembled in Baltimore. In 1795 the Rev. Richard Whatcoat was appointed to Baltimore Circuit. Mr. Allen traveled much with him, and was finally appointed to the charge of a small Church in the city of Baltimore. While here Bishop Asbury sent for him, and expressed a desire to have him travel with him, stating that he would give him his victuals and clothes; that he, Mr. Allen, would frequently have to sleep in his carriage; but that he must not, when in slave States, intermingle with the slaves. Mr. Allen told the Bishop that he could not consent to travel with him under any such conditions, and although the Bishop still urged it, and gave him three months to consider the matter, he remained firm in his refusal.

Shortly after this he returned to Pennsylvania, and traveled several months on Lancaster Circuit, and in the autumn of 1785 returned again to Radnor. During this time Mr. Allen endured many hardships. He received nothing from the Methodist connection; and while he preached, like Paul, his own hands administered to his necessities. He says, "My usual method was, when I got bare of clothes to stop traveling and go to work, so that no man could say that I was chargeable to the connection."

In February, 1786, Mr. Allen came to Philadelphia and preached in St. George's Church. After that he preached at several different places in the city, established prayer-meetings, and during that year raised a society of forty-two persons. He now saw it to be necessary that the colored people should have a place of worship, and mentioned the fact to some of them; but in this he met great opposition, and was obliged, for a time, to abandon the idea.

Mr. Allen was the first proposer of the African Church, and put the first spade into the ground to dig a cellar for it. Finding that the elder in charge of the St. George's Methodist Church was opposed to their proceedings, and would not preach for them, or have any thing to do with them, they held an election to determine what re-

ligious denomination they should unite with. Two were in favor of the Methodist—Rev. Absalom Jones and Mr. Allen—and a large majority in favor of the Church of England. Notwithstanding they had been so persecuted, Mr. Allen and Mr. Jones were in favor of continuing with the Methodist Episcopal Church; "for," says the former, "I was confident that there was no religious sect or denomination that would suit the capacity of the colored people as well as the Methodist; for the plain, simple Gospel suits best for any people, for the unlearned can understand, and the learned are sure to understand." A majority, however, were in favor of connecting themselves with the Protestant Episcopal Church.

While engaged in these efforts the colored people suffered much persecution from some of the Methodists, and the pastor of St. George's threatened to turn them all out of the connection; but they still continued their efforts to establish a church of their own, and finally succeeded in raising sufficient money to purchase a lot. A committee was appointed to look for a lot, and they agreed upon one situated near the corner of Sixth and Lombard-streets; but after they had agreed to take it some of the committee found another on Fifth-street, which they bought, and the first lot was thrown upon Mr. Allen's hands.

In 1793 a committee was appointed from the newly established Church to solicit Mr. Allen to become their minister, for there was no colored preacher in Philadelphia at that time but he. This offer he declined, telling them that he was a Methodist, and could not be any thing else. He told them, however, that he would not do any thing to retard the progress of their church, and that he would not start a subscription list for a Methodist church until they had done soliciting subscriptions for their church.

Mr. Allen now bought an old frame, which had been used as a blacksmith's shop, and had it moved on the lot in Sixth-street, and fitted it up, at his own expense, as a place of worship. In July, 1794, he solicited Bishop Asbury, who was then in the city, to open the church for them, which he did. New troubles now began: the minister at St. George's wished them to make over the Church to the Conference. This they refused to do; and finding they were firm in their determination, he finally proposed that they should be incor-

porated, which they agreed to. He drew up the act of incorporation for them, and incorporated the Church under the Conference. Being ignorant of the character of this document, the colored people agreed to it, and labored under the same for ten years, when another minister was appointed, who demanded the keys of the church and forbade them holding meetings except by his orders. But they refused to do this, and took counsel on the matter. They were informed that they had been taken in, but that the act of incorporation could be altered by the consent of two thirds of the members. They called a meeting, in which it was unanimously agreed to alter the document. They then had another drawn up that took the church from the Conference. The elder of St. George's refused to preach for them unless they should give him $200 per year. This they refused to pay, considering it too much, as they would only receive five sermons; and they were left alone for one year. After some time Mr. Roberts, resident elder, came to Bethel and attempted to take possession of the pulpit, but was defeated. His successor, Rev. Robert Burch, did the same, but with no better success. He, however, appealed to the Supreme Court to know why the pulpit was denied him. This brought on a lawsuit, which was decided in favor of the African Church. "Thus," says Mr. Allen, "by the providence of God, we were delivered from a long, distressing, and expensive suit, which could not be resumed, having been determined by the Supreme Court."

About the time that Mr. Allen and his brethren in Philadelphia were having serious troubles and difficulties with some presiding elders, preachers in charge, and boards of trustees in Philadelphia, from 1787 to 1816, his colored friends in Baltimore were treated in a similar manner by the white preachers and trustees, and many who were disposed to seek a place of worship for themselves, rather than go to law about their houses of worship and their rights as members of the Methodist Episcopal Church were driven away from the Church in that city.

Many of the colored people in other places were in a situation nearly akin to those of Philadelphia and Baltimore. This state of things, over which they had no possible control, induced them to call a meeting—a convention, or general conference. Delegates from

Baltimore and other places met at the time and place appointed—in Bethel Church, Philadelphia, Pa., April, 1816. They prayerfully took into consideration their grievances, and in order to secure their Christian privileges, and promote unity and harmony of action among themselves, it was resolved by the Convention, "That the colored people of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places in the United States of America, should become one body, under the name and title of the African Methodist Episcopal Church."

The Business and Publishing Committee, consisting of Richard Allen, Daniel Coker, and James Champion, say in their report, (which report was received and unanimously adopted by the Convention:)

We have deemed it expedient to have a form of discipline, whereby we may guide our people in the fear of God, in the unity of the Spirit, and in the bonds of peace, and preserve us from that spiritual despotism which we have so recently experienced—remembering that we are not to lord it over God's heritage as greedy dogs that can never have enough; but with long suffering and bowels of compassion to bear each other's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ, praying that our mutual strivings together for the promulgation of the Gospel may be crowned with abundant success.

We remain your affectionate servants in the kingdom and patience of the Prince of Peace. Signed, RICHARD ALLEN,
DANIEL COKER,
JAMES CHAMPION.

The organization of the African Methodist Episcopal Church having been completed, the Rev. Richard Allen, who had been ordained seventeen years before by Bishop Asbury, was elected Superintendent of the Church, and on April 11, 1816, was solemnly set apart for the episcopal office, by prayer and the imposition of hands of five regularly ordained ministers, one of whom was the Rev. Absalom Jones, a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of the diocese of the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, of Pennsylvania; at which time the Convention, or General Conference, did unanimously receive him as their Bishop, being fully satisfied of the validity of his episcopal ordination. This office he continued to fill with credit and dignity fourteen years, nine months, and fifteen days, when it pleased the Lord to take him from labor to reward.

As a man, Richard Allen was hard-working, honest, and indus-

trious, and a most excellent practical economist. By his industry and economy he acquired more than was necessary to render him comfortable. He became, not, indeed, a millionaire, but a man of wealth, such as enabled him to support a large and expensive family, and to liberally educate his children. In this respect, as well as in religion and morality of the purest kind, he was an example to his race. He was to them a living example of industry, economy, Christian liberality, and as a lover of all mankind, but especially those of the household of faith. Suffering humanity found relief at his hands, when known to him, without regard to race or color. He was a most practical humanitarian.

His education did not extend much above that of the common school, but he was a man possessing extraordinary natural endowments as a governor and as a preacher. No invidious distinction is made when it is said, there has never been his equal among all his successors in office: no one combining the same amount of intellectual strength, beauty, and force of character, that was found in Richard Allen. He was a perfect giant in native intellect and moral greatness. Like Saul among the men of Israel, he stood head and shoulders above his brethren. As a pastor in the Church and president in the Conference he commanded and received the respect of all by his manly deportment. Men instinctively felt themselves under the necessity of loving, respecting, and obeying him. They felt that they must do so as a kind of agreeable necessity, which they could not avoid, and had no desire, no inclination, to resist.

It was not the original intention of Bishop Allen and his brethren to become an independent branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They intended only to have separate meeting houses and societies under one and the same doctrines, discipline, and government, with their white brethren, enjoying with them the same rights and privileges in the Church of God, without distinction of race or color. But the revelations of time convinced him and his brethren and their white friends, that such a state of things could not exist while slavery existed and slave-holders were allowed to become members of the Methodist societies. He found that, to enjoy such privileges, the colored people among the Methodists must not only have societies, but, to make the matter complete, they must have a separate

government, under their own control, managed by their own leaders and rulers, of every sort and kind. It was on account of this unavoidable necessity that they called a convention for the organization of a Church, and being thus called, they organized it. This Church was not, in the literal sense of the term, a Church of seceders from Methodism or the Methodist economy; but it was rather a branch—an offshoot from the Methodist Episcopal Church—an additional branch of American Methodism from the original trunk.

Mr. Allen succeeded in living upon the most friendly terms with the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church all the days of his long life, by whom he was always most highly respected. He and his people have never ceased to have a host of faithful and true friends within the pale of that Church. This last remark is also true of many Episcopalians, Quakers, (or members of the Society of Friends,) Presbyterians, and some others, for all of whom we return to God most devout thanksgiving and praise.

Mr. Allen was a man of deep, vital piety and godliness. He made the Christian life a business. He believed in a doctrinal, experimental, practical Christian life. He made no compromise with sin and Satan. He watched as well as prayed, day and night. Thus he continued to live all the days of his Christian pilgrimage, growing in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, until he was called from labor to his reward in heaven.

For twelve years after his becoming a Bishop he labored and fulfilled the duties of that office alone to the great satisfaction of the Church and the ministry. In May, 1828, Rev. Morris Brown was elected assistant Bishop, by whom Bishop Allen was relieved of a portion of the work in the matter of traveling. But in other respects he continued to labor, to the extent of his ability, to the end of his days, when he ceased "at once to work and live," taking leave of his family, the Church, and his brethren in the ministry, in great peace, and in hope of a most blessed and glorious resurrection. He died March 26, 1831. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: Yea, saith the Spirit; that they may rest from their labors."

He astonished all who knew him in his life and public labors, by his devotion, zeal, patience, and perseverance in the cause of God and humanity, practicing as well as preaching the Gospel of the Son

of God, the Gospel of our salvation. And most earnestly and eloquently did he persuade his fellow-men and brethren to do the same. He always spoke from a heart filled with the Holy Ghost, and with a faith like that of Stephen, by which he won many souls and brought them to Christ, who will be stars in his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord. He was not only great and good in public, but also in private, life. He was not only able, but ready and willing, to communicate to those who desired to receive information or instruction from him. Easy of approach, his motto was: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

He was a man of unblemished character from his youth, through all the journey of his seventy years. He had a good report from those who were without the pale of the Church as well as from those within. He lived with a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man. He was not ashamed of the Gospel among high or low, rich or poor, bond or free, nor did he fear the face of mortal man.

Though a man of such large natural endowments, they never equaled his spiritual attainments—the graces of the Spirit which he possessed, and the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost which was given unto him. By these gifts he was always more than conqueror through "Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God and his Father."

George Washington, the "Father of his country;" Thomas Jefferson, first among American statesmen; and Francis Asbury, the wonderfully great and good pioneer Bishop of American Methodism, were not one of them a whit greater, according to their advantages and the demands made upon them, than was Richard Allen, the father and founder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, among the slaves and free colored people of America.

William Paul Quinn.

BY BISHOP JOHN M. BROWN.

WILLIAM PAUL QUINN was born in obscurity. The precise period of his birth is unknown. He was a native of Calcutta, Hindustan.

My relation to him from 1846 to 1855 as his private secretary, gave me ample opportunity to learn something of the inner life of the man, as our relations were then most intimate: indeed, they continued so up to the time of his death. Very early in life he came to the United States, and became a resident of Pennsylvania. His manhood, development, and all that is great about his name, commenced in the neighborhood of Philadelphia.

Mr. Quinn was converted in Maryland, just across the line. He was educated in that region, and had all his associations with the people of eastern Pennsylvania. He began his ministry under the guidance of Bishop Allen.

He was, although young, immediately and intimately connected with the founders of African Methodism. In the city where he long lived and died is published a paper known as "The Richmond Independent," which is authority for the following statement: "His age is variously stated by his family and friends, one of our oldest citizens placing it at ninety-four, while those of his family think his age to have been about seventy-six, though nothing definite can be ascertained. He was born at Calcutta, Hindustan, where his father and uncle were extensively engaged in the mahogany trade, and his family was considered one of the wealthier of the Indian families. He witnessed the many cruelties inflicted by the Hindus upon each other from an early age. These practices were, however, utterly repugnant to him, which feeling was strengthened by the teachings and preaching of Mary Walden, a missionary from the Society of Friends, who went to that country from England. In consequence of this teaching, and his belief in the doctrines advanced by her, Mr. Quinn was driven from

his home by his father, and went to England. There he came under the notice of Elias Hicks, the founder of the sect of Quakers known as the Hicksites, and he was by him brought to his home on Long Island. After a short residence with Mr. Hicks he went to Maryland, and during his sojourn there was converted and joined the Methodist Church."

There are persons who have attempted to account for the discrepancy between the accounts given of his age, because of some probable reference to the calendars of the Hindus, but there is no doubt the date of his birth was indefinite in his own mind. "But what cares the world who begat us, or who nestled us? what cares it of the place or the hour?" Pontus, the biographer of St. Cyprian, refuses to inform us of his life previous to his conversion, and gives us as a reason, that what a man does before his conversion to Christ is not worth knowing.* The *acts* of William Paul Quinn as Christian and minister are to us of the most interest. Was he useful? Did he accomplish any thing? These are the important questions.

The first time any mention is made of him is in connection with ecclesiastical affairs. The African Methodist Episcopal Church was organized at Philadelphia, at a convocation convened in that city, April, 1816. Though quite a young man, the old men often spoke of him "as making himself generally useful at the convention, though not a member." In person he was tall and commanding, so that his standing position against one of the pillars of the church when he first came in attracted general attention. His pleasant looks and manners were remarked by a number of the old men present, whose hearts were at once drawn toward him. Two years only passed before he entered the army of the Lord, just then recruiting the men who were to do battle valiantly. The minutes of the Conference of 1817 are not at hand, and we have no evidence that he did not join the Conference before 1818; but in the Minutes of that year (1818) we have the following brethren named as members of the Conference, namely: of Baltimore, Revs. Daniel Coker, Richard Williams, and Charles Pierce; of Philadelphia, Bishop Allen, Jacob Tapsico, Clayton Durham, and William Paul Quinn. Becoming associated with the men who organized the African Methodist Episcopal Church, he at once

* Tanner's "Apology for African Methodism."

became noted for his tireless zeal among his fellow-workers in the vineyard of the Lord. He was the first man in the African Methodist Episcopal Church, who, in old-fashioned style, "mounted his horse to itinerate." The logic of these old men, if not according to the rules of Bacon, Whateley, Hamilton, or True, was powerful and convincing. "There were giants in the earth in those days," and these were of them.

The days in which Quinn lived wonderfully influenced him. Every man was, in some way, affected by the revolutionary sentiments then prevalent in the country, and he, as well as thousands of our race after our second great war, felt intensely the truthfulness of that clause in the Declaration of Independence, "All men are created equal." This, to him, was not a "rhetorical flourish," or "glittering generality," but a reality born in him, and therefore a part of his nature. The African Methodist Episcopal Church had two purposes in its organization, one general, and the other special. "The general purpose was to assist in bringing the world to a knowledge of the Son of God; the special purpose was to assist in relieving the African race from their physical, mental, and moral bondage."

As in youth he had learned to hate and condemn the barbarous treatment of his race in India, so he learned to hate no less the oppression of the sons of Africa in the United States. He saw their wrongs in Church and State, and he determined to do all in his power to weaken the strong hold of the oppressor. His heart warmed toward humanity every-where, and the love of Jesus led him to love the bondsman specially—to live and work for him; and when this new organization made its purposes known, he at once embraced its doctrine, and faithfully defended it. These were days of darkness; the opposition was fearful; Church and State seemed leagued together to oppress; but the colored people made a bold move and firm stand for their convictions. They were few in number, poor, and ignorant of letters; yet they arrayed themselves against that which seemed insurmountable. Many thought their course unwise; others derided them, and said, "If a fox but run across the walls of their superstructure it must fall." Not so it seems now; for African Methodism, like the parent Church, has certainly had its mission.

That which has made Methodism in its polity a marvel of success

—the itinerant system—was at once adopted by the African Methodist Episcopal Church. How these very poor men, with no experience, came to adopt so readily such a self-sacrificing system we cannot divine, unless we believe that they were imbued with the spirit of the apostles, who were sent out two by two, and mounted to their ministry like the sons of Wesley, who obeyed the command of Jesus to "Go," by "preaching Christ and him crucified every-where." These colored embassadors, not unlike the true sons of Wesley, left all to hunt up and unite the scattered colored members of the household of faith. Young Quinn, tall and straight, as we have said, was strong of body, and his complexion of Indian type. His hair was straight, black, and wavy, and he had a clear, full, and rich voice. His whole make-up was such as to impress the observer that he was born to rule. Like his people—the natives of India—he thought much on spiritual things. He possessed large spiritual endowments. His preaching abounded in symbolism. He was eloquent, he was earnest, he was plain-spoken to a fault. The African Methodist Episcopal Church at this period was confined to Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. All over this region he traveled, and was among the first to enter the City of New York, where he organized a Church. He early determined to visit the West. Bishop Payne, in his "Semi-Centennial Sketch of African Methodism," says:

"He traveled a few years in the Eastern Conferences, but they were too circumscribed, and when he listened to reports of the land that lay beyond the mountains, his soul was aflame for conquest and victory. He invaded the land of the West, and no conqueror was ever more gloriously triumphant. The fruits of his labors were not a few individuals, nor yet Churches, but he laid whole Conferences at the feet of his King." He also says, "While our Church was conquering territory in a foreign land, she was also strengthening her stakes, and enlarging her borders in the great West. This extension was promoted chiefly through the wisdom, endurance, and activity of William Paul Quinn." In a sermon preached on "The Life and Death of Bishop Quinn," the Rev. B. W. Arnett remarked, that, "he crossed the Alleghany mountains, and all along the Monongahela valley the voice of this pioneer was heard encouraging his people to arise and call upon their God. Thousands gathered to hear the word of

truth that fell from his lips, and the multitudes listened with rapture and delight to his message of salvation. He arrived at Pittsburgh, and in an old foundery established a Church, and set up the banner of the living God. We next find him at Steubenville, Ohio, and here was organized the first African Methodist Episcopal Church in that State. Some say this was done as early as 1823. There were in this organization twenty members. He organized the Churches at Mount Pleasant, Belmont, Zanesville, Lancaster, and Chillicothe. He also visited Cincinnati, where he superintended the organization of the Church in that city; it was organized in an old lime shed. Many other Churches in Ohio were either organized by him, or by his earnest efforts greatly strengthened."

So well had he done, and so well pleased were the members of the General Conference of 1840, which met in Baltimore, Md., that they made him general missionary to the West. In 1844 he made his report to the General Conference as follows:

I submit a brief outline of the work committed to my hands:

Inhabitants of Indiana and Illinois	18,000
Churches established	47
Communicants	1,080
Local Preachers	27
Traveling Preachers	20
Traveling Elders	7
Schools	40
Scholars	920
Colored Teachers	36
Teachers	40
Sabbath-schools	50
Sabbath-school Scholars	2,000
Sabbath-school Teachers	200
Colored Sabbath-school Teachers	100
Temperance Societies	40
Members	2,000
Camp-meetings held	17

These were the reports which cheered the hearts of those who had labored hard and long for the cause of their Master. A Bishop was to be elected, and, as if by inspiration, they declared that this was the man for the bishopric. The election was easy, opposition slight, (the Rev. Richard Robinson, of the New York Conference, was his chief competitor,) and on Sabbath morning, May 19, 1844, this self-sacrificing

and successful missionary was ordained the fourth Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Few men traveled more than he. Up to 1856 he held the Conferences in Canada, and laid the foundation for the present British Methodist Episcopal Church, of which the late Rev. Willis Nazry, was Bishop.

He was not educated in the schools, but was well versed in men and things. Few men had a clearer insight into the duties of life, and few accomplished so well the requirements of their chosen profession.

Plato, in numerous places, esteems as nothing the most shining qualities and actions of those who govern if they do not tend to promote the two great ends of the virtue and happiness of the people.

Did Bishop Quinn promote virtue and happiness? The many Churches, Conferences, societies, and institutions organized by him show that he labored ardently for the promotion of these ends. When he entered the itinerant work, fifty-five years before his death, there were but two Annual Conferences, namely, the Philadelphia and Baltimore; but when he died, there were twenty-three of them. At his entrance into the ministry there were but seven itinerant preachers; at his death there were nearly two thousand. The membership increased from fifteen hundred to over three hundred thousand. All the living Bishops were ordained by him, namely, Bishops Willis Nazry, of the British Methodist Episcopal Church, and Daniel A. Payne, D.D., May, 1852, in New York; A. W. Wayman, and J. P. Campbell, D.D., May, 1864, in Philadelphia, assisted by Bishops Nazry and D. A. Payne; J. A. Shorter, T. M. D. Ward, and J. M. Brown, assisted by Bishops Payne, Wayman, and Campbell, in Washington, D. C., May, 1868. When Bishop Quinn entered there were but two meeting-houses, the value of which did not exceed $4,000; but the value of church, parsonage, and school property was not less than $10,000,000 at the time of his death. There was then no Book Concern, Missionary Society, or Chartered Fund; but at his death these important institutions had been inaugurated and put in successful operation. Bishop Quinn was always a firm friend to an educated ministry, and gave his influence to promote the education of pious men for the work of the ministry, and to suppress the ignorance in the same. He was always kind to his younger brethren, and had a pleasant word for all. If a brother made a mistake and

fell into error, he always remembered the words of St. Paul: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." He was stern in his manners, but as tender as a woman and as fatherly as David. Thus he saved to the Church many who blundered. No one was more cheerful than he—a real Methodist preacher for jokes. He thought, as did Pope, "gentle dullness ever loves a joke;" or, as Gay says:

> "A witty joke our senses move—
> To pleasant laughter."

None could be dull about him, but even in this he would turn his joke to some good account, and make it tell for the cause nearest his heart. He was very pious, and loved Christ with all his heart. He had great faith in God, with uncommon love for the souls of men. He long and earnestly prayed for the abolition of slavery, and lived to see the last slave emancipated, enfranchised, and made a citizen of the United States. At the General Conference which met in Nashville, May, 1872, because of his extreme age and many infirmities he was placed on the retired list. He did not ask for it, but the members of that body thought it wise and prudent to retire him, but to continue his support the same as the other Bishops.

February 21, 1873, the Church was startled by the sad news of the death of Bishop Quinn. Less than one year after he was relieved from active duties his Master called him home to receive his eternal reward. He had been in feeble health for nearly a year, but not until the second Sabbath in December, 1872, was he confined to the house. He then called for his neighbors and friends. Elder Nathan Twitchum, of the Indiana Conference, came to see him, and by his assistance he made his will, when he remarked, "I have settled my affairs, and am at peace with God and man." "I am ready now," he said to Rev. Johnson Twitchum, just after a severe attack; "O, how wonderful is God! how he can uphold us!" And again, "Another such surge, and the war will be over! I am so happy; I see a light brighter than the fire, along my path to heaven!"

The Elder of Pearl-street Methodist Episcopal Church, said to him: "Bishop, how is it with you?" He replied, "My sky is clear, all is

well." He said to his attendant, Brother Evans, "Tell Mary (his wife) that I die in about an hour, and I will be with Jesus."

He had all through life been modest in appearance and manner, and not fond of show or display. At the hour of death his desire to avoid extravagance and ostentation did not leave him, as he gave the directions to Bishop Shorter for his funeral, saying, "I want to be buried in a plain manner. I want no fuss over me; but if the people want to sing and shout they can do so; but bury me in a plain manner." When the powers of speech failed him, he quietly fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. His funeral occurred March 4, 1873, from the Pearl-street Methodist Episcopal Church. All ages and colors filled the church to its utmost capacity. Bishop Quinn selected his own hymn, and, by request, Bishop Shorter announced it:

"A solemn march we make,
Toward the silent grave."

Bishop Payne offered prayer and read the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians as the Scripture lesson. The sermon, by Bishop J. P. Campbell, was from the text, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." At all of our Conferences memorial sermons were delivered by his colleagues. Many of the pastors of our Churches held memorial services.

Clark Wagoner, Esq., in speaking of his death, at Toledo, Ohio, said, "Bishop Quinn's eminent success was due, not to the fact that he was a noble specimen of human organism, standing over six feet in height, well proportioned, and uniformly vigorous, but to the indwelling principle of the grace of God in his soul, whereby he was qualified for the great heart-work of his valuable life. The same blessed power must inspire and direct human actions to all truly noble ends."

He is dead whose usefulness had made a Bishop, and goodness and faith a great man.

REV. MORRIS BROWN.

Morris Brown.

BY BISHOP D. A. PAYNE.

MORRIS BROWN was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1770. His parentage is not known. He was of light brown complexion, and was about six feet two inches high, well proportioned, with a slight tendency to corpulency. His head was large; his eyes, clear and expressive, shone from beneath shaggy eye-brows. According to the general theory that bulk as well as brain is a necessary condition of effectiveness in life, he ought to have been one of the greatest of men. But as in the case of the best marble, if not quarried, squared, and polished, its fine color and beautiful vein will forever be hidden; so, also, with man, if education does not perform her developing functions upon him, his talents, although angelic, will never exhibit their beautiful hues and elegant proportions.

Morris Brown was born and grew up to mature years in the days of South Carolinian slavery. Some schools there were, but not for black men. Some teachers, also, there were, but not for colored children. Up to 1835 and later, the free colored people in South Carolina were excluded from the schools in which children were taught. Somewhere about 1808 or 1809 a white Methodist local preacher by the name of Muns, from the British West Indies, and a colored man by the name of Thomas S. Bonneau, opened private schools for free colored children; but at that date Morris Brown was about thirty-eight years old, with a growing family on his hands. The apostolic Asbury knew Brown. He also knew slavery well; hence his deep sympathy with the blacks, of whom he made so many memoranda in his journal, and in whose behalf he induced the General Conference of 1800 to memorialize the General Assembly of South Carolina. More than once, while some of his preachers were enjoying themselves in the parlors with masters and household, he went into the kitchen to comfort and instruct the slaves. Morris Brown did learn to read the Bible, but when and by whom he was taught we cannot now

ascertain. Probably he was taught, as were a few free colored people and a few slaves, by some white person, who was paid for his trouble with baked sweet potatoes. Like Bishop Allen, he was unable to write his own official letters; hence he always employed an amanuensis. The writer of this sketch frequently enjoyed the happiness and honor of conducting the episcopal correspondence of the latter.

"The child is father of the man." This truthful line of Wordsworth was fully realized in the history of Morris Brown; for as his childhood was marked by docility, sweetness of temper, reverence for age and authority, so, also, in maturer years these manly virtues bloomed into their correspondent Christian graces. Early after he had experienced a change of heart his daily conduct became marked by meekness, dutifulness, patience, zeal for the glory of God in the salvation of men, and benevolence toward all. A class-leader, an exhorter, then a preacher, he gradually attained the rank and office of an elder; but by whom he was ordained we cannot tell. It was not customary for Bishop Asbury to record the names of those whom he ordained. What induced him to name Daniel Coker and William Millar, whom he ordained in the city of New York, on April 27, 1808, I know not. These were more remarkable men—more remarkable on account of their physique, more remarkable on account of their talents and education. The former was the first Bishop elect of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, but was not ordained, because he declined the election. The latter became one of the superintendents of the Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church.

But that Morris Brown was one of the "colored missionaries" by whom Bishop Asbury said "the Lord is doing wonders" in Charleston, S. C., I have not a shadow of doubt. He was not present at the Convention of 1816, when the African Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, but was present at the Baltimore Annual Conference of 1818 as an elder, and was one of its most active business men. If ordained by Bishop Allen, it must have been at the Philadelphia Annual Conference of 1817. He was probably ordained a deacon and elder during the session of that Conference.

That he was the master mind of the thousands who withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal Church after the death of the fatherly Asbury is certain, because he represented them at the Baltimore Annual

Conference of 1818, as elder, in charge of the increasing flock in Charleston and its vicinity. In 1822 a plot for the overthrow of slavery in South Carolina was discovered before it had reached maturity. Its six leaders, at the head of whom was Denmark Vesey, were arrested and hung, at the same moment, on the same gallows. Subsequently, twenty-two others of the conspirators were also hung, simultaneously, on the same gallows. Be it known and remembered, that not a drop of the blood of any slaveholder had been shed, nor had the person of any white man been assailed: the plot only was conceived and maturing. But such was the panic of the slave-holders that the very purpose of insurrection was punished before it was carried into overt act. The excitement produced in South Carolina was fearful. Every free colored man a non-slave-holder, as well as every slave, was watched, and grounds of suspicion sought against him. It was, therefore, perfectly natural that Morris Brown, the leader of more than three thousand black Christians, should also be closely watched, and cause for action against him be diligently sought. All that was needed for his arrest and death was the shadow of a proof. But General James Hamilton, who at the time embodied the political sentiment of South Carolina, being well acquainted with the lamb-like temper of Brown, and his profound respect for law and authority, could not indulge the suspicion that he was in any manner connected with the contemplated insurrection; and he therefore took him and kept him in his own private residence till he could secure him a safe conduct to the free North.

This event placed him in daily communication with Bishop Allen, who made him acquainted with all his desires and intentions for the improvement of the three Conferences then existing, and also with his plans and measures for the extension of the African Methodist Episcopal Church over the free States, and as far South as slavery would permit it to go and operate. Bishop Allen had unbounded confidence in the judgment and integrity of Elder Brown. This he evinced by appointing him assistant Bishop, some two years prior to his election by the General Conference of 1828, at which time he was ordained the second Bishop of the Connection. Immediately after this event he entered earnestly upon the duties of his office, assisting Bishop Allen in devising and executing new plans for the

extension of the work which the Saviour had committed to their hands.

In March, 1831, Bishop Allen was summoned to enjoy the "saints' everlasting rest," and then the whole duty of caring for all the Churches became Bishop Brown's alone. This sacred burden he carried upon his broad shoulders meekly, patiently, gracefully; and the blessings of the great Head of the Church attended his ministrations, both as a preacher and an overseer. For sixteen years he stood alone at the head of all the movements of the Connection, ornamenting it by his spotless piety, and blessing it by his successful labors. It is true that Rev. Edward Waters was elected and ordained the third Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in 1836, yet this fact added nothing to the strength or efficiency of the episcopacy, because he had neither taste nor qualifications for the office, and because he never, excepting in two instances, performed the functions of a Bishop; and therefore the labors of Bishop Brown were not in the least diminished. It was Bishop Brown who organized the Ohio Annual Conference, at Hillsborough, O., in 1830, and appointed Elder W. P. Quinn a general missionary, with the power of a presiding elder, for all the regions west of the State of Ohio. It was he who organized the Canada Annual Conference, in July, 1840, and the Indiana Annual Conference in October of the same year. At this period, the field which he actually traversed extended from the Atlantic to the great valley of the Mississippi. St. Louis was the terminus of his route. In all these Western wilds his efficient co-laborer was Elder Quinn, both of whom were well adapted for pioneer work, because they were very robust.

During the episcopate of Bishop Brown the Connection was so poor, and his dependent family so large, that he was constrained to act as pastor of the mother Church in Philadelphia; therefore he devoted about half of each year to that particular pastorate. The other half found him on the wing from Conference to Conference and from station to station. This double charge he held from the death of Bishop Allen until May, 1844, when the General Conference deemed it proper to confine his labors to the episcopal work. We have already stated that he was destitute of a good common-school training; nevertheless, he was always the friend and advocate of

education. On all proper occasions, in private and in public, he stood up nobly in its defense. His real opinions and sentiments touching the education of the ministry of the African Methodist Episcopal Church were manifested on two occasions, to which I think proper here to refer.

Three candidates for the holy order of deacons were put into the hands of an examining committee. This committee consisted of three, a majority of which reported in favor of the candidates; the minority, a single man, reported against them, because they lacked the literary qualifications required by the Discipline, which then consisted of nothing more than a knowledge of the rise and progress of the Connection, the divisions necessary in a discourse, the doctrines and government of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

As soon as the counter-report was read, Rev. R. Collins sprang to his feet and demanded whether it had come to pass that no one could be ordained a deacon in the African Methodist Episcopal Church till he could read Greek and Latin and Hebrew; he then spoke for about twenty or thirty minutes, during which he emptied the vials of his wrath upon the head of the brother who had dared to oppose the ordination of the said candidates.

To all this his opponent simply replied by referring to the report, in which there was no allusion to Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, but simply to the plain letter and spirit of the Discipline. Then, opening the Bible upon 1 Timothy iii, 10, he read: "And let these also first be proved; then let them use the office of a deacon, being found blameless." Again, from v, 22: "Lay hands suddenly on no man." Intrenching himself behind these two bulwarks of truth, the young brother discharged such bomb-shells into the ranks of the enemy that at the end of the raking fire the good old Bishop Brown arose and said: "I am placed in this chair not to carry out the opinions of any man or set of men, but to execute this Discipline to its very letter; and if the whole Conference vote for the ordination of the said brethren, in view of their disqualification I could not, and would not, ordain them." Then he added: "When we send out men who are disqualified the people do not blame the Conference, but the Bishop, saying: 'Why does the Bishop send us such a man?'" Whereupon the minority report was adopted by an overwhelming majority.

The effect was wholesome. The young men returned next year better qualified for the office to which they aspired.

The other occasion was in Philadelphia, Pa. Between June, 1843, and May, 1844, the writer of this article had published five "Epistles on the Education of the Ministry." These letters produced great excitement among those local and itinerant preachers who believed that, because they were called to preach, therefore they were also inspired, as were the apostles, and therefore had no need of education. Hence the man who dared to oppose them was denounced from Dan to Beersheba as an "infidel." Other hard epithets were also applied to him, none of which he regarded; but he became alarmed at the threat that if the approaching General Conference of 1844 would adopt his views on the subject of ministerial education, and indorse the plan which he proposed to secure that noble end, the African Methodist Episcopal Church would be ruined, that is, split from end to end. He therefore determined not to attend the General Conference. As soon as Bishop Brown heard of this determination, he said to the writer of "The Epistles on the Education of the Ministry," "That you should stay away from the General Conference is the very thing your opponents desire, in order that they may make a successful opposition to your views and your plans; therefore I advise and urge you to be there." So the writer went to the General Conference, and his plan for the education of our young ministry was adopted, incorporated into our Discipline, and has been ever since an essential element in the work for the development of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. The least reflection will show how wise and timely was the advice of the good Bishop, and how an opposite course of conduct would have retarded and damaged the work of ministerial education among us.

On the 9th of May, 1849, about five o'clock in the morning, he closed his eyes upon his weeping wife, children, and numerous friends, to open them amid the light and the glory of the upper sanctuary. Thus lived and thus died Morris Brown, the second Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. The moral and religious elements ruled his character and life; so that, although he added nothing to the science or literature of the world, his labors and life constitute a solid contribution to its moral and religious wealth.

REV. EDWARD WATERS

Edward Waters.

BY BISHOP A. W. WAYMAN.

EDWARD WATERS, third Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, was born a slave in Maryland, perhaps at or near West River. He came to Baltimore when a young man, and bought his freedom from one Mr. Duvall. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church until about 1816. At that time the African Methodist Episcopal Church was organized. He, with Daniel Coker and several others, withdrew and formed a part of the new organization. I have no record from which to ascertain when he was ordained a deacon and elder. But when he was ordained it was by Richard Allen, the first Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1831 Bishop Allen died. There was then a rule in the Discipline of the African Methodist Episcopal Church which required the acting Bishop to choose an elder as an assistant. Bishop Morris Brown selected Rev. Edward Waters. In 1832 the General Conference met in Philadelphia. The most prominent candidate for the position of Bishop was Rev. William Cornish; and it was conceded by most of the delegates that he would be elected. But some of the older members regarded Brother Waters as a very safe man, and urged his conservative nature as a very great argument in his favor. When the day for the election came, Rev. Edward Waters was elected, and ordained by Bishop Morris Brown.

As there were only four Annual Conferences of the African Methodist Episcopal Church at that time, namely, the Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York, and Ohio Conferences, Bishop Waters was only required to be present at the Conferences as an assistant Bishop. He never held an Annual Conference nor ordained a minister.

He received his appointments annually as the other itinerant ministers, which were entirely confined to the State of Maryland, with one single exception, and that was when, during one year, he served one of the Churches in Washington, D. C.

He was not a man of education in the schools, yet, having made the Scriptures his special study, he was considered one of the ablest Bible preachers of his day in our Church, and his manner of preaching was much admired by the people. From 1832 to 1847 he filled his place in the itinerant ranks, and generally did the most of his traveling on his circuits on foot, and whenever he said he was coming to an appointment he was always sure to be there. He often had said he would never disappoint a congregation if it were possible to avoid it, whatever the circumstances were. At one time, in the early part of 1847, he was returning home to Baltimore from one of his appointments on foot, when some young men, who were driving a vehicle of some kind, either intentionally or accidently ran over him, and he was severely injured. He managed, however, to reach the home of his daughter, where he remained until he died.

The Baltimore Annual Conference met in Baltimore, April, 1847, and Bishop Waters not being present at roll-call, which was so unusual a thing for him, inquiry was at once made concerning him, when it was first ascertained that he was injured. A committee consisting of two of the oldest ministers were sent to visit him. He told the committee to tell the Bishop and Conference he had met them for the last time on earth, but that the principles of the Gospel he had preached for so many years to others now afforded him solace in his declining moments.

The Conference had scarcely adjourned, and the ministers reached their work, before they were summoned to Baltimore again to attend the funeral of Bishop Waters.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL ZION CHURCH.

THE organization of this branch of the Methodist family dates from 1820, when a very large congregation of colored members in New York, known as Zion Church, (formed in 1796,) seceded from the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the leadership of James M. Stilwell, a former pastor of John-street Church. The reason assigned was, that the New York Conference was about to take measures in favor of vesting the title of Church property more securely in the Conference, and thus infringe on the rights of the laity. They sought, for a time, to be organized as a separate Conference under the name of the African Methodist Conference, under the patronage and government of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Philadelphia Conference, learning of their desires and plans, and of their invitation to Bishop M'Kendree to preside at a proposed Conference, adopted the following resolution, and forwarded it to the New York Conference, with which the separating Churches had been connected:

The Philadelphia Conference do advise and recommend that one of our Bishops do attend and preside in the African Conference appointed to sit in New York, as an African Methodist Conference, under the patronage of our Bishops and Conference, agreeable to the proper plan, (if the New York Conference agree with us,) to wit: 1. One of our members always to preside in the said Conference, or in case no Bishop be present, then such white elders as the Bishop may appoint, are to preside. 2. Our Bishops to ordain their deacons and elders, such as shall be elected by their own Conference and approved by the Bishop, and educated for the office.

The New York Conference did not approve the resolution of the Philadelphia Conference, but the Conference was held, (June 21, 1821,) and Joshua Soule, afterward elected Bishop, and Dr. Phœbus, by invitation, met with them. A Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church was elected president, but no Bishop being present, Dr. Phœbus was chosen and presided, and Dr. Soule acted as secretary. Free-

born Garrettson was also present. A second Conference was held in Philadelphia, in 1822, but the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, not believing they had authority to preside, declined to do so, and James Varick was elected as the first Bishop. The first Conference was organized with twenty-two preachers, reporting an aggregate of one thousand four hundred and twenty six lay members. The doctrines are the same as those of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Bishops are elected for four years, and are eligible for re-election. The latest statistics reported show a total of

Organized in 1796.
Conferences, 22.
Bishops, 6, (Bishop Clinton died in 1881.)
Itinerant Preachers, 2,000.
Local Preachers, 2,950.
Lay Members, 300,000.
College, 1, at Salisbury, N. C.
Zion Institute is at Lancaster, S. C.
Book Concern is at 183 Bleecker-street, N. Y.; Jacob Thomas, Agent.
"The Star of Zion," the organ of the denomination, is published at Salisbury, N. C.

Solomon T. Scott.

BY BISHOP S. T. JONES.

THE subject of this brief sketch was born in Smyrna, Del., August 26, 1790, and at an early period in life embraced religion, and gave a firm adherence to Methodism, which he as firmly maintained during life and in death.

He was united in marriage in May, 1819, then in the twenty-ninth year of his age. His companion, who now mourns his departure in aged widowhood, shared with him the cares and privations inseparable from the life of an itinerant ministry for nearly half a century.

Possessed of a bold and fearless spirit, and ambitious to visit other lands, he made choice, for a livelihood, of that hazardous occupation, which, while it gratified his desire to behold the wonderful and the beautiful abroad, nevertheless fearfully exposed him to the perils of the deep. He became a useful mariner.

To what extent the awfully grand exhibitions of the matchless power of God—sublime displays, alike, of his authority and care—which the vast and boundless sea affords, influenced his future course, we may never know. We doubt not, however, but that the great Teacher, who had selected him from the thousands of Israel for a special work, was meanwhile making use of all those thrilling incidents of his life at sea as so many instrumentalities by which he was educating him for his work. John, the forerunner of Jesus, was schooled in the wilderness of Judea, rather than at the feet of some learned doctor of the law, that he might be the better qualified to do the vigorous work of preparing the way of the Lord. Dartmouth and Yale, Princeton and Harvard, all great and grandly-useful institutions of learning, may each, alike, be passed by, when the allwise God selects and prepares men for his high and holy purposes; and in humbler, more obscure, and, to human ken, far less appropriate schools, men may be fashioned for the duties and offices of God's house and work. Not that scholastic training is unessential to fit the minister of

Christ for usefulness, or that the holy One refuses, in the main, to accept the preparatory labors of men in carrying forward the plans of Heaven; but he is sometimes pleased to act so independently of the ordinary human appliances so frequently relied upon, in painful disregard of the far more essential divine qualifications, that, passing by the recognized agencies, he himself teaches him in the school not founded by men, and from books of which he alone is the author.

Thus signally does the Father of all our mercies disappoint the expectations and frustrate the plans of men. This strange, and in man's judgment impolitic, and therefore unapproved course on the part of Infinite Wisdom, so far from working deterioration, invariably surpasses in usefulness and in beneficial results the finest touches of human skill; thus demonstrating the divine origin, as well as the divine direction and management, of the Church.

The wisdom of such selection and instruction is seen in the fact, that the gospel message is presented to mankind in rich variety, drawn from almost every profession and pursuit in life; each instructor making use of those things with which he is most familiar, (of which the Scriptures furnish so many beautiful examples,) thereby illustrating the great truths of God with a simplicity and forcibleness comprehensible by all; and thus appropriated and applied by the divine Spirit, irresistibly carrying conviction to every heart.

The beneficial effects of this happy appropriation of the most simple means to most important ends may be readily recognized by those who can recall those instances in the public ministrations of Bishop Scott, when he took for a text any passage of Scripture connected with the sea, vessels, or sailing, or, more than all, a text referring to fishes or fishing. His unusual knowledge of and familiarity with any, and almost every, thing belonging to the mighty deep; his astonishing recollection of nearly all the names, localities, habits, and peculiarities of the vast finny tribes; his wonderful facility and appropriateness in contrasting these peculiarities with the characters and dispositions of men—now accurately describing the bold, bad man, now the timid, now the penitent mourner, now the newly-born convert, now the active Christian, the humble child of God, and now the lukewarm professor, by some corresponding disposition, trait of character, or striking similarity found in some inhabitant of the sea, enabled him

to wield a power and influence for good truly enviable. His celebrated "Fish Sermon," written by his dictation, though shorn of much of the beauty, because lacking the inspiration of the sermon as preached by him, is, nevertheless, a most curious, interesting, and instructive production.

Bishop Scott connected himself with the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church about 1830; joined the Philadelphia Conference three or four years later; and was ordained a deacon by Bishop Rush in 1835. An emergency rendered it necessary for the Bishop to ordain him elder the same year, and to place him in charge of the Philadelphia station, left vacant by reason of the affliction of the regularly appointed minister.

Serving with great zeal and distinction during his pastorate in that city, and exhibiting unmistakable signs of future usefulness and availability, Bishop Rush, with that keen penetration and far-seeing sagacity for which he was distinguished, discovered in the young preacher those qualities which fitted him for the rugged duties of a pioneer life, and assigned him to new and untried fields. Here the unflinching courage, the indomitable spirit, and the determined will, which had often enabled him coolly to discharge the duties of a sailor under the most trying circumstances, and in the midst of danger, admirably fitted and sustained him in his new enterprise, and secured for him and the Church many a victory of the most brilliant character, wrung from the powers of darkness after the severest conflicts, where men of ordinary courage must have utterly failed. Mounted on a good horse, (for he would have none other,) this brave, undaunted sailor-preacher would travel through a district now poorly served by ten or a dozen itinerants, regularly administering the word of life in towns, villages, and neighborhoods; scaling mountains, traversing valleys, and threading by-paths through forests and mountain-fastnesses, preaching alike to the few or many, and scarcely receiving the absolute necessities, to say nothing of the comforts and conveniences, of life. The Church of his choice is very largely indebted to Bishop Scott for the flourishing condition of the work in Central and Western Pennsylvania, where his labors were principally bestowed.

Eminently fitted as he was by these trying, but instructive, experiences, and endeared to his brethren by his heroic labors, his unswerv-

ing attachment to the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, as well as by the most pleasant fraternal relations, he was elected to the Episcopacy by the General Conference held in New York, in May, 1856, and for four years he served with considerable distinction. Retiring from the position in 1860, he resumed, to him the more congenial, work of a subordinate preacher, in which work he discharged zealously its rugged duties, notwithstanding his advanced age and slowly diminishing bodily strength, till within a few years of his last illness and death.

On December 29, 1862, he passed away in sweet peace, and in full hope of a glorious future, at the ripe age of seventy-two years, in the same city (Philadelphia) where he began his ministerial labors in early life.

JAMES VARIC.

BY BISHOP S. T. JONES.

THE very distinguished personage to whose memory the following brief sketch is dedicated, enjoyed the honor of being the first who was elevated to the Episcopal Chair in the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in America. He was born in New York in in 1795. Receiving a common school education, which eminently fitted him for leadership among his race, and being endowed with great native ability, he was destined to act a prominent part in shaping the destiny of the Church-organization to which his subsequent labors were principally confined.

It was his wisdom to have remembered his Creator in the days of his youth, and he early gave his heart to God, and enjoyed that permanent and satisfying peace which he retained to the last. The verity of that consoling promise: "Them that honor me, I will honor," finds abundant support and is beautifully illustrated in the history of Bishop Varic. Firmly attached to the simple but comprehensive doctrines taught by Methodism, in love with her principles and Discipline, he espoused that blessed cause, even in that period of its unpopularity and numerical weakness. Taking his position in the denomination so early in its history, he became an active and energetic participant in whatever promised to advance her interest, or glorify God. Thus steadily increasing in spiritual strength and usefulness, our youthful hero was licensed to preach in 1813, when but seventeen years of age. Entered fully upon the work for which God and his nature had fitted him, he took a prominent and most serviceable part in the discussions engaged in at the several meetings held by the founders of the Connection, to determine as to the character of our episcopacy, and the peculiar principles of the organization; and, no doubt, contributed largely, if not mainly, to the final adoption of that purely Wesleyan type and simple Methodistic character prominent in the government of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church.

Endeared to his brethren by years of active service in their interests, he had now become immeasurably more so, not only by his valuable aid in establishing an incomparable form of itinerancy, but by the unassuming, modest, and deferential manner which had characterized his entire action. These characteristics, taken in connection with that keen, far-seeing sagacity, logical and forcible argumentativeness, practical thoughtfulness, and administrative ability, which he had exhibited during these preliminary proceedings, plainly designated him as the fit leader of the infant Church, and resulted in his elevation to the honorable position of the first Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, in 1820. He entered upon the duties of the office with the confidence and hopes of the humble band of ministers who had thus honored him, filling the position with marked ability and distinction during twelve years.

He was an able debater, and a most eloquent and forcible preacher. As such, he was very popular with his white brethren of New York, and preached on several occasions in the John-street Methodist Church with great acceptability. He is said to have been a close reasoner, and a very able advocate of the rights of his proscribed race, battling against the prejudices of the American people, and especially the insidious distinctions found in the Methodist Church at that early day.

After finishing a most brilliant and highly useful career, justly meriting the esteem of mankind, and particularly of that humble portion of it with whom he was more immediately identified, he died in full hope of a blissful immortality, leaving three sons and four daughters to mourn his loss.

It is worthy of remark that Bishop Varic assumed the honors and dignity of the episcopate at the age of twenty-four. Few, if any, in modern times, have reached so high a distinction in the Church so early in life, and fewer still have borne those honors so creditably both to himself and the Church.

Christopher Rush.

BY BISHOP S. T. JONES.

"He lives nobly who lives for man,
Because he lives for God."

A GIANT in intellect, of great moral courage, of a strong and determined will, and of vast powers of physical endurance, with a fair share of acquired ability, Christopher Rush was fitted to be at once a bold and dauntless leader, a rigid disciplinarian, an energetic and untiring worker, and an eminently useful man. He was born in Cravens County, North Carolina, February 4, 1777, and inherited a considerable share of the genial warmth of soul and ardency of spirit characteristic of the people of that section. Embracing Christianity at the early age of sixteen, at a period of our national progress when simple habits, correct deportment, and aversion to licentiousness, were marked features in almost every community, and more especially so in rural districts, he may be said to have scarcely known, much less to have been familiar with, most of the vices of our present times so beguiling to youth and so frequently disastrous to its most brilliant prospects. Indeed, one possessed of such remarkable firmness and decision of character as was Bishop Rush, having once set out to compass any commendable object, would hardly be turned aside from his purpose even in this day of degeneracy. But confronted by comparatively little opposition, and surrounded by so many incentives to a pure and spotless life, he made rapid progress in the faith he had espoused.

Manumitted, or purchased through his own industry or by the benevolence of his friends, he moved to New York city in 1798; where, untrammeled in mind, he was able to investigate more thoroughly with a view of determining his future course in life. Familiarizing himself with the teachings, doctrines, and philanthropic views of the venerable founder of Methodism, whom he held in the highest esteem, he witnessed with alarm the innovations introduced by the

dominant adherents to his religious tenets in America, especially with reference to the Christian equality of the races. Deeply impressed with the truthful, manly, and God-like utterances of the Declaration of American Independence, then fresh from the almost-inspired pen of Jefferson, and seeing these principles so flagrantly ignored with respect to his race by the same people for whose justification in throwing off an oppressive foreign yoke they had been proclaimed, so soon after their own Heaven-secured deliverance, his soul was roused to righteous indignation. Satisfied that prejudice born of conscious injustice and wrong, and rendered invincible by large promise of mercenary gain, having already taken firm hold on the American heart, would present most formidable resistance alike to the humanitarian and the Christian, whether in Church or State, he placed himself squarely on the side of the unfortunate and victimized; here, armed with Wesley's publicly expressed view that "American slavery was the sum of all villainies," he enlisted with all his masterly powers of mind and soul against its principles and practice, whether fostered by doubtful and ambiguous phrases in the Constitution, or tolerated by the connivances of Church authorities. That his position on this subject, and all else affecting the interests of the masses of his race, might be the more conspicuously known, he united with the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in 1803, shortly after its organization as an itinerant body, where he found kindred spirits holding kindred views, both of Church polity and humanitarian principles, stoutly battling for the rights of his race, and taking active part in all important interests connected with its amelioration. While preparing himself, meanwhile, as best he could, for future usefulness among them, he obtained license to preach in 1815; was advanced to deacons' orders soon after, and was ordained an elder in 1822.

Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of evangelism, and recognizing the potency and fitness of the itinerant ministry as its most appropriate and hopeful instrumentality, he had given important aid in shaping that plan in the infant connection. With his vast powers of thought, sound and reliable judgment, his rich and versatile store of information, and his decidedly Wesleyan training, he had been a most helpful associate of Rev. James Varic, whose subordinate he then was, and whose colleague and successor he was destined to be, in determining

the simple but comprehensive forms of our present organization. These valuable services had secured for him the full confidence, as well as the affectionate regard, of his brethren; and, as an evidence of both, he was elected to the important office of the second Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in America, in the second General Conference, convened in Zion Church, New York city, in 1828. For four years he shared the honors of the position with his senior, Bishop Varic, but thenceforward, during a period of twenty years, he was not only known and recognized as the distinguished senior Bishop of his Church, but was the interesting, highly appreciated, and important center around whom every interest of the Zion Church gathered. Probably no man ever secured a more absolute control over a people, or exercised it in such complete subordination to their most cherished interests. It was, therefore, inexpressibly saddening to the Church, for the advancement of which he may be said to have literally givenh is eyes, when, from loss of eyesight by almost incessant reading, writing, and exposure, he was compelled to retire from the active duties of the episcopacy at the General Conference of 1852.

Loved almost to idolatry, it seemed scarcely possible that the wonderful man whose voice had been heard for so many years throughout the Connection—in the pulpit, in the chair, and around thousands of hearthstones, in the faithful discharge of the duties of office as preacher, presiding officer, and pastor—should, henceforth, be confined to a single place, never to be heard again by most of those who had listened to him with ever-increasing interest and profit. The feeling of the Church was evidently akin to that which rent the hearts of the hosts of the Lord when Moses, their cherished leader, pronounced his last sad benediction, and took his paternal leave on his departure to Mount Nebo to die. There was, however, in the case of Bishop Rush, a hope somewhat consoling to the Church, that they might profit by his counsel and advice for many years to come. Such, indeed, was the case during the twenty-one years which intervened from his retirement to his final demise.

Bishop Rush was truly a man of mark. Born a slave, and therefore familiar with the bitterness of that vile system, he labored most arduously for its overthrow. God permitted him to hear of its abol-

ishment, though never to see, literally, its redeemed victims. When the Emancipation Proclamation of the immortal Lincoln was read to him, with uplifted hands he exclaimed, in the appropriate language of the venerable Simeon: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "I knew," said he, "that the justice of God could not sleep forever; he has called, and ever will raise up men to battle against political error, till all unjust laws shall be forever wiped out." "The Almighty hath decreed that the universal brotherhood of man shall be fully acknowledged by the American people."

He was also deeply interested in the education of mankind, and especially in that of his own neglected race, and took a very prominent part in the movement for the establishment of public schools for the education of colored children in the State of New York in 1812.

With a view to the better educational training of the ministry of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church he was instrumental in securing a lot of ground in Essex County, New York, for the location of a school, and he did much toward the erection of suitable buildings thereon for that purpose. He also distinguished himself to some extent as a writer. His treatise, or Short Account of the Rise and Progress of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, is a work of considerable merit, and is valuable as the only authentic history of the Church extant.

In short, Bishop Rush was altogether a most extraordinary man. After a long life so fully devoted to the interests of humanity and religion as to induce him to forego even the tender and endearing ties of matrimonial alliance, lest he should encounter some serious obstacle or hinderance in the work upon which he had set his heart, he passed away on July 6, 1873, in the full triumphs of faith, having reached the ninety-sixth year of his life.

As a tribute of respect to the venerable Bishop, a beautiful monument has been erected to his memory in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Brooklyn, New York.

William Miller.

BY BISHOP S. T. JONES.

VENERABLE in age, but far more so in appearance, with a fine manly form rather above the medium height, crowned with a lavish head of hair of snowy white, and having a voice whose soft melody revealed the tender emotions and generous impulses of a kind and loving heart, Bishop Miller would have reminded you of the sainted John of Ephesus. Indeed, during his life and since his death he has been frequently compared to "the loving John," so innocently tender, so harmlessly loving, and so eminently paternal was he. It seldom falls to the lot of any individual, however distinguished he may otherwise be, to possess at once the characteristics of patient, gentle love, and of extreme boldness and intrepidity. For purposes known to Him who gives no account of his matters in these particulars, these opposite qualities are rarely developed to any considerable extent in the same person. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that the subject of this sketch cannot be ranked as an organizer among those bold and fearless pioneer fathers, like Rush and Varic, who preceded him in the duties and honors of the episcopacy, or Galbreath and Scott, who were his successors. But if the memory of these men is entitled to our veneration because they were great organizers, Miller may be as gratefully remembered for his possession and exercise of those qualities which won the hearts of the masses, and the exhibition of those persuasive powers which not only retained them, but also induced them to emulate his pious example. Easy of approach—by even the most lowly—he was benevolent to the poor and the unfortunate, tenderly loving and indulgent to children, kind and generous to all. The rich and the poor, the virtuous and the vicious, were attracted by his words, whether in the pulpit, around the hearthstone, or on the highway.

The facts are not positively known to the writer, but from the most reliable information at command it is believed that Bishop

William Miller was born in Maryland about the year 1790; embraced religion in his youth; lived in Philadelphia, Pa., the greater part of his lifetime; united with the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church about the year 1826; and was ordained deacon and elder prior to 1830. On the death of Bishop Varic, after the General Conference of 1832, he became the friend and associate of Bishop Rush in some important Church interests in Pennsylvania, and in view of the valuable aid afforded by him, together with his devout Christian life and pious example, he was elected by the General Conference of 1836 to the episcopal office as the third Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion connection. From this time to the hour of his death he gave himself unsparingly to the work of establishing the hearts of the ministry and membership of Zion wherever his influence extended, gently spreading the cement of Christian love, firmly uniting each stone in the spiritual edifice, and giving shape to the whole structure by his own life, which was a constant exhibition of that kind forbearance, sweet temper, and winning loveliness, by which his entire Christian bearing was distinguished.

Having faithfully served the Church and his race during a long and useful Christian life, and having demonstrated in the most illustrious manner the transforming power of Christianity, he departed this life after a brief illness—which he endured with patience and calm resignation to the will of God—at his home in Philadelphia, in the spring of 1846, in the full assurance of faith, after an episcopal career of only ten years.

GEORGE GALBREATH.

BY BISHOP S. T. JONES.

GEORGE GALBREATH, the subject of the following sketch, was born in Lancaster County, Pa., March 4, 1799. His parents, Adam and Eve by name, were the slaves of Dr. Galbreath. He was, however, raised in the family of Moses Wilson, of Hanover Township, Pa. Possessing a manly spirit, pleasing manners, and being of hopeful promise, he was permitted to attend school with the children of the family, where, by industry and application, he acquired a common-school education, such as the limited educational facilities of that section afforded at that early day. He remained in the family of this gentleman until a short time previous to his emancipation. He subsequently learned the carpenter's trade with John Miller, of Lancaster County, and worked at his trade in the employ of this gentleman for a considerable while, both in Pennsylvania and in Maryland. He also learned the cabinetmaker's trade with John Okey, of Middletown, Pa., where, in 1826, he experienced a change of heart and life while attending a Winebrennarian meeting. But, having familiarized himself with the simple and forcible doctrines of the Bible as taught by Wesley, he connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, where he remained an active, earnest Christian, until Rev. Jacob D. Richardson organized a society there of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, when he was enrolled among its members, and shortly after received preacher's license.

Growing in influence and usefulness, and discovering thus early a singular aptness to instruct the less informed of his brethren in the great truths of the Scriptures, he was recommended by the Church as one eminently fitted for the work of an itinerant minister, and was received as such in the Philadelphia yearly Conference of his recently adopted Church in June, 1830. Thus fully entered upon the work of the ministry, his industry and faithful devotion so commended him to the confidence and favor of his elder brethren that he was elected

and ordained deacon in the Conference session of 1832, and elder in that of 1835. Starting out from this point with increased responsibilities, but with great zeal, and a constantly growing usefulness, he was prominent in all the important interests of the Church, distinguishing himself alike on the floor of the Conference and in the more special duties of the pastorate. Whether as an efficient scribe, an able debater, or a valuable committee-man, in the former, or as a wise governor, an earnest and devoted pastor, or an able defender of the doctrines, principles, and usages of our common Methodism, in the latter, he was a most reliable and trustworthy minister, and contributed immeasurably to that buoyancy of spirit and unwavering hope and faith which sustained the humble band of brethren with whom he was identified, amid the trying scenes through which they passed during that period.

Having, by his superior mental powers, now vastly improved by study and application, forced his way to the forefront of leadership among his brethren—and having, by his affable manner and manly Christian bearing, won his way into their confidence and affection—he was nominated by the proper committee selected by the General Conference, assembled in the parent church of the organization in the city of New York, in May, 1848, and elected by that body to the Episcopal office; thus becoming the fourth Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in America. His knowledge of the rules governing deliberative bodies; his careful study of the peculiar genius of Methodism; his minute survey of the entire field of operation over which the Church had extended its fostering care; together with his pleasing address, accommodating disposition, and gentlemanly and dignified bearing, and his remarkable firmness and decision of character, and promptness and dispatch in the execution of business, rendered him more distinguished, if possible, as a presiding officer than he had been as a subordinate pastor. His rapid movements and general visitations through the entire connectional field, cheering the ministry and encouraging the Churches, endeared him alike to pastor and flock, rendering him, deservedly, a great favorite in the popular esteem. His episcopal career, though distinguished for its brilliancy and beneficial results, was destined to be short.

Yielding to the inevitable consequences of a life of unremitting

toil, and a life burdened with the anxious cares imposed by poverty, and a constitution broken by the severe hardships and privations of eighteen years of itinerant pioneership, it was painfully apparent quite early in his new and trying position that he was to be menaced by disease which must seriously impair his usefulness. Battling with these infirmities with the same heroic determination with which he had encountered the toils and trials of his earlier life, he persevered with an unabated zeal, discharging the numerous and varied duties of his office, and rallying like a great leader the hosts of the Lord, until death arrested him in the very midst of his labors in little less than five years after his election to the Episcopacy.

It may be justly said of Bishop Galbreath by those intimately acquainted with him, as was the writer of this humble tribute to his memory, that but few men ever presented more strikingly interesting features of character. Remarkable for his powers of mind, he was not less remarkable for his physical endurance, which enable him to travel on foot circuits of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred miles in length, laboring with a frequency, zeal, and success, truly wonderful. Animated with the cheering hope of adding stars to his Master's crown, he was no more untiring in his efforts in the pulpit than out of it; whether in the family circle, the public inn, or by the way-side. Domestic infelicity added greater trials to his ministry than disease or poverty. He was thus beset in his ministerial career with a succession of troubles following him into his later life; but he seldom complained, and even then, with such charitable expressions as to reveal a patience and resignation truly enviable. In his pulpit efforts during the early part of his ministry, though displaying at times singular powers of eloquence, he was so possessed of an uncontrollable stammering in his speech that his hearers often lost the impressiveness and otherwise good effect of his discourses. For years he struggled against this impediment. But, strange to say, by a very extraordinary circumstance, the hinderance was suddenly and permanently removed. His fast friends and yoke-fellows in the ministry were Revs. Jacob D. Richardson and Samuel Johnson, most gifted and powerful preachers of the same Church. The latter was especially endeared to him by many kind offices and tender ties. Mutually sharing the toils, cares, and privations of the itinerancy in their

friendship, they were much like David and Jonathan. Necessarily bold and aggressive, they were men of courage, but no more of courage than faith. Struck with the similarity of their own rugged life experiences and those of the prophets Elijah and Elisha, they were not only much together, but induced to enter into an agreement and covenant to pray that the free speech of the elder should become the possession of the younger of the two men, if not while he lived, then as an inheritance when he died. The agreement was often remembered in their devotions, and was a matter of much faith between them, but no perceptible improvement came to the utterance of Galbreath.

At length death came, releasing Johnson suddenly from his labors, and Galbreath was as suddenly relieved of his stammering. Though more than a hundred miles away from the scene of the death of his co-laborer, and all unconscious of his sudden illness, Galbreath was instantaneously seized by an uncontrollable power which prostrated him to the earth. Recovering from the effects of the unaccountable shock, it was not until several days had elapsed that he learned, by mail, that his friend had died at the very moment he was thus strangely prostrated. His next pulpit effort revealed the fact, not less to the astonishment of his hearers than to himself, that God had honored their simple faith—the mantle of his gifted, but now departed, brother in Christ had rested on him.

Thenceforward to the day of his death George Galbreath was not only possessed of an unexceptionable delivery, free from all impediment, but for depth of thought, clearness of scriptural views, soundness in doctrine, and entrancing eloquence, that made him a marvel to his audiences and to himself.

The following summary of his character and life is taken from the very excellent memoir which has been published:

> As a man, Galbreath possessed a vigorous, active, firm, and benevolent mind. In promptitude of conception and readiness of utterance few were his equals. He was, in an eminent degree, a man of undaunted spirit; the firmness of his mind was a leading trait, a prominent feature, of his whole character. It enabled him in all the vicissitudes of life—and he was familiar with them—to maintain an equanimity of conduct which seemed to flow from the fortitude of the philosopher, mingled with the patience and resignation of the Christian.

As a husband, father, brother, and friend, he was singularly indulgent, tender, and affectionate; but his benevolence was not confined to these limits, it led him to be, in a peculiar manner, the friend of the oppressed; he espoused their cause and advanced their interest with the warmest zeal. It was his benevolent temper, likewise, which rendered him so highly esteemed by almost every denomination of Christians, and which disposed him to unite an extensive charity for those who differed from him in matters of faith or opinion, with an earnest contention for what he esteemed the truth. Benevolence was, indeed, a shining part of his character; he took an exquisite pleasure in communicating or increasing happiness whenever and wherever he had opportunity. His desire and study was to do all possible good to mankind in general, yet, without breaking in upon his plan, some were the objects of his more peculiar attention.

As a scholar, he was considerably distinguished. He early discovered a thirst for knowledge. Original genius was peculiarly his attribute. There was no limit to his curiosity. His inquiries were spread over the whole field of nature. The study of man seemed to be his delight, and if his genius had any special bias it was in discovering those things that made men wiser and happier. In short, he had the whole volume of nature as his field of research, and he diligently pursued it.

As a Christian, he shone conspicuously. The spirit of the Gospel seemed to have tinctured his whole mind, and to possess a constant and powerful influence on his heart. He was truly and remarkably an example of the life of God in the soul. His faith in the divine promises was strong, active, and vigorous, being conscious of having endeavored to the best of his ability to perform the conditions on which they are suspended. With such faith and resignation as this he went on from year to year promoting the glory of God, advancing the happiness of his fellow-creatures, and performing the duties of his calling, till at length, having perfected his work, and being ripe for immortality, God was pleased to translate him from the wilderness of this world to the city of the living God.

As a preacher, he was indefatigable, evangelical, and successful. He was remarkably animated in his public addresses, and generally popular. An intimation that he was to preach was the sure signal for a crowded auditory. His manner was always warm and forcible, and his instructions eminently practical. He had a talent for touching the conscience and seizing the heart, almost peculiar to himself.

Arriving at Philadelphia, Pa., in March, 1853, after an extended episcopal visitation through a large portion of the connectional field, preaching often, and exposing his already shattered constitution to the vicissitudes of winter's severities in the region of the Alleghany mountains, he fell almost a martyr to the cause of God and the

interest of his lowly people. He died of asthma, after a brief but painfully severe illness of a few weeks; his physician declaring that he had literally "blown out his life in the ministry." On being asked by an old companion in the ministry—Rev. David Stevens—as to his prospect of heaven, he expressed strong confidence in God, repeating those blessed words of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "I am nothing," said he, "as one thrown among the rubbish; yea, a crumb, but God will magnify that crumb." Shortly before death he cried out—these were his last words—"I am standing in the midst of Jordan; I have let the world go, and I have my right hand on eternity."

After a brief silence the tall, manly form of Bishop Galbreath lay motionless in death; the spirit which had animated it over half a century, had winged its way to God!

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF CANADA.

THE first society was founded in Canada, at Augusta, in 1778, numbering among its first members Paul and Barbara Heck, and Catherine Lawrence, (formerly Mrs. Philip Embury,) who were members of the first Methodist Church organized in the United States in 1766. The first Conference pastor was William Losee, sent by the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, in 1791; first class organized in Kingston Circuit, February 20, 1791. The first Conference was organized at Hallowell, August 25, 1824. The Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, (by friendly separation from the Methodist Episcopal Church in United States,) was organized October 2, 1828, and contained 4 districts, 48 traveling preachers, 7 superannuated preachers, and 32 circuits, with a total lay membership of 9,678. In 1832 the Canadian Conference, by vote, passed under the officiating jurisdiction of the British Wesleyan Conference, and adopted the general polity of that body. This gave offense to many, and resulted in a Conference, in 1834, of the opposers of that union, at which the resolution to remain in and reorganize the Methodist Episcopal Church was adopted. The number remaining and uniting in the reorganization embraced 14 preachers and 1,100 lay members. The Methodist Church of Canada, embracing the Wesleyan and New Connection bodies, was organized into a jurisdiction separate from the British Churches in 1874. The latest official statistics, up to 1882, showed a total of three Annual Conferences, 272 intinerant ministers, 255 local preachers, and 27,402 lay members.

JOHN REYNOLDS.

BY REV. T. WEBSTER, D.D.

REV. JOHN REYNOLDS, first Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, was born February 9, 1786, in or near the place where the city of Hudson is now built, in the State of New York.

His childhood was spent on the beautiful banks of the magnificent Hudson. Here his parents continued to reside until their son John was about ten years of age. He and the other children of the family acquired such elementary education as the schools of that period afforded.

In 1796 the father of young Reynolds decided on removing his family to Western Canada. He was induced to take this step by Governor Simcoe, of Canada, who promised him that if he would go to the western part of Upper Canada, and locate a certain number of families in the township of Dorchester, that he (Reynolds) should have the remaining portion of the township for himself. This flattering promise caused Mr. Reynolds, and several of his neighbors through his representations, to leave comfortable homes along the banks of the Hudson River, to brave all the privations and dangers of a forest life in the then vast wilderness of Western Canada.

At this early period a journey to Upper Canada was no small undertaking, even from the Hudson. What now can be accomplished in a few hours in a railroad car, would then often require days of toilsome traveling, and especially so when the company was largely composed of women and children. But those were the days of heroic enterprise and endurance with emigrating bands, and among the pioneer Methodist preachers who followed them to their wilderness homes. The Reynolds family and their fellow emigrants shared in this spirit of the times, and, undaunted by the dangers to be encountered by the way, they turned their backs on their old homes and pressed onward to make new ones in the distant wilderness.

The removal to Canada having been decided on by Mr. Reynolds and his party, they secured a sufficient number of open boats to convey themselves, their families, and luggage to the then far west. On the day appointed for their departure our emigrants, having embarked, began to ascend the Hudson, propelling their boats with oars, and thus they made their way to Schenectady. Here was the starting point from the Hudson for Lake Ontario.

The route of transit used by the old colonists for nearly a century on their way from New York to Upper Canada was this: The Hudson River was used from Manhattan, now New York, to Schenectady. Thence up the Mohawk to Fort Stanwix, where the city of Rome is now situated. Here was a short portage to Wood Creek, or, as it is now called by some writers, Norval Creek. Thence along the windings of this stream into Oneida Lake, then through the lake to Three Rivers Point, and then down the Oswego River to Lake Ontario, and then along the lake, keeping near the shore, until the nearest spot to their destination accessible by water had been reached, and it became necessary to take to the bush in order to reach the destined home in the inland wilderness. This was the route taken by Mr. Reynolds and his associates, keeping to the water till they arrived at the head of Lake Ontario, and then westward through the woods to the wilderness of Dorchester, on the eastern branch of the river Thames, about eight miles from the present city of London. This tedious and difficult journey, beset with imminent dangers, as will be seen hereafter, occupied over two months in the part of it accomplished by water, namely, from the Hudson to Burlington Bay at the head of Lake Ontario. The same journey may now be made in less than a day and a night, in a comfortable railroad carriage.

As already stated, the little fleet of open boats had hard toiling up the rivers, and were obliged to keep near the shore when on the lakes. To venture far out into the lake would have been an experiment likely to be attended with danger. If a storm had arisen the boats would have been in danger of being swamped, and all on board would probably have found a watery grave. But there was another reason for keeping near the shore when on the lakes; it was this: that at night the voyagers had to go on shore, unload, and haul their boats up out of the water and turn them upside down in order to make a

shelter for the protection of their respective families in case of a storm. This was a slow and laborious method of traveling, to say nothing of the discomfort and exposure of the families. To be able to run into a small bay or into the mouth of a stream when the boats were in danger from a storm, or to secure a night's rest, it may be imagined, was a very agreeable circumstance. But this was not always possible of accomplishment without hard work and experiencing great danger to life and property. To get on shore was often out of the question, because of the high banks; and then the mouth of a creek or river into which they could run, and be relieved from the necessity of remaining in the boats all night, became a very desirable sight.

Upon one occasion, while our voyagers were passing up the south shore of Lake Ontario on their way from Oswego, the most imminent danger threatened them. The morning was fine, and every thing, to human appearance, betokened a delightful day. The boats put out to the lake as usual, after a not only frugal, but rather scanty repast—for the party was not unfrequently hard pressed for a sufficiency of food, having to depend in part for a supply for their larder upon the waters and the woods. On the morning spoken of, as they proceeded on their way, they perceived a long point of land stretching far out into the lake. To pass around the point skirting along the shore on both its sides would have cost them much time and labor. They therefore, calculating upon the continuance of the fine weather of the morning, determined to put out into the lake and make directly for the extremity of the point. But ere they had reached it the clouds gathered blackness, and went dashing along the heavens, while the muttering thunders were heard in the distance. The wind began to blow furiously, and the "white caps" to break against and over the bows and sides of the boats, soon making them almost unmanageable. The lightnings flashed along the inky sky, followed by booming thunders; and soon the rain came pouring down in torrents. The oarsmen were rowing hard to make the land, "but the sea wrought, and was tempestuous against them." The hearts of strong men quaked. It was, however, no time to yield to fears. Steadily and skillfully they plied their oars, realizing that the lives of the entire company depended, under God, upon their exertions.

The point was neared, when a small bay was seen which gave hope of safety. The hope inspired new courage and lent fresh vigor to their weary arms. Another and a fiercer struggle with the angry waves, and the boats with their precious cargoes were safe within the sheltering haven.

But the family of Mr. Reynolds had nearly perished from the quantity of water that had accumulated in their boat. It came to land in a sinking condition. All were drenched and well nigh exhausted. Mrs. Reynolds and her son John proved to have suffered the greatest injury; for long years after that day of peril and exposure the effects were seen and felt on the health of the mother and son. But sick and wet and weary though they were, they had no roof to shelter them, no comfortable couch on which to repose, and but a small allowance of food to sustain their flagging energies.

After spending a day or two for rest and drying their clothing and goods, they again put to sea and coasted along the lake shore, as they had been accustomed to do before the "stormy morning" that had so nearly terminated their voyage and launched them all into eternity.

Bishop Reynolds, once passing down the Lake Shore Road in a carriage with the writer of this brief sketch, to attend one of the Annual Conferences, related the above perilous incident of their voyage with expressions of devout thankfulness to God who had so wonderfully delivered himself and his fellow-voyagers from the dangers of the deep. There was a work for Mr. Reynolds to do in coming years, and his heavenly Father preserved his life that he might do it.

On arriving at the western part of Burlington Bay, at the head of Lake Ontario, where the city of Hamilton is so beautifully situated between the mountain and the bay, the Reynolds family, with the whole company, resolved to rest for a few days before encountering the fatigues of the forest road, or, rather, path. Their way along the waters had been toilsome and dangerous, but the wilderness had now to be entered, and its dangers and privations to be grappled with and overcome. They had one comfort, at least, after their late experiences, that now they had *terra firma* beneath their feet—always excepting the swamps, marshes, etc.

Young Reynolds, the subject of our sketch, and his mother, were

still ill, and for their convenience, and that of other feeble members of the party, oxen had to be procured from the settlements nearer the Niagara River, so that the sick and the children unable to walk might be conveyed on ox-sleds drawn along the bare ground. The travelers, however, found it impracticable to continue their journey at that time as far as Dorchester; they therefore stopped in a small settlement in the township of Burford, where the Reynolds family remained till 1803.

The company now scattered and located themselves in other places, some of them never afterward seeking to obtain their promised land among the towering pines of Dorchester. The dreams on the banks of the Hudson of large estates in Canada were never realized. The far-off fields that looked so green in the distance to the fancy of the elder Mr. Reynolds and his adult companions, when inspected more nearly, were found beset with so many difficulties that it required years of preparation before they could be used to any advantage—even entered upon with their families. So the world, without the salvation of Christ, is a poor inheritance. It is often like a broken reed; there is no dependence to be placed upon it, no permanent good to be derived from it.

But while our emigrating party in search of earthly good were obliged to come to a halt through failure to procure the necessary supplies for proceeding farther, the indefatigable "circuit-rider," with his faithful horse and indispensable saddle-bags, was on their track. Mr. Reynolds remembered Methodist preachers visiting the settlement in Burford during the stay of his father's family there.

James Coleman was on the Niagara Circuit in 1799, and Joseph Sawyer in 1800. These ministers, it is quite probable, visited Burford settlement and other parts in the then West.

In 1801 Joseph Jewell and Samuel Draper were appointed to Upper Canada. This wide circuit was evidently designed to reach the outskirts of civilization. It did not embrace the Niagara Circuit of the previous years, that being still continued as a distinct charge. From some one, if not from all, of the above-named gospel messengers, young Reynolds had an opportunity to hear the word of life. He was moral, but not religious. His heart was tender, but not cleansed from sin. In this position he continued for some time,

hoping and fearing, and sometimes longing, for the redeeming power of divine grace.

In December, 1801, Nathan Bangs, who was that year traveling under the Presiding Elder on the Niagara Circuit, extended his labors west of the Grand River, visiting Burford and Long Point, and even pushing his way into Oxford. On some one of these visits young Reynolds heard him preach, and became convinced of his sinful condition, and alive to the importance of his soul's salvation; and some time afterward, under the labors of Mr. Bangs, the awakened youth was enabled to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as his great Redeemer.

In 1803, or early in 1804, the Reynolds family proceeded to their originally-designed destination, Dorchester township. They settled on the banks of the Thames, just where a delightful stream emptied its limpid waters into the river. Here was an excellent mill site. The stream had sufficient water for mill purposes, and was of steady flow. Here they commenced business, but as old Mr. Reynolds could not induce the requisite number of settlers to take up lands among the Dorchester pines to meet the conditions of Governor Simcoe's proposal, the expectations founded upon that proposal, and which had led Mr. Reynolds to bring his family into the wilderness, failed of realization. Consequently, after all the sufferings, privations, and at times absolute want that the family had endured, they got only a few hundred acres of land; and the valuable township passed into other hands. The place where the Reynolds family settled is to this day known as Reynolds' Mills, and is only a short distance from the Dorchester station on the Great Western Railroad.

But though the emigration scheme partially failed in bringing the advantages anticipated, the Reynolds family had settled in a very convenient spot for a resting-place for the weary itinerant, and it was not long before they were found out and visited.

It will be seen, by reference to the Minutes of 1804, that Nathan Bangs was appointed to River Le French. The road he had to travel lay directly past Reynolds' door. Here and at old Mr. Putnam's the preacher used to stop on his way to his charge, and preach to the few who could assemble to hear the word of life. The divine

message took a strong hold on the minds of the people, and numbers were gathered into the Church. John Reynolds had given his heart to the Lord before, and now, at his new home on the banks of the Thames, he became a member of the Church in which he afterward acted so prominent a part, and in whose communion he continued till the hour of his death.

Very early in his religious life he felt that a dispensation of the Gospel had been committed to him, and he soon become very useful as an exhorter, prayer-leader, etc.

Reynolds' sawmill soon became an important institution. It could cut more lumber in a week than the settlers would require for six months. It was not long, however, before a market was found for all the lumber the mill could furnish. There was direct water communication by the Thames and the St. Clair with Detroit, then the largest and most enterprising town of the West. Detroit was by water about one hundred and fifty miles from Reynolds' Mills, although nearer by the land route.

The majestic pines of Dorchester were manufactured into lumber, formed into rafts, and floated to Detroit, where, at that time, the best clear lumber sold for $4 per thousand feet; sometimes for a little more, but often for less money, according to the demand at the time. Detroit for many years was furnished with lumber from Reynolds' and other Canadian mills.

In this lumber business John Reynolds was occupied in connection with the older members of the family; but, being always of slender frame and more delicate constitution than some of his brothers, he was often left at home to assist in matters about the mill, while his brothers, with such help as they could occasionally obtain, got out the logs and floated off the lumber to market. Being so much at home, fond of books, and of studious habits, John improved the slight education he had had the opportunity of obtaining before leaving his native home on the Hudson. His books were few, it is true, and his opportunities rather limited, but he made a good use of them and improved his intervals of leisure in reading. Thus he acquired a respectable education for the time in which he lived. The foundation had been laid during his childhood at school—slight, indeed, but upon this he built industriously both before and after he entered

the ministry, and he became "a workman that" needed "not to be ashamed."

Mr. Reynolds was mild and amiable in his disposition, dignified and courteous in his manners, a man of pleasing appearance, with a handsome countenance and a fine person somewhat above middle height, erect in his bearing, and most scrupulously neat in all his personal appointments. By some of the preachers, and not a few of the old members of the Church, his neatness and precision were mistaken for pride, when they were, in fact, only evidences of his love of order, cleanliness, and good taste.

His consistency of religious character ever after he united with the Church, as well as his moral integrity before he made a profession of godliness, gave him great influence with his brethren and with the right-minded wherever he was known.

Mr. Reynolds was, at the time of his conversion, about seventeen or eighteen years of age; and the success which attended his early efforts in the prayer-circle and as an exhorter, soon pointed him out to the Church as a young man of promise. His exhortations at class-meeting and at the old-fashioned quarterly meeting prayer-meetings soon brought him into notice, and gave him, by common consent, a prominent place among the members. After acting his part as a class-leader, exhorter, and local preacher for between three and four years after his conversion, he was urged by the proper authorities to go out into the regular itinerant work.

In 1807 Rev. Nathan Bangs was appointed to the Niagara Circuit, but the Presiding Elder soon found it necessary to send him to Montreal; that being an important charge a man who was in orders was required for it, and the Niagara Circuit could be supplied with a young man. Thus John Reynolds was called out to supply the place left vacant by the removal of Mr. Bangs. Mr. Reynolds, provided with a horse, and equipped with saddle, bridle, and saddle-bags, according to the usual outfit of the itinerant of the times, left his home to take the place of the preacher who had been instrumental in his own conversion to God. The young man felt his weakness and insufficiency for the work before him, but his trust was in Him who he believed had committed to him a dispensation of the Gospel, to be promulgated to the people. Bidding a

tearful farewell to the family, and especially to the fond mother who had so tenderly cared for her delicate boy, he passed out of the yard, and, turning his face to the east, set out for his circuit, praying earnestly as he journeyed that God might be with him and guide him in his efforts to lead sinners to Christ.

On his arrival on the circuit he was encouraged by the kindness of his colleagues and his Presiding Elder, Rev. Joseph Sawyer, and also by the hearty welcome given him by the members of the societies, although some of the old brethren and sisters were somewhat exercised in mind by his appearance, thinking that he was a little "too much primped up." But his earnest preaching, his affable manners, and his consistent piety, soon changed this feeling into respect for the young preacher, and attention to the message of his Master.

The Niagara Circuit was at that time exceedingly large. It was a six weeks' charge. The rides were, consequently, very extensive, the roads bad, the food coarse, and the stopping-places, in many instances, were very uncomfortable. But the people freely shared with the preachers such conveniences as they possessed for themselves, and the latter generally accepted the hospitalities extended to them in the spirit in which they were offered. This state of things sometimes bore rather heavily on the young itinerant. But with his Bible to comfort and guide him, his hymn-book to inspire his taste for devotional poetry and to aid him in giving fitting expression to the praises of God, which he delighted in singing, and his Discipline to direct him in Church administration, he went on from strength to strength in Zion, doing the work of an evangelist.

The path of the preacher of those days often lay, for whole days' journeys, directly through the forests. They had to find their way by marked trees, plunging through deep swamps, and fording or swimming dangerous rivers. Not unfrequently, in such cases, no food could be obtained, and the journey would have to be performed fasting; and sometimes the weary and hungry preacher would have to spend the night, as well as the day, in the dark and cheerless solitude of the wilderness, exposed to inclement weather, without any other covering than the vaulted heavens and the foliage of the trees. Such were some of the hardships at times en-

dured by the subject of this sketch, as also by many others of his brethren.

Having spent part of the year under the Presiding Elder, Mr. Reynolds was, in 1808, recommended to the New York Conference and was received on trial.

His first appointment from the Conference was to Augusta Circuit, Rev. Daniel Pickett having charge of the work. Here, as on Niagara, Mr. Reynolds was highly esteemed by the people. He was not only a pleasant speaker and a good preacher, but as a singer he excelled. He had a sweet voice with a slight quaver in it, which peculiarity rather added to its pleasing effect. His melodious singing was often more than good; it was delightful, and had, on many occasions, great effect and influence over his congregations. Conviction would sometimes take hold of the sinner during the time of singing, and lead to his conversion before the services had terminated.

It was customary in those days for ministers to occasionally sing the second hymn from memory. Both hymn and tune were sometimes new to the people, who listened with great earnestness and edification. Many, at times, would be moved to tears, others to prayer, and some to shout for joy. Mr. Reynolds would not unfrequently move his audience surprisingly in this way. Those were the days among Methodists of singing and shouting the praises of the King of kings.

But the stern struggles of those old heroic times were not always relieved by hospitable kindness. The log cabins were sometimes shut against the weary circuit-rider, when amid cold or storm and darkness he solicited only a place beside the fire, and long miles of dreary forests stretched away between that cabin and any other human abode. When thus repulsed at one door they went on seeking another, and trusting in Him who had "not where to lay his head." Such repulses, it must be said, were of rare occurrence; for the early settlers were generally very hospitable to strangers, and especially so to the preachers, sharing with them their last loaf, or the last ration of fish or venison.

Mr. Reynolds was, from the first, a good and acceptable preacher, always uncompromising in declaring the whole counsel of God,

pleasing in style, and methodical in arrangement. He was powerful in prayer, and attractive in singing. His voice, though not strong, was clear and distinct, and in all his religious exercises he was peculiarly sympathetic in manner. These characteristics were great aids, by the divine blessing, in his success as a gospel minister. Although great awakenings attended his ministrations, he was quite as much a son of consolation as a proclaimer of the terrors of the law. Many of his favorite texts were such as "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."

The prayers and the singing prepared the hearts of the people for the reception of the word, which came with power and unction, and many an "Amen" and shout of "Glory to God in the highest," with glad "Hallelujahs," were to be heard from the old members, while penitents were often heard crying for mercy. And while the preacher related some touching incident in his own experience, or in the life or experience of some one else, the audience would become greatly affected, and some old Christian would cry out at the top of his or her voice, "Lord, send down the power!" And then would follow a loud chorus of amens from a multitude of men and women. The preacher's searching appeals and holy ardor inspired the people with deep religious feeling, the membership reacted upon the minister, and the Holy Spirit touched the hearts of preacher and people with quickening power, until the whole assembly was often moved to intense ecstatic emotion. Few who have not witnessed such religious fervor can have the least idea of the unction and power which accompanied the labors of the early preachers among the people of this country. It is no wonder that multitudes sought the Lord and united with the Church. Many who came to mock remained to pray, while others left the place of worship affrighted or in a great rage. But the word of the Lord grew, and multitudes were added to the Church continually. Such were the results that frequently attended the services conducted by Mr. Reynolds, as well as by William Losee, Darius Dunham, Nathan Bangs, Henry Ryan, William Case, Robert Perry, and many others who were sent to Canada by the New York and Genesee Conferences. These men had wonderful power with God and over the people.

In 1809 Mr. Reynolds was appointed by the New York Con-

ference to the Young-street Circuit. This charge extended north from Little York, now Toronto, and embraced the region known as Young-street, that being a large section of country lying east and west of the road called Young-street, which is a great highway from Lake Ontario to Lake Simcoe.

On horseback was the usual method of traveling adopted by the Methodist preachers of those days, and generally by all parties who were fortunate enough to have horses. To attend the yearly Conferences the preachers have gone on horseback from their circuits in Canada to New York and even to Philadelphia. The Genesee Conference was organized in 1810, and all Western Canada was embraced within its boundaries. The formation of this Conference was a very great advantage to the preachers traveling in this land.

The Genesee Conference of 1810 was held at Lyons, in the State of New York. Here Mr. Reynolds was admitted into full connection and received deacons' orders. He was that year sent to the Smith Creek Circuit. In 1811 he was sent, with Rev. John Rhodes, to the Augusta Charge, where he had traveled three years previously. The long rides, exposed to heat, cold, and wet, together with constant preaching and singing, began to tell injuriously on his health, which had never been vigorous from the time of his exposure on the lake. His lungs seemed weak, and fears were entertained that they were likely to be seriously affected. Still he continued to attend to his duties.

He was again returned to Young-street, in 1812, with Rev. Isaac Smith. This was a year of severe afflictions to the Methodist Societies in Canada. The enemies of Methodism hoped to make it appear that because the preachers were sent into this country by the American Bishops, that therefore the preachers and people would be found to be disloyal to the provincial authorities. But they failed signally in substantiating the slander. Not a single charge of sedition was ever truthfully laid at the door of any of the ministers from the United States. Although some of them had to leave this country, it was not for any violation of law or order, but because of a Royal proclamation commanding all United States citizens to leave the country within a limited period of time. Ryan, Culp, Reynolds, and several others continued at their posts,

keeping the societies together as best they could till the peace was declared.

During the war Rev. H. Ryan stationed the preachers who remained in the country, and called out others to supply the places vacated; but, as no record of Elder Ryan's appointments has been preserved, we cannot now trace Mr. Reynolds' work during the war. We know, however, from concurrent testimony, that he continued to travel, receiving his appointments from Rev. Henry Ryan, who was Presiding Elder. All communication with the Bishops and Conference having been cut off by the war, Elder Ryan changed and stationed the preachers who remained in Canada as he thought best for the interests of the distracted circuits until the restoration of peace enabled the Genesee Conference to make provision for the Canadian circuits as before.

The hardships which Mr. Reynolds had to endure while the war lasted so affected his health that he ceased to travel as an itinerant preacher about the close of the war. Having previously married Miss Mary Gilbert, whose early home was in the vicinity of Belleville, he settled down in that town; but he always assisted in the work as a local preacher so far as his health would permit. Shortly after his location he entered into the mercantile business, in which he accumulated a large property. His love for the Church and joy in its advancement never abated. He took a deep interest in the cause of Indian missions, largely aiding them by his means, experience, and sound judgment. He was a trustee of the Grape Island Mission property, and in various ways he assisted in the efforts being made to rescue the red men of the forest from the darkness of paganism.

The first Canada Conference was held in 1824, at Hallowell. It was attended by Bishops George and Hedding, and Rev. John Reynolds was there ordained elder by Bishop George, thus proving the confidence reposed in him by the Church and ministry.

From 1824 to 1835 Mr. Reynolds continued his business as in previous years, but worked for the Church in a local capacity, contributing of his means to support the missions, and also in sustaining the regular work as well as preaching when his health and circumstances would admit. So popular was he among the people that

after the Marriage Act was passed he solemnized more marriages for many years than any other minister in or near Belleville.

He was re-admitted into the Annual Conference in 1835, and at a special General Conference, held the same year, he was elected a General Superintendent, and ordained by the requisite number of elders, according to the "Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church," which makes provision for the ordination of a Bishop, when, by death, expulsion, or otherwise, there is no Bishop in the Church.

After the Bishop's election and consecration he made arrangements for transferring his business into the hands of his son, and again prepared to enter upon the more public duties of the Church. At his election, however, he had made this stipulation with the General Conference, that he was not to be expected to travel through the work except as his health would allow.

Having an abundance of means of his own, Bishop Reynolds not only refused to receive any remuneration for his services, but, on the contrary, he contributed liberally to sustain the cause, and toward the erection of the Church at Belleville. But his largest contributions were given for the erection of our college buildings.

Shortly after the Bishop's election and consecration it became clearly evident that he would not be able to travel through the work. His years of rest from itinerant labor had not repaired the injury to his constitution wrought by his early toils and exposure, and it was found that his health would not admit of continuous labor. This he realized as forcibly as any of his brethren. He therefore urged repeatedly the election of another Bishop, as he found that he could not do more than preside at the Annual and General Conferences, assist at some of the dedications and anniversaries of the Connection, and perform a few other occasional labors when able to do so.

After much deliberation his earnest request was complied with, and the Rev. John Alley was elected and ordained to the episcopal office in October, 1845.

After the death of Bishop Alley, in June, 1847, and the appointment of Bishop Smith to the episcopacy in the same month,

Bishop Reynolds felt himself greatly relieved, and thenceforth he decided to require of himself only to attend the Annual and General Conferences. This he did so long as he was able to leave his home.

Bishop Reynolds had one or two very severe attacks of illness during the year in which he died, which admonished him that his dissolution was drawing near. But he had so long lived in the enjoyment of that holiness without which no man can see the Lord, that he could look calmly forward to the anticipated change as a mere recall from an outpost of duty to the immediate presence of his King and his God. While on a visit to the city of Hamilton, not very long before his death, he became so violently ill that his life was despaired of. He, however, was enabled to return home, but only to tarry there for a brief period and arrange his temporal affairs; for he never afterward made a journey of any considerable length.

The Bishop's greatest anxiety, as he saw his end approaching, was to live long enough to see the college successfully established. He saw the commencement, and greatly rejoiced in the accomplishment of his desire and the prospect of the benefits which he believed would accrue from such an educational institution to the Church and to the country.

He set an example worthy of imitation by all, in his constant attendance on all the ordinances of God's house whenever he was able to leave his home. He took special delight in the class and prayer-meeting. His last illness was only of a few hours' duration —a brief struggle in the grasp of the last enemy. He died in great peace at his residence in Belleville, January 17, 1857, being in the seventy-first year of his age and the fiftieth year of his ministry.

JOHN ALLEY.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, D.D.

JOHN ALLEY, the second Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, was a native of Upper Canada. He was born in the township of Haldimand, September 21, 1799. His birthplace is now embraced within the town of Cobourg.

The country along the banks of that part of Lake Ontario was then "a vast howling wilderness," excepting only occasional settlements, where a few isolated families had located themselves along the margin of the beautiful lake. But far as these had separated themselves from the centers of civilization, wild and even dangerous as were the dense forests that intervened between them and the settlements along the Bay of Quinte, rude and primitive as were their surroundings, they were not left very long unvisited by the messengers of salvation. As we glance now upon that fair landscape, dotted with churches, literary institutions, and stately mansions, and contrast it in mind with what it was on the day in which a solitary horseman emerged from the woods, and alighting, presented himself at the door of a log-cabin, with his saddle-bags on his arm, requested admittance, and while enjoying the hospitality of his hosts, entreated them to open their hearts to the benign influences of the Gospel of peace, we exclaim: Do we not see in that solitary horseman, and in those who followed in his footsteps, chief factors in the great changes which have here been wrought? Surely, our country owes much to the Methodist preachers who came in here from the United States, hunting up the lost sheep in the wilderness.

The Alley family were among those who enjoyed the ministrations of these men of God; heard them proclaim the necessity of "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," and learned of them to aspire to "the blessedness of saints on earth, and then the joys of heaven."

These visitations and heavenly hopes were the golden gleams that

illumined many a life of toil and privation among the early settlers of Canada. And perhaps in no part of the country did the disagreeable concomitants of bush-life press more heavily than along the borders of Lake Ontario. And the Alley family were not exempt from the hardships and dangers which were the common lot of the early inhabitants of this colony during the latter part of the last century. But the determination to succeed in making homes for themselves and their families nerved them to brave danger and disregard toil. Persons whose homes were distant from Niagara, York, (now Toronto,) Kingston, or Prescott, were often unable to obtain supplies even when they had the means to pay for them. And it sometimes happened that when the husband and father was obliged to leave the family unprotected, they were exposed to alarms and even danger from the Indians and wild beasts.

The unavoidable absence of the men would sometimes compel the women and children to go out into the woods in search of something wherewith to appease the cravings of hunger; or, the cows not having come home, a mother or one of her children was obliged to roam about through the dreary recesses of the forest, seeking them.

When a small lad, John Alley, the subject of this imperfect sketch, was sent into the woods to hunt the cattle. Being unsuccessful in his search, he had gone far into the woods when a slight noise, which the quickness of hearing developed by living amid the dangers of bush-life enabled him to detect, attracted his attention. Peering anxiously about him, he discovered a large wolf creeping stealthily toward him. He saw at once that to save himself by climbing a tree was impossible. The wolf was too near. To run would be equally vain, and only give his cowardly assailant the opportunity to seize him from behind, drag him down, and tear him to pieces. The brave boy preferred to face the danger. Seizing a dry club that fortunately lay beside him, and breathing a silent prayer to God for help, he placed himself against a large tree that stood near. The ferocious beast, seeing by the boy's movement that it was discovered, rushed forward with glaring eyes and gnashing jaws. The courageous boy, with his eyes fixed upon his fierce foe, and with upraised club, stood immovable as the tree. Just as the wolf seemed ready to pounce, the lad, without suffering his fixed gaze to waver in the least, uttered a succession of screams,

terrific almost as the animal's own midnight howls. The wolf halted for an instant, watching the attitude of his intended prey, then wheeling, ran away, and was soon concealed from sight among the thick bushes.

This was, indeed, a providential deliverance, and through life Mr. Alley so regarded it, and was accustomed to speak of it as such. Had the wolf approached at his back, or on either hand, he might have been torn to pieces, and devoured in a few moments. But in his case God's promise was graciously fulfilled, "And the fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be on every beast of the field."

It is a matter of much regret that so little is known respecting the early part of Mr. Alley's life. We have no means of tracing him after he left Canada, in his boyhood, until he entered the ministry.

The family removed from Canada in 1811 or 1812, and settled in the State of New York. At that time John, the subject of this sketch, was about twelve or thirteen years of age.

What influence the visits of the early preachers had upon the youth of John Alley, before or after his father removed from Canada to the United States, can now be only inferred from the deep reverence with which he was wont to speak of these holy men. Nor can we ascertain the period when he gave his heart to God and united with the Church. These things the writer of this notice has been unable to learn, although he has made diligent search in every probable direction available.

We learn from the Minutes that John Alley united with the New York Conference in 1830, and was appointed to the Ghent Circuit, where he labored during the years 1830 and 1831.

When the Troy Conference was formed, Mr. Alley fell into that Conference, and was ordained deacon in 1833, and elder in 1835. In 1832 he was sent to Leicester charge, in 1833 to Wallingford, in 1834 to Granville, 1835–36 to Dalton, in 1837–38 to Nassau, in 1839 to Lansingburgh, in 1840 to Poultney, and in 1841 to Pittsford. In 1842 he was transferred to the Black River Conference, and filled that year the work at Evans' Mills. In 1843 he was stationed at Rome, and in 1844–45 at Oswego.

Mr. Alley visited Canada in 1843 in relation to some matters of private business. While here, feeling a deep interest in the Methodism of

his native land, he associated freely with the Methodist people, noting carefully and reflectively all that he saw and heard. Finding the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada in nearly every respect identical with his own, even to the use of the same hymn book, he felt himself very much at home while worshiping with us. He also preached in our pulpits as opportunity offered, edifying the people and winning golden opinions for himself.

Not long after his return a correspondence was commenced with him by some of the Canadian preachers. One of these was Bishop Reynolds. The result was, that Mr. Alley was invited to come to Canada, and accept the office of General Superintendent in our connection. After consulting leading brethren in his own Church, he consented to accept the invitation. With the consent of the proper authorities in his own Church, Mr. Alley agreed to resign his charge in Oswego, if elected to the office of Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada.

A special General Conference was called according to the provisions of the Discipline. This body met near Port Hope, October 31, 1845. The General Conference having been duly organized, and having attended to certain preliminary matters, proceeded to the election of a Bishop, and Rev. John Alley was unanimously elected. On Sabbath, November 1, 1845, he was ordained to his sacred office by Bishop Reynolds, assisted by several elders. The action of the General Conference in the election of Bishop Alley gave the highest degree of satisfaction to the ministry and membership throughout the Church. Bishop Alley returned immediately to Oswego to arrange his affairs there, and to make preparations for his removal to Canada.

He commenced his episcopal labors in a few weeks with the most gratifying prospects of success. Wherever he went the people received him with delight, and in nearly every place where circumstances were at all favorable, crowds flocked out to hear him. During the entire winter of 1845–46, with very slight interruptions, the Bishop continued on the wing—or, rather, on runners. Now preaching to large and wealthy congregations in the towns, or rich old settlements, then making his way back to some of our outlying charges to cheer and encourage the hard-worked missionary and the poor people amid their privations. Sometimes losing his way, and wandering about in wrong

directions till obliged to crave the hospitality of some lone settler whose habitation he was fortunate enough to find when the night was far spent. The following brief notice of his labors at this time is extracted from the "Genesee Evangelist:" "Rev. John Alley, lately appointed Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, we learn from several sources is fairly in the field of his usefulness, flying like an angel through the length and breadth of his work, comforting and blessing the Church over which he is placed. With the blessing of God, great benefit may result from this appointment."

Near the close of this winter an accident befell him, to which not a few of his friends have attributed very serious results. It was this. At one of his appointments he was standing for a moment outside the church, when an unmanageable horse ran against him, throwing him to the earth upon his right side, and severely bruising the right thigh. From this injury, however, he appeared at the time to recover speedily.

In the spring of 1846 Bishop Alley visited five of the Annual Conferences in the parent connection in the United States. Toward the last of June he returned to Oswego, and packed up a large quantity of books and some other goods that he had yet in that place, and shipped them for Hamilton, Canada West.

The weather was exceedingly warm. His exertions during the day, walking about through the dust and heat attending to the packing and shipping of his goods, left him at night feeling weary and exceedingly uncomfortable. To relieve and refresh himself he very imprudently immersed his feet and limbs up to and above the knees in cold water. He felt ill that same evening, as though he had taken a severe cold, but did not allow his illness to prevent him from carrying out his previous purpose of proceeding at once to Canada. On the journey he became worse, his limbs aching as though he had an attack of rheumatism.

During the month of July his suffering increased, a pain located above the right knee having become intense. His ardent zeal in the Master's cause, however, triumphed so far over physical pain that he still preached occasionally. In August he attended and presided over the Niagara Conference, held that year on Young-street. On Sabbath he ordained both the deacons and the elders, Bishop Reynolds

having been prevented from being present. But these exertions, while enduring such violent bodily distress, so completely exhausted him that he had to be carried in a chair from the carriage that conveyed him to the house in which he was a guest. Yet the next morning he was again in the chair, and presided with his usual composure and dignity, but without any improvement in his physical condition. The Conference and the membership sympathized deeply with him in his afflictions, and all that kindness could do was done by them and by his physicians to alleviate his sufferings, but in vain. Some of his physicians advised the amputation of the limb above the seat of the pain, but the Bishop could not be persuaded to believe that necessary.

He went to Belleville, where the Bay of Quinte Conference was to meet in September, hoping that a few days' rest would restore him to a sufficient degree of strength to enable him to perform his duties at the Conference. But in this he was disappointed. When the Conference met, Bishop Reynolds had to preside. During the entire session Bishop Alley was confined to his room, the victim of the most excruciating pain.

Shortly after the close of the Bay of Quinte Conference, Bishop Alley was walking from his sleeping apartment into his sitting-room, when his foot caught under the edge of the carpet; he tripped and fell to the floor. It was then found that the bone at the point where the agonizing pain had been so long located had become carious, and had now separated.

He consulted an eminent doctor in Albany, in addition to his attendant physicians in Belleville. They all agreed that there was no hope of preserving his life unless he would consent to the amputation of the limb above the highest point to which the disease extended. By this time symptoms appeared which were regarded by himself and some of his friends as indicating that the bones had commenced to re-unite, and hope, ever delusive, again beguiled him into refusing to part with the diseased member. During the continuance of the apparent improvement which occurred at this time, he caused himself to be removed to his home in Hamilton, going by steamer down the Bay of Quinte, and up Lake Ontario to its western extremity. On the journey the Bishop was quite hopeful that the disease had been overcome, and

that his full recovery was only a question of time and care, and he rejoiced in the anticipation of being again restored to active usefulness in the cause of Christ. But his hopes were not to be realized, the seeming improvement was but a pause in the disease, which soon re-asserted itself with increased violence. The winter and spring of 1847 were spent by the Bishop in such a condition of extreme suffering as only the grace of God and the consciousness of his love can make endurable with patience. Finally, the powers of his constitution having become exhausted, on June 5, 1847, he passed from suffering to rest and enjoyment, having died in the triumphs of the faith he so faithfully preached to others. He lies buried in a beautiful little cemetery near Wellington Square, there to rest till the resurrection of the just. A plain white marble tombstone, erected by his brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and bearing only his name, dates of his birth, death, etc., and a simple inscription, marks his resting-place.

Many of the Bishop's friends regretted that he had not submitted to the judgment of his medical advisers with regard to the removal of the limb, thinking, if he had done so, he might have lived many years to bless the Church with his labors and his counsels. But it is doubtful whether even the amputation of the diseased limb would have saved his valuable life at so advanced a stage of the disease as that at which it was urged upon him.

The Bishop bore his extremely painful afflictions with the most exemplary patience and gentleness, always exercising thoughtful consideration for his attendants, ever calmly resigned to the will of God, and in the moments of the intensest agony able to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." He was anxious to have been engaged in his work in the wide field of usefulness spread out before him in Canada, but the Master called him just then to suffer, not to do; and though he had wished rather to do, he was resigned to suffer the Divine will, and could, in the midst of the furnace, rejoice in the "God and rock of his salvation."

Bishop Alley was a man of extended and liberal views, an able and effective preacher, and a faithful worker in the Lord's vineyard. He was intent upon his Master's business, and very industrious in every department of the Church. He wrote largely for the press, both in

the United States and Canada, during his connection with the Church in this country.

He was prepossessing in appearance, and distinguished by a mien at once gracious and dignified. In person he was tall and straight, somewhat dark in complexion, with abundant masses of dark hair, and an eye like an eagle's.

Why he was so early removed from his episcopal labors seemed a great mystery to his brethren and friends, but what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.

REV. PHILANDER SMITH

PHILANDER SMITH.

BY BISHOP ALBERT CARMAN, D.D.

THIS Western World, in its freedom, manifests many new phases of human life and presents many new aspects of human character. The limited territories and diverse tongues of the nations of Europe restrict within a narrow compass the influences that bear upon the growing man; but here, the mingling of races, the ease of intercourse, the broad domain, the enlarging prospects, the multiform philosophies and religions, and all under one speech—"the grand old Saxon tongue"—form a spirit and develop a man peculiar to our own circumstances and times. Though the true man is by no means the mere creature of circumstances, but their careful observer and director, yet certainly no one hath taken his present mold of feeling and habit, or formed his line of thought and activity, wholly independent of his relations to men and things, that is, of his circumstances. In studying, then, the life and character of actors in human scenes, we must faithfully observe the mental, social, and moral forces that have borne strongly on them, and had much to do in directing their course and shaping their destiny.

Of these general observations we have, likely, no better exemplification than the career and achievements of the pioneer Bishops of Methodism on this continent. They combined in themselves numerous and diverse elements of power. Educated under the arousing influences of their times, they gathered and directed the stupendous moral and spiritual forces of the age with amazing strength and precision. It was the power from above and the eye single to the glory of God and the good of men. Born in Europe, trained amid its venerable institutions and ancient civilizations, they caught their inspiration in America. Or, born in the United States, flushed with the hope and the ardor of the young Republic, they strengthened into manhood under the robust polity and institutions of Britain transplanted to Canada. In either case theirs was a noble inspiration. It

was a grand opportunity for a holy man, fired with the zeal of the apostles, to have before him an entire continent open to Christian enterprise, a vast domain to be conquered for Christ. Surely such a prospect would have stirred the spirit of Paul. It was bright and hopeful and full of divine promise, as when the Macedonian portals were lifted to invite the restless apostle to push on with the proclamation of the word of life from the swarming millions of Asia to the mighty nations of Europe: to Athens, in her philosophic refinement, and Rome, in her imperial splendor. Not settled upon a small diocese, nor restricted to a perfunctory routine, these pioneering Bishops kept their squadron of evangelists abreast the columns of immigration and settlement, so that the ring of the ax and the crash of falling forests were mingled with the denunciations of sin, the invitations of mercy, and the song and the shout of the sturdy worshipers. They were not hemmed in by national lines; they were not restrained in their efforts by political sympathies; but they believed the Gospel to be designed for all men, and the commission to preach it to be, "Go into all the world." The great Proprietor, the universal Lord, had given the authority and set to his seal, and how could any man, even any earthly king, fix bounds or interfere? Their noble zeal supplied the short and effective argument: men every-where are exposed to ruin, yet they are immortal. God offers pardon, peace, salvation, heaven.

"Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name."

It was of this spirit and by such men that the Methodist Episcopal Church was planted in Canada. In 1790, six years after the close of the Revolutionary War and the ratification of peace, Bishop Asbury sent William Losee as missionary into Canada. Two years after he sent with him Darius Dunham. In 1802 Nathan Bangs, of the New York Conference, who had removed to Canada in 1799 and had been converted soon after, accompanied by Pickett and Anson, traveled the region about the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario. It was under the labors of Bangs, in 1803, that John Reynolds, afterward a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, was

converted, and, by the New York Conference, was admitted on trial in 1808. Thus the national lines made no difference whatever in the ecclesiastical operations. The Canadian work was under the jurisdiction of the New York Conference till 1812, in which year it was placed in the care and control of the Genesee Conference. During all these years such men as Bangs, Luckey, Whitehead, and Gatchell traveled indifferently, according to their appointments, in one country or the other. In 1817 the Genesee Conference held its session in Elizabethtown, Upper Canada, under the presidency of Bishop George. In 1820 the same Conference, with the same Bishop presiding, sat at Lundy's Lane; and again, in 1824, at Hallowell, now Picton. A glorious revival attended the session at Elizabethtown, in 1817, during which Philander Smith, the subject of this sketch, was converted.

He was born at Blenheim, Schoharie County, in the State of New York, April 27, 1796. His parents were of the pure English stock of New England, of Puritan descent, members of the Presbyterian Church, and very strongly Calvinistic in their religious faith. They were decidedly opposed to Methodism, and urged the family to shun the Methodists, as they believed them to be influenced in their shouting and excitement by demoniacal power. While Philander was yet a mere lad the family removed to Harpersfield, Delaware County, in the same State. Here he enjoyed the advantages of a school, and learned the trade of harness-making, which he sometimes employed to advantage in subsequent life. At the close of the war, in 1815, he decided to try his fortune in Canada. Faithfully warned by his sincere parents to "shun the Methodists," and particularly to "avoid their ranting meetings," he took up his abode in Elizabethtown, near Brockville, two years before that eventful Annual Conference at which he was converted to God. Settled in Canada, in Canada he remained, and was loyally faithful to her interests, her people, and her government till his death; wherefore he used often to say, with that humor that was a prominent characteristic of his pleasant life, when he would hear native-born Canadians boasting of their loyalty, "These men deserve no great credit; they are Canadians because they could not help themselves. I am one of my own choice."

On his settlement in Canada he found that the disturbers of New York had come hither also. Not able to get a place of alighting without coming in contact with these people, he at length became reconciled to take up his home in a Methodist family. Their domestic devotions were earnest and quiet, reading the same Bible he had always heard, and offering sincere prayer to Almighty God. He observed for awhile, and then began to think that the Methodists of Canada were not like those of New York. As there were no other public religious services in the neighborhood, and being warmly invited by his host, he reluctantly consented to attend upon the preaching of the Methodist ministry, which he did at first very cautiously. And here, whether his prejudices had died out through seeing for himself, or he had become personally more interested, his previous conviction was strengthened that he had met a different people from those against whom his parents had warned him. Somewhat in this frame of mind Bishop George and the Conference of 1817 found him.

Webster, in his "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada," says:

An Annual Conference in Canada was a new and strange thing indeed. It was, in fact, an epoch in the history of the Province. Anxiously the people awaited the day of its commencement, anticipating with delight the pleasure to be derived from a visit of the Bishop and the other American preachers whom they had never before seen. And many and earnest were the petitions offered up in faith by the people of God, that he would be pleased to pour out his Spirit, not only upon the Conference and themselves, but also on such as might, from mere motives of curiosity, come to see and hear. Some, more earnest even than the others, singled out particular individuals of their acquaintance, and made them especial subjects of prayer for some time previous to the sitting of the Conference. Among those who had been specially named in these exercises was a young man formerly from Delaware County, New York, but then residing not far from Elizabethtown. He had attended the Methodist meetings a few times before the Conference met, and being desirous of gaining all the information he could concerning these strange people, influenced no doubt by the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer on his behalf, he attended the meetings held in connection with it; and before its close the word had taken such a hold upon his mind that he then and there sought and experienced a change of heart. He at once cast in his lot with the once despised Methodists, and has since devoted a long and honorable life to the promotion of the interests and advancement of his Master's kingdom. He became himself a Methodist preacher, and

was admitted into the Genesee Conference at the session held in 1820, at Lundy's Lane, having been employed by the Presiding Elder the previous year. . . . The Elizabethtown Conference is memorable as a spiritual birthplace, not only to Bishop Smith, but to many others still living in the country. The religious services on the Sabbath commenced at eight o'clock in the morning, and lasted, with but little intermission, till eight at night. There were five sermons preached besides the exhortations given. Bishop George delivered a powerful discourse, and it is estimated that over one hundred souls were awakened and led to seek salvation at this Conference, or immediately after its close.

The reformation spirit here kindled was not confined to Elizabethtown alone, but was carried by the preachers to their respective circuits. Hallowell, Bay of Quinte, and Niagara shared largely in the revival influences. So wide spread, indeed, was this revival, that, despite the interference of the English missionaries, and the opposition of the executive, influenced as it was by High-Churchmen and the Family Compact, an increase of 1,624 members was reported at the Conference of 1818. In few countries did Methodism spread so rapidly or take so deep root among the people as it did in Upper Canada prior to the coming of the English missionaries. Up to this time the people were united, and the work of evangelization made almost miraculous progress. After this there were dissension and strife, and a corresponding declension in the progress of the Gospel.

Smith was ordained deacon in 1822, and elder at the Conference at Hallowell in 1824, in which body Bishops George and Hedding presided alternately, and performed the ordinations. The presence of these two men at this Conference—now called the Canada Conference—was but another evidence of the unabated interest of the Methodists of the United States in their brethren in Canada. In previous years, on political and personal grounds, there had been much agitation in the Societies to effect an entire separation from the jurisdiction of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Family Compact and High-Church party, then dominant in the country, had succeeded in keeping from the Methodists the right to solemnize matrimony or hold land on which to build their churches or bury their dead. The plea for these disabilities was the imputation of disloyalty, cast upon men whose very loyalty was the occasion of their settlement in Canada. But it was a cry raised against good men for selfish purposes, and was steadily persevered in, not only till it had effected the modification of relationship, in 1824, but also the complete separation of the bodies, in 1828. By interested parties it was made to contrib-

ute to the overthrow of the episcopacy in 1833, to the union of the majority of the Methodists of the Province with the British Wesleyans, and to the momentum of the repeated attempts to crush out the minority that firmly held to the episcopal polity and order. Delegations from Canada appeared at the General Conference in Baltimore, in 1824, the one regularly constituted praying for a distinct Canada Conference, in proper relation to the General Conference; the other, irregularly appointed, praying for a complete separation. The former prayer was granted by the General Conference in these resolutions:

> That there shall be a Canada Conference under *our* superintendency, bounded by the boundary lines of Upper Canada. That a circular shall be addressed to our preachers and members included within the bounds of the Canada Conference, expressive of our zeal for their prosperity, and urging the importance of their maintaining union among themselves. That a respectful representation be made to the British Conference of those points in the late agreement between the two Connections which have not, *on their part*, been fulfilled.

The better to learn the minds of the people, and establish this Conference, Bishop George entered the Province at the east and traveled westward to Hallowell, while Bishop Hedding, accompanied by Dr. Bangs, crossed at Niagara and moved eastward to meet his associate and counselor at the seat of Conference. Surely these were measures of a parental solicitude, and manifested a spirit that, had it not been for the unseemly and peculiar political strifes in the Province, and the personal rivalries in the Churches, would likely have preserved on this continent to this day, according to the desire and plan of Mr. Wesley, one undivided Episcopal Methodism.

The year of his ordination as elder the subject of our narrative was appointed preacher in charge of Hallowell Circuit. In 1826 he was made Presiding Elder of the Augusta District, having as his associates in that office in the Province Thomas Madden and William Case. In 1828 his associates were the brothers John and William Ryerson. This was the year of the separation of the Canada Conference from the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, and the organization, under Bishop Hedding's direction and the action of the General Conference, of a separate and distinct Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada. This body then proceeded to the election of its Bishop, which was fully accomplished. But from the unwillingness

to take a man of their own, and their inability to obtain a man from the States, there was no acceptance of the office, and, consequently, no ordination. Had certain uneasy spirits then been propitiated, or had the Bishops elect residing in the States accepted, there is no likelihood that the union with the British Conference would ever have been a matter of history. But the elections failing to secure a Bishop, and the union of 1833 being proposed, under the political pressure of the times and the cry of disloyalty hurled at the Episcopal Methodists because their organization had come from the United States—especially as it was offered under the promise of a liberal grant of money—it was eagerly embraced and earnestly advocated by many of the members of Conference. It was as earnestly opposed by some of the older and more prudent men, who were utterly unwilling to relinquish episcopacy and abandon their polity for all the promised advantages of the union. Such men were Philander Smith, Franklin Metcalfe, James Richardson, and others that might be named. They opposed the measure—precipitated as it was by the Conference, even without submission to the people for consideration, or to the Quarterly Conferences for their action, according to the constitution—through every stage of its progress. But when it came to the final vote, and the choice lay between concurrence with the union and a divided Church, for the sake of a united people and peace, they voted yea. Before long they all saw reason to regret this action. Metcalfe virtually retired from the ministry. Smith and Richardson withdrew from the Conference in 1836, and in 1837 rejoined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada—but a fragment, indeed, of the former body, and a poor representation of her former strength, but composed of laymen whose ecclesiastical rights had been violated, and whose preferences for the episcopacy were decided, and of ministers in good standing and full orders, and therefore competent to carry the polity over the chasm and bear it through the storm.

Philander Smith was elected and duly consecrated to the episcopal office at the General Conference held at Brighton in June, 1847. He thus became the third occupant of this exalted place in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, having been preceded by Reynolds and Alley, as Case was never elected with a design to his filling the bishopric, and Fisk, Bangs, and Stratton declined the election. To

the duties of this office he devoted the energies of a long and consecrated life, and died at Brooklin, Ontario, March 28, 1870, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and the twenty-third of his episcopate, full of labors and ripe for his reward. It fell to his lot to bear the burdens of this office under circumstances involving both severe toil and continual reproach. We may, perhaps, safely say that Canada has been peculiarly the suffering ground of Episcopal Methodism; that is, the ground on which men have suffered much simply because they were *Episcopal* Methodists. In solemn conviction of duty they adhered to their principles and maintained this polity, when wealth and power, in Church and State, were bound to crush them. Their principles were entire separation of Church and State in their political and civil relations and functions, and the maintenance of the Christian ministry by the voluntary contributions of the people. They had also the misfortune and the disgrace to have sprung from the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, and to bear a similarity of name and constitution. To the prejudiced and narrow-minded, of course no good could come out of Nazareth; and, strange to say, many that were most assiduous in seeking the friendship of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States were the most violent and unscrupulous in their attacks upon it in Canada. Its very existence in the Province was a protest against measures and principles that are at war with the liberties and happiness of the people. One can readily see, then, that it would be rudely assailed, and that the men who would commit themselves to its leadership would become targets for the thick-flying shafts of hatred and scorn. And this is precisely what Bishop Smith and those who acted with him experienced. They bore a heavy burden when they bore it largely alone, and fought a severe battle when obloquy and opposition made up the most of their reward. But many of them lived to see the triumph of their principles and the general recognition of their worth, and to pass years of a serene age in the light and peace of a liberty that their firm stand and bold contention had secured for all the people.

In person Bishop Smith was of good height and a graceful bearing. As a speaker he was easy, pleasant, and copious. He had a keen, discriminating judgment, and was a profound theologian. In

explaining the nice distinctions of Christian doctrine he was a master, and as an expository preacher was not, probably, surpassed in his time. His forte in the pulpit was to reason of righteousness, justification, redemption, and the judgment to come. Yet he could well make the impassioned appeal. His ministry was throughout very successful and blessed of God, as he ever declared the truth with unction.

In social life the Bishop was every-where beloved. There was always a play of pleasantry in his conversation and a freedom in his manner that made him accessible to all, and coming nigh him you found a safe counselor and true friend. The smile was not all upon the countenance; the radiance beamed forth from the intellect and shone out from the heart. He was ever heartily welcomed to the homes of his people through all the land; and many of the most pleasant memories of the aged disciples in the Church to-day are of the genial and pious visits of the venerated man of God. In his youth sprightly and engaging, in his manhood vigorous and prudent, in his age cheerful, venerable, and kind, his words are yet the joy of many a heart and his example the light of many a life.

As an administrator of discipline his wisdom and skill were manifest in all the gradations of the ministry he occupied. The faithful preacher, the successful presiding elder, he graduated into the effective bishop. None of his contemporaries were better versed in Methodist usages and discipline. From his conversion they were his study, and, next to Holy Writ, his delight. He found in them the simplicity, the majesty, and the power that the ordinary mind may understand, but that only the mightiest mind and the humblest heart can adopt and apply in their full force and effect. Here is an unostentatious yet expansive polity, a quiet yet energetic life, that can unfold itself in a class of twelve, or hold together and urge onward a Church of millions in all its agencies of pulpit and school and mission and press throughout the world. He caught the spirit of this polity and discipline. He apprehended its genius and true intent, and administered it in love. Herein he had the heart of a true Bishop—the primitive, scriptural *episcopos*. His Conference decisions were the utterances of a father, and not the proclamations of a magistrate. Given with calmness and deliberation, they were accepted without question or appeal. He was a guileless man. He knew naught of the

authoritative or dictatorial. If he erred it was on the side of modesty and retirement. Yet he nobly filled up his day of usefulness, and accomplished grandly his work. He bravely met all opposition, meekly bore all burdens, and has sweetly gone to rest. We look upon such a career and upon such a termination of it, as we do upon the track of the setting sun. It is the luster of the evening that shall be brighter in the dew of the morning.

JAMES RICHARDSON.

BY BISHOP ALBERT CARMAN, D.D.

THE lives of some men are the chronicles of their times; their biography is the history of their people. Leaders in thought and word and deed, the masses think but with their minds, and decide but with their will. The masses but add momentum to the moral, social, and spiritual forces that spring in their hearts and intensify their life. A faithful life of Francis Asbury is the review of the rise and early progress of Methodism on this continent; and a statement of the career of the Anglican Bishop Strachan, of Toronto, would unfold in detail the misrule of the Family Compact in Canada, terminating in the rebellion of 1837, the great contest in the same Province to establish a State Church, and the political causes that worked the separation of the Methodists of Canada from those of the United States, and that subsequently brought in divisions and a perpetual strife among that otherwise happy and prosperous people. In all these the life of a prominent man is a history of the time.

And it is particularly at the beginning of national life, or at critical turns of events, when a few imperial minds direct the course of affairs, that it is possible so to view all through the activities of one. When society has advanced to wealth and intelligence, and become settled in its ways, the work of government is done on the principles of the division of labor, and the powers and efforts of even the mightiest men are restricted within a narrower compass. At the start one man has to do with all and possibly does all. A description of his career is, then, all the history you need. But subsequently to find a man foremost in a department of public life and molding its institutions, is as much as we dare expect. Yet, in all stages of social progress, regal minds will rule. While living, they breathe their spirit into the institutions of their land; when dead, those institutions preserve their memory and declare their worth. The parliaments, courts, and cabinets are yet demanding the ability of the

statesman, the wisdom of the legislator, the eloquence of the advocate, and the sagacity of the judge. The Churches and the schools are still requiring, yea, more than ever requiring, the profundity of the theologian, the breadth of the scholar, and the grasp and clearness of statement of the experienced instructor. The great commercial enterprises are pressing more earnestly than ever for the boldness and energy of the projector and the prudence and skill of the banker. Yet, for strength of the individual man and nobility of the individual character we must recur to the earlier generations, when there was an aristocracy of strength and courage; when one man was philosopher, ruler, judge, prophet, and priest for a whole people, and led them whither he would.

To such a time in the history of Canada belonged James Richardson. A detailed account of his life would bring us into contact with the most important events in the growth of the country from the earliest date to this hour. He was born with the Province in the establishment of its Constitution in 1791, and he died but yesterday.

In 1791 the Constitutional Act was passed by the British Parliament, erecting Canada into a colony under the Crown, placing the government in the hands of a Governor and Council, and setting apart one seventh of the entire lands of the Province for the maintenance of the Protestant religion. These were what were called the Clergy Reserves; and this provision of the Constitution furnished the occasion of the most violent and lasting contentions in the colony; the bishops and clergy of the Church of England claiming that they were the Protestant clergy, and the only Protestant clergy intended in the charter. At such a juncture was Richardson born, and amid such scenes and ideas was he nurtured into manhood. And in subsequent years he was one of the most active opposers of the union of Church and State, and one of the ablest and most persevering advocates of the secularization of the Reserves and the devotion of their proceeds to the education of all the people.

These conflicts settled his conviction and determined his course. He could never look with the least degree of allowance on any tendency of the Church to seek or even to receive public aid from the State. A free Church in a free State was the regulating opinion of his life in all these relations. Uncompromising voluntaryism, the

support of the Gospel by the voluntary contributions of the people, became a part of his mental texture, of his immovable principle and every-day thought; so that nothing would sooner start his indignation, or bring the flash to his eye, than any proposition looking toward an abandonment or even a modification of it.

In person Dr. Richardson was of medium height, but robust of limb and compact in build. Symmetrical in form and vigorous in movement, he was a man of strong constitution, and of immense powers of physical endurance. Storms and cold he feared not; but even in advanced age would put to the blush young and healthy men, by cheerfully encountering severities of weather they had no disposition to face. Always simple in his habits, and using only a plain, substantial diet, he maintained a wonderful vitality to the very last. We may observe, in passing, there is considerable human nature even in bishops.

It was a pleasure to him to rise by starlight on a brisk October morning, and in the open air to break through the ice of a tub at the corner of his house, and wash himself well with the freezing water. Fresh air, cleanliness, and light were his medicines. In public and in private he uttered many a protest against the closed rooms and darkened windows of our modern homes. He was ever at war with the tight box stove, and declared that people dried themselves out like mummies, and roasted themselves to death. "Why," said he, "they shut out light and air as though they were their greatest enemies." His own bright drawing-room at home was ever a model of comfort and cheer, with its large open windows, and in the winter its blazing hearth. In his sailor-boy life he learned to love this freedom and cheer: and this sailor-boy joy kept radiance in his heart and home and works through all his days. Indeed, he had many qualities of mind and heart, as well as his vigor of body, for which credit might be given to the effect of the splendid discipline of his youth in the English navy upon a moral and intellectual fiber of the first order. A commanding presence, a soldierly bearing, a coolness in difficulty or danger, an admirable generalship, a polished gentility of manners, and the keenest imaginable sense of personal honor, showed a noble nature well wrought for life's great crises and trials. But with these characteristics we shall have more to do.

James Richardson was born at Kingston, Canada, Jan. 29, 1791, and there he passed his childhood. His father was an enthusiastic sailor, and had served under Admiral Rodney in his splendid exploits on the high seas. The rehearsal of such experiences might well fire a nature less susceptible than his son's. In this we have a satisfactory explanation of two prominent features of the life and character of the deceased Bishop: in his youth he was excessively fond of sailing; and he was ever devotedly attached in principle and affection to the British Crown.

On the establishment of peace, in 1784, the elder Richardson came to Quebec, where he received an appointment in the king's service on the lakes and rivers. This brought him to Kingston, where James, of whom we write, was born. As at once the fort and the arsenal at the foot of Lake Ontario, and at the head of the St. Lawrence, it was then a point of great strategetic importance, and the center of naval and military operations on and along the inland waters. Here, amid sailors and soldiers, fortifications and docks, barracks and men of war, young Richardson passed his childhood, and naturally enough caught the spirit of the men who were ever in his eye, and the object of his constant admiration. The opportunities of a fair English education were, as in all British military posts, at hand; and were well improved in acquisitions that were immensely valuable to him and to the Church in later years. He used to say there was nothing noticeable during this period of his life, except that he caused his parents much annoyance, and himself many sore chastisements, by his inveterate propensity to dabble in the water and sail about in boats. But evidently a lover of nature, and susceptible of her charms, he was drinking in pleasure, and gathering strength of which he was scarcely conscious; for, to his latest day, it was to him a joy, either in fact or in imagination, to linger about the bays, and islands, and along the shores where the happy hours of childhood were spent. And when those scenes and associations became hallowed in his memory by the activities of his youth and the struggles of his manhood—when they thus became part and parcel of the history of his rising country—in this aspect he dwelt on them with rapture, and recounted the adventures of earlier years with an intelligent satisfaction and a patriotic delight. This was his theme: "When we think of what the country

then was, and now behold its wonderful advancement, it seems incredible. Its increased facilities of travel and intercourse; of churches and schools! Who could have believed it? It is a constant astonishment to look upon these things. And if I had any desire to extend my graciously protracted life, it would only be to see what would come next."

Bishop Richardson was by no means a querulous old man, but, on the other hand, was ever cheerful, hopeful. His time was not passed in repining, or sighing that the former days were better than these; but in temper and expectation, like his venerable brother the senior Bishop Smith, and like every generous, true-hearted Christian, his years were ever tending to a better time. And surely this should be our faith in Christianity.

At the age of thirteen Richardson began sailing. In 1809, at the age of eighteen, he entered the king's service in the marine on the lakes and rivers; and in 1812, at the age of twenty-one, he was appointed lieutenant in the navy. The next year he served under Sir James Yeo, who had been sent over by the British Government to take charge of the fleet on the inland waters; and for him performed the double duty of master and pilot. His courage and address often appeared in his perilous cruises upon Lake Ontario, keeping open the lines of communication between the East and West. From Kingston to Niagara he knew the lake perfectly, and in his age would beguile many an hour, and enrich it with instruction, by recitals of pleasant or thrilling incidents of the time of the war. To the day of his death he loved to meet his old companions in arms, and with them recount their dangers and exploits. And in all these he was quick to see, and joyful to acknowledge, the good hand of his God concerning him, delivering him out of all evil, and directing his feet into the way of the divine testimony.

In May, 1814, in charge of the "Wolf," a ship of twenty guns, he was at the attack of the British on Fort Oswego, and had assigned to his vessel the difficult and dangerous duty of running in close under the fort to cover the landing of the troops. Thrice was the "Wolf" on fire with the hot shot from the fort; and for hours in this dread exposure Richardson held his men to duty. Here, in brave and loyal service, he lost his arm, and won by his coolness and courage in action

the honorable mention of his commander and the lasting gratitude and respect of his countrymen. In the record of disbursements made by the Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada in 1815, we have the sum of £100 allotted on the 22d of April to Mr. James Richardson, of the Midland District, with the following note appended: "This gentleman was first in the provincial navy and behaved well; he there became principal pilot of the royal fleet, and by his modesty and uncommon good conduct gained the esteem of all the officers of the navy. He lost his arm at the taking of Oswego. The Society, in consideration of his services, requested his acceptance of £100." Subsequently he was awarded a pension by the British Government of £100 sterling per annum, which he continued to draw over fifty years, up to the time of his death. On his recovery, after the amputation of his arm, he again volunteered and served as lieutenant on board the "St. Lawrence," a vessel of one hundred and ten guns, guarding the coasts of Lake Ontario. Often he used to say it ill became him, a preacher of the religion of peace, to think or speak with pleasure of scenes of war and blood. Still, there were things about the life of the true soldier or sailor he must admire. He was convinced a man could be a soldier and serve his God. He deprecated war and its misfortunes as earnestly as any one could; but often it was the less of two evils. Rather honorable war, than base, corrupt, or dangerous peace. Bad men or bad measures sometimes can be corrected no other way than by force. Violence must meet violence; and mighty wrong be restrained by mightier right. He respected the motives of the colonists in the war of the Revolution, and rejoiced in their success, because theirs was a revolt against unreasonable and arbitrary measures. And he as fully believed the Canadians were not only loyal and heroic in the war of 1812, but that they were also right. It was ever his solemn conviction, often affirmed, that the God of armies was with them, helping them against great odds, granting them signal victories, and thus preserving this Northern land to the British Crown and to a genuine liberty. In his philosophic reflections tracing effect to cause, he regarded that preservation the providential procedure in the overthrow of slavery and the slave-trade on this continent. "For," said he, "had we all been incorporated into the United States, there had been no Northern star to guide the fugitive slave in his flight. There

had then been no ray of hope to him, or incentive to attempt his freedom. There had then been no Fugitive Slave Law; then no uprising of public indignation in the Northern States; no determination to suppress so monstrous an evil; no overthrow of so prodigious a rebellion." Whether this line of occasion and consequence be well traced or not, there can be little doubt that the existence of a perfectly free and spirited people, like the Canadians on their northern border, at once excited the better minds of the great Republic to emulate their example, and cheered the lovers of liberty in their persistent efforts against the gigantic wrong. And be it firmly spoken and well understood, that the oppressed slave had no truer or more liberal friend than James Richardson; nor had the people of the United States in their grand struggle to preserve their National Government, so well-nigh wrecked in the expiring throes of slavery, any more earnest sympathizers than the liberty-loving Church of which James Richardson was Bishop. Her moral support was ever cordially with the Union, and her prayers ever ascended for the success of the national arms. Looking at the contest from the outside, free from the entanglements of party strife and personal interest, she saw the question at issue was liberty or slavery for a great nation; it was, indeed, the existence or the overthrow of the Government—the success or failure of the Republic. How could she be true to Christianity, to humanity, to universal liberty, and cast in her lot with slavery? In the nation's darkest hours she never forsook the cause of the Union, or despaired of it; for she had the faith that the controversy was of God, and that the cause that Lincoln was leading on under his guidance must prevail. And very much of this public sentiment of the Church was due to the generous and discriminating minds of Bishop Richardson and his associates in the ministry.

Early in the war of 1812 he was married to Rebecca Dennis, daughter of John Dennis, who had charge of the Kingston docks. By her he had several children, all highly educated, and all in honorable positions in life. A daughter was married to President Allen, of Girard College, Philadelphia; and a son, after a most thorough training in Canada and Europe, became one of the most eminent physicians of the province, and is now a leader in his profession in the country, and a member of the University Senate. The Bishop survived his devoted wife

by several years, and passed them, without remarriage, among his truly affectionate children in Toronto.

Having bought property when Toronto was muddy little York, and always managed his affairs discreetly, in his age Bishop Richardson had a competence. The sun that had towered in such majesty, and declined with such splendor, set bright and serene. One could scarcely ask a calmer termination of an active life. In the bosom of his family, in the midst of comfort, revered by all, beloved by his people, he passed away to his rest. With an unslackened faith in Christ, and an undimmed hope of immortality, he ascended the skies. The closing years of his earthly scenes were favorable to observation, study, and meditation, and he retained his mental vigor to the last. His interest in all political, social, and religious movements was unabated; so that, having the past by which to estimate the present, it was more profitable to converse with him than to read any book; and as he was indeed the old man wise and eloquent, it was more delightful to listen to his descriptions of early times, and his comparisons of the events, people, and fashions of successive generations, than to commune with any one of a thousand authors. He knew it and felt it, for he had seen it all.

On the declaration of peace, in 1815, Mr. Richardson retired to private life, and with a brother-in-law tried store-keeping at Point Frederick, the principal station of the Kingston Arsenal. Soon afterward he removed to Presque Isle, now the harbor of Brighton, on Lake Ontario, and was appointed to take charge of the customs there, and at the same time was honored, from his known loyalty and discretion, with the commission of a justice of the peace. In these places of civil authority he obtained a knowledge and an experience that were of immense value to him in subsequent life. He was not all ecclesiastical, all theological, but had a side to the world, to actual business, to practical life. In his sagacious episcopal administration he not only evinced the qualities of mind that his military discipline and his commercial training had developed, but showed also a familiarity with law—an acquaintance with its bearing and procedure—that astonished all who did not take into consideration the engagements of his earlier years. Preachers are not always the best business men in the world; and in their Conferences would commit some strange blunders till the venerable Bishop had corrected them by a touch of his knowl-

edge and tact. Many times has it been remarked, that, had he given himself to law, he would have made one of the most illustrious ornaments of the bar and the bench. All the more precious were these talents when consecrated to the direct service of God.

In the first year of his residence at Presque Isle, under the ministry of the Rev. Wyatt Chamberlain, of the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was led to a serious consideration of the welfare of his soul. Reared in the Church of England, he had always been accustomed to the forms of religion, and ever respectful to the outward demands and duties of the sanctuary. But the heart-life of godliness, the inner power of faith in Christ, he had never experienced. His parents, he acknowledged, were assiduous in their attention to Church ordinances, but had never learned of conversion till his prayers and appeals had been instrumental in arousing them to a more earnest examination of their spiritual condition, and the teachings of Christ and the apostles. Still, these early associations will no doubt largely explain Bishop Richardson's firm attachment to the episcopal polity. He had been educated in it. After his conversion, its possession by the Methodists of the country at the time had much to do in determining his Church relationship. And in 1833, and subsequent years, when the majority of them had gone over to another form and constitution, his mind was ill at ease till he again found rest among those that had preserved Episcopacy in its integrity. A question may well arise: "Why did he not himself stand firm?" And there may be many conjectures as to the result, had he and those that thought with him done so. His explanation, and theirs, was: "They went along for peace' sake." But they always thought they paid too much for peace; for, had they held their ground, they would in the end have held the majority of the Church members and the Church property with them; and the deeds that were given in trust to the Methodist Episcopal Church would in that Church have remained. After three years of reflection, and the most candid examination, he settled back again on the old foundations, and was immovable in his convictions as to the orders and offices of the episcopal polity. And so he remained to the end of his life.

Once awakened as to his spiritual condition, and truly convinced of sin, for more than a year he sought the evidence of pardon, till,

in the autumn of 1818, in a quarterly meeting held in a barn (for churches or chapels were then scarce) at Four Corners, township of Haldimand, he was enabled to say he felt the spirit of adoption, and cried, Abba, Father. Speaking of these times and events, he himself says:

Thus, under Providence, I became comfortably settled, as I then imagined, for life, with a sweet, growing family, and every year increasing my means of enjoyment. It is not, however, for man to direct his own steps; a higher power shapes his course, and leads him in paths he knows not of. I now approach the great event of my life, on which my hopes with regard to the interminable future depend. For the first time I heard the Gospel with effect. The subject was communion with Christ in the heart, attained by faith. Yielding obedience to his calls, I said to myself, while it carried conviction to my conscience, if this be Christianity, alas! I am not a Christian, for I know not this. Here was the germ of my conversion. Henceforth I searched to know if these things were so. But slow was my progress. I was sincere in my inquiries, but hesitating in my decisions. The Gospel has its sacrifices and duties, its crosses and self-denials, its conflicts between flesh and spirit; and more than a year elapsed from the time of those incipient drawings of the Spirit till I was wholly resolved and given up to God. But at length the auspicious time came when faith lent its realizing light. God shone into my heart, and I saw light in his light. My chains fell off. My soul was free. Then the blessed truth, of which my mind had for a length of time been convinced, that Jesus loved me, and gave himself for me, came with power to my heart. I felt the Spirit of adoption, and cried, Abba, Father. . . . As to chapels or meeting-houses in those days, there was none for many miles around, in all that section of country. Nevertheless, the power of God was there; and in the work of preaching and praying the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as pioneers, led the van. With this community of Christians I cast my lot; and I said, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." From this meeting I returned home, burning to "tell to sinners round what a dear Saviour I had found."

It will thus be seen how clear was his experience, and with what intelligent views he held the doctrines of conversion, of adoption, and of the witness of the Spirit. Of these grand New Testament doctrines he was ever a living demonstration and a faithful preacher. Always, always, was he warning the brethren against resting in the outward form, and urging them to seek the inner power of godliness. He was uncompromising in dealing with the ritualism of the day; and till his death he struck steady, effectual blows at the Antinomianism of the Calvinist and the Romanist's justification by works. Faith in

Christ, faith in Christ, was his theme, and the sanctification of the heart and life through the operation of the Holy Ghost. In relating his experience of regeneration he loved to repeat Mr. Wesley's words, "I felt my heart strangely warmed." And from out of a full heart and a personal knowledge he proclaimed those precious truths through all the land.

From 1819 to 1824 he was a local preacher and steward on the Smith's Creek Circuit, as it was then called. The duties of these offices he discharged with all fidelity and efficiency. During the latter part of this period he gave countenance to Elder Ryan, who was agitating the Societies to seek a separation from the Methodist Episcopal Church in the States, and establish an independent Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada. The plea was the disabilities under which the Methodists were suffering; though, it is said, personal motives were not wholly absent from the elder's action. The Family Compact, which then had the reins of power, and was set upon the establishment of the Church of England as a State Church in the colony, did unquestionably deprive other Churches of their rights, and urge particularly that the Methodists were disloyal and unworthy because of their relations to the American Conferences; but steadiness on their part would have as unquestionably vindicated their law-abiding character and secured their rights, as satisfactorily shown by subsequent developments. However, the agitation was pushed to a separation, and the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, which was constitutionally effected in 1828. The pleas of the memorialists were: 1. The state of society requires it. 2. The separation appears to be expedient on account of isolation from the General Superintendency. 3. Also, on account of existing jealousies lately awakened by the Government of this country. 4. Also, on account of difficulties of bishops reaching the country in event of war. 5. Also, in order to secure certain privileges. Whereupon the General Conference resolved:

If the Annual Conference in Upper Canada shall definitely determine on this course, and elect a General Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that province, this General Conference does hereby authorize any one or more of the General Superintendents of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, with the assistance of two or more Elders, to ordain such General Superintendent for the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada.

Based on this action the Canada Conference at Ernestown, in October, 1828, with Bishop Hedding in the chair, resolved:

1. That it is expedient and necessary, and that the Canada Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church does now organize itself into an independent Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada.

2. That we adopt the present Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church as the basis of our Constitution and Discipline, except such alterations as may appear necessary from our local circumstances.

Thus was completed a change on account of which several of the older leading Methodists often expressed unfeigned sorrow, but the reversal of which, they saw, might bring in greater agitation and evil than the separation itself. The divisions and calamities that followed because of the failure of the Canadians to elect a Bishop were ever grievous memories to the sainted Richardson, and sometimes even led him to regret his own action and that of his brethren in giving any countenance whatever to Ryan's agitation.

During all these years of secular life in the Church, Richardson felt he had a more direct spiritual work to do, a message from God to deliver to the people. In September, 1824, he was taken out by Thomas Madden, Presiding Elder of the Niagara District, and employed as assistant to William H. Williams, the preacher in charge of the Yonge-street Circuit, including the town of York and the adjacent townships. He says:

At the ensuing Annual Conference, 1825, I was admitted on trial, and put in charge of the same Yonge-street Circuit, reduced, however, by the cutting off of the eastern section thereof. This enabled me to devote more time and labor to the town of York, having for my assistant Rev. Egerton Ryerson, who, like myself, had this year been admitted on trial. A more agreeable and useful colleague I could not desire. We labored together with one heart and mind; and God was graciously pleased to crown our united efforts with success. We doubled the members in the Society both in town and country, and all was harmony and love. Political questions were not yet rife, indeed, scarcely known among us. Our Church was an asylum for any who feared God and wrought righteousness, irrespective of any party whatever.

Sad enough that such harmony had not continued to the end! Yet we may look with interest upon the opening of the doors of our Annual Conference to admit two such men in the same year. They

have both impressed their character upon the Canadian people, and their works shall be remembered for many generations.

In 1826, from the Conference held in the township of Hamilton, adjacent to Coburg, Bishop George sent Richardson to Niagara, a section abounding in the associations of his youth and reminiscences of the war. In 1827, in the Conference held in the city of Hamilton, he was admitted into full connection, elected to deacon's orders, and ordained thereto, to use his own words, by the "estimable Bishop Hedding." This year he was appointed a missionary to the Chippewa Indians at Port Credit. In 1828 in the Ernestown Conference, previously alluded to, at Switzer's Chapel, the same Bishop Hedding in the chair, he was elected Secretary of the Conference, an office to which he was annually elected for four successive years. "At this Conference," he says, "was taken the decisive step of separation from the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States; and we resolved ourselves into an independent Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, in friendly relations to the former." His appointment this year was to the Niagara Circuit, on which charge he remained two years, having Gatchell and Stoney as colleagues. In 1829 he was elected to elder's orders, but was not ordained, as no Bishop was in attendance, on account of the separation and non-election. Yet thus is it evident that the Church adhered to the episcopal polity, and held to divers orders in the ministry. The Conference of 1830 held its session at Kingston, and was visited by Bishop Hedding. The Bishop, by cordial resolution of Conference, was invited to take a seat in the Conference, and assist by his counsel and advice. He was also earnestly requested to preside during the religious services of the Sabbath, and ordain the preachers presented to him as suitable persons for ordination. These measures show the views of the Conference as to the continuity of the polity and the necessity of episcopal ordination. He ordained six elders, one of whom was Richardson, and twenty-one deacons. "The Conference of 1830," he says, "was a movable one between Belleville and Kingston. This was to meet Bishop Hedding at Kingston, who kindly came there to ordain our elected deacons and elders. Among the latter I received the imposition of his hands on August 22, 1830."

The Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, or, as some like to call

it, for a purpose, the Canada Conference, displayed at this time no little energy. The preachers pushed on their work vigorously, and the Societies were blessed with considerable increase. In 1829 the "Christian Guardian" was established, and in 1830 were laid the foundations of the Upper Canada Academy, now Victoria College, at Coburg. In both these noble enterprises Richardson was a prominent actor; and both were begun and prosecuted for years in the name, title, and possession of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada.

Rev. Egerton Ryerson was the first editor of the "Guardian," and made it a power for Voluntaryism in the land, and a terror to the Family Compact and the partisans of a State Church. After having passed 1830 on Kingston Circuit, and 1831 as Presiding Elder of the Niagara District, in 1832 Richardson was elected editor of the "Guardian," and well maintained its spirit and tone for the purity and power of the Church and the rights of the people. Voluntaryism with him was a settled principle of action. He thoroughly believed Christ's Gospel should be proclaimed, and the ministry maintained, through the free-will offerings of the people, and not the forced taxes and tithes of the State. From this conviction he never swerved, and he could not suffer any measure that had any tendency toward making the support of the Gospel compulsory. Hence when he learned, in 1834–35, that, at least indirectly, Government money was received for mission work, he could not tolerate the idea, but withdrew from the Wesleyans, with whom he had for a little while gone. Hence also he ever zealously opposed the sustenance of Church colleges and schools by special annual grants directly under the control of the ministry of the day, and, therefore, liable to abuse; while, nevertheless, he advocated the bestowment of public money on those institutions under a general measure by act of Parliament, bearing equally on all, and from which all could obtain aid according to the public benefits they were prepared to insure.

In 1833 and 1834 he was Presiding Elder of the York District. In 1835, under the Wesleyan *régime*, his title was changed to Chairman of the Toronto District. In 1836, dissatisfied with the union with the British Conference and its consequences, he desisted from traveling at his own request, and went to the United States, particularly for the education of his children. In 1837 he returned to

Toronto, where he, as he often expressed it, providentially met Philander Smith, who had also withdrawn from the Wesleyan Conference for similar reasons, and went with him to the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, just then in session at Willowdale, near Toronto; and there they two again united with the brethren who still preferred the Episcopacy to the recent changes and had determined to maintain it, as they did in unbroken continuity.

Richardson and Smith often spoke of their feelings on that memorable occasion. The little Conference appeared feeble and unpromising enough. The preachers were none too well clad, and looked like men encountering labors and great hardships. Their deliberations were solemn, their devotions ardent, and their faith in God mighty. The two undecided visitors, inquiring the ways of Providence concerning themselves, sat in thoughtfulness and observed them closely. At last they said: "Brethren, we have been wandering, ill at rest, and unhappy. We are convinced the Lord is with you, and though opposed and oppressed, you have made a noble stand. But receive us again and we shall be content." Then were there tears of joy and of grief, of thanksgiving and sympathy, mingled unutterable emotions and tears, and committals of all to God; and rejoicings in his guidance and deliverances, and pledges of renewed fidelity to him, and expectations of privations and labors and scorn, and assurance of divine support. And so went they forth, never faltering, but trusting in God and continuing steadfast, abundant in labor till the day of their death. In the spirit of Paul as he exclaimed, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

These were eventful years for Methodism in Canada. As has been shown, in 1828 it was set off by the General Conference to be a Methodist Episcopal Church. It continued distinctly a Methodist Episcopal Church till 1833, when the Conference, without previous consultation or consent of the laymen, united with the British Wesleyans, and formed the Wesleyan Church in Canada. The majority of the laymen were subsequently led into the union, but many of the societies and some of the preachers protested against such action from the very beginning. They were unwilling to relinquish the episcopal

polity and order, or to be handed over to another body, without constitutional procedure. Some are very quick to say that no material change was made, and that they were the same Church after the change that they were before. But let an attempt be made to turn the English Conference into Episcopalians, or the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States into Wesleyans, and see how willing either body would be for the movement, or how readily it would conceive its continuity and identity had been preserved! Fully one twelfth of the membership in Upper Canada, especially laymen, protested against the attempt from the outset, and thereby preserved the polity given them of their fathers. Moreover, it is to be remembered that these measures in the Church were entangled with the political movements of the time, and the feelings of the colonists were thereby intensified. Previous to the separation from the Church in the United States there had been a distinct agreement between the General Conference in America and the British Conference that the American missionaries should confine themselves to Upper Canada, and the British to the Lower Provinces. In the language of M'Kendree, "A transfer of societies and places of preaching will, of course, follow. Our societies in Lower Canada are to be put under the care of our British brethren, and theirs in the Upper Province under ours." Notwithstanding this compact, the British missionaries, even against the protest of the General Conference, remained in Upper Canada; and unfortunately, in subsequent years, when the ruling power of the colony, for political considerations, sought a division and weakening of the Methodists because they always resisted the schemes for the establishment of a State Church, afforded a facility of operation for designing men that they were not slow to improve. And improve it they did, and rent the Church and put off the day of justice for the people. To many of the Methodists of the time there were, no doubt, weighty and honest reasons for the course they took; but subsequent events would scarcely justify their action. And the issues of schemes are their best comment and explanation. At all events, it was this explanation that guided and settled Richardson, Smith, and many others in the following years.

In 1838 the subject of our narrative was appointed Agent of the Upper Canada Bible Society. For eleven years he served this organ-

ization with the greatest efficiency, traveling through most of the province and extending at once his work and the sphere of his acquaintance. Some of his most valued friendships were with the men of large views and kind hearts whom this work drew within the range of his association. On his death the Board of Managers expressed their grief in most complimentary terms, and appeared as a body in the large procession that followed his remains to the Necropolis. The Tract Society, in which he had taken special interest, the Temperance Society, and the York Pioneers, the venerable partners of his early toils, did him similar honor. There was but one voice when this great and good man died—the voice of a whole people in sincerest sorrow and profoundest respect. He resigned the agency in 1849 on account of personal and domestic affliction.

Thus detained at home for some years, he was useful to the Church in co-operating in the founding of the Belleville Seminary, now Albert College, at Belleville, Ontario. Under his nurturing care, as President of the Board of Managers, and of the Senate, this noble institution has grown into a vigorous support to the Church and an honor to the country. It has always been conducted on the voluntary principle, and in its prosperity under such a direction has done not a little toward breaking down the system of special grants, so dangerous in its tendencies.

He was again appointed Presiding Elder of the Toronto District in 1857; and by the General Conference, at St. Davids, in August, 1858, was elected and consecrated Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada. The high and sacred responsibilities of this office he continued to discharge, with the growing respect and love of preachers and people, till the day of his departure from earth. He died at his home in Toronto, in the midst of his beloved family and many dear brethren, March 9, 1875, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Full of years, full of honors, full of Christian faith and hope, he passed with triumph into the realms of the ever-living; with joy into the associations of the patriarchs and prophets, the true and the good of all ages and climes.

His character and his work may be readily gathered from this brief sketch of his life. In every sphere of activity in which he came he filled its full orb with his intelligence, energy, and goodness.

In the domestic circle, in society, in the Church, and in the nation, he was the complete man. He was firm without being dogmatic; he was mild without being easy and indifferent. He loved his home without neglecting his country; he served his country without slighting his home. In council the sage, in action the hero, in manner the gentleman, in conversation the historian and philosopher, scarcely a man in the land would have been so missed. Certainly none were more deeply venerated or more ardently loved. As a soldier he was faithful and brave. As a man of business he was honorable and obliging. As a preacher he was zealous and effective. As a Bishop and administrator of Discipline he was candid, energetic, careful, and correct. In plain exposition of the blessed doctrines of the Bible he had no superior; in knowledge of Church Discipline and ecclesiastical polity, perhaps not an equal in the country. His were grand abilities, and at the same time a steady equilibrium of faculties. And, best of all, he was humble, and delighted to count all but loss that he might win Christ, and lead his fellow-men to God. His highest praise: he led many to righteousness.

BRITISH METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THIS body was originally a part of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. It was organized as an independent body in 1856. They adopted the episcopal form of government. The Rev. Willis Nazrey was their first Bishop. He organized Conferences in Nova Scotia, Bermuda, the West Indies, and British Guiana; but the oldest Conference is the Ontario. They publish a paper called the "Missionary Messenger," with a circulation of 22,000 copies, and have founded a literary institution at Chatham, Ontario, called the "Amalgamated Wilberforce and Nazrey Institute." Their statistics are not complete.

WILLIS NAZREY.

BY THEODORE L. FLOOD, D.D.

WILLIS NAZREY was born March 5, 1808, in Isle of Wight County, Virginia. His parents, like most of their race, were poor and lived in humble circumstances. No opportunities opened before them for the education of their son. The construction of society and the appointments of the State were not friendly to his class. When their labor would contribute to the wealth and prosperity of their master and the perpetuity of slavery, then young Nazrey's people had reached their highest privilege. To toil as slaves was thought to be their normal condition. It is surprising that from such a condition of servitude any considerable portion of people should rise to make a Church of God, while it is still more astonishing that any one of the down-trodden class should so deport himself that his own people should create the office of Bishop and induct him into it. Certainly it is a manifestation of the capacity of the race for self-government, and that, too, under the most unfavorable circumstances.

To trace the early life of Bishop Nazrey would be impossible with the meager amount of material he has left us. He moved from Virginia to New York city, where, on August 22, 1832, he was married to Miss Margaret Walker, the youngest daughter of John Walker, of Virginia. She died peacefully on April 23, 1836. On the 3d day of May, in 1843, he was married again to Miss Mary Ann Harris, daughter of James Harris, of Philadelphia, who still survives.

Mr. Nazrey was in his twenty-ninth year before he was awakened to see his need of a new life. When the Spirit strove with him in conviction he yielded, and experienced a change of heart which was clear and satisfactory to him as a work of God. This was about a year after his wife died. He was a devoted husband, and the loss of his wife exerted a peculiar influence upon him, and finally resulted in the decision to join his fortunes with the people of God. He was very emphatic in his testimony of a change of heart; and he soon won the

REV WILLIS NAZREY

confidence of Christian people as to the genuineness of the change he professed that God had wrought in him.

Immediately following this new experience he received a distinct call from God by the Holy Spirit to preach the Gospel. Of it he says: "I am as conscious of my call to preach the Gospel as I am of my own existence." He immediately united with the African Methodist Episcopal Church in New York city.

In 1838 he was licensed as an exhorter, and in the spring of 1840 his brethren, by their voluntary action, granted him a license as a local preacher. He labored with great success in New York and vicinity as a licentiate, being kindly received by the people, and always speaking strong and bold words for his Master.

He was recommended and received into the New York Conference when he was thirty-three years old, just three years after his conversion. He was immediately transferred to the Baltimore Conference, and stationed two years at Lewistown, Pa. In 1842 he was transferred to the Pennsylvania Conference and appointed to labor for two years in Trenton, New Jersey. Afterward, two years in Princeton. In 1846–47 he was pastor of the Bethel Church, in Philadelphia, and in 1848–49 he served the Union Church, in the same city. At this point there is a break in his diary, so that for the two following years we cannot trace his course. We have no doubt they were spent in good service, for they precede immediately his election to the episcopal office. He was ordained deacon in Baltimore, in 1841, and elder in Philadelphia, in 1843, by Bishop Morris Brown.

Thus Mr. Nazrey came into the Church in the strength of his manhood, and filled all the positions regularly on his way to the office of an elder in the Church of God. His promotion was rapid, but not any more so than the exigencies of the cause demanded, and it is gratifying to note that the strides he made to important pulpits and high offices were always followed by a uniform success in the performance of his duties which justified the judgment of his brethren, both in the laity and ministry, concerning his natural abilities and acquirements of culture and grace.

In the month of May, 1852, the General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church met in New York, and the Rev. Willis Nazrey was elected to the office of Bishop. Twelve years had now

elapsed since he became an itinerant preacher. His work had been done in great centers of population, under the eyes of many of the most intelligent and influential men in his Church; hence, it was a high indorsement of his labors, and higher than is common when we remember his age when converted, and the comparatively brief time he had spent in the office of the ministry.

The ordination of this man to the high office of a Bishop, on the 13th day of May, 1852, by Bishop Paul Quinn, was, all circumstances considered, a remarkable event in this Church.

For twelve years Bishop Nazrey served the African Methodist Episcopal Church in America, in his new office, with marked success. His preaching was plain and eloquent, instructive and spiritual. In the administration of discipline he was kind, but firm in the enforcement of rules. He guarded the name and honor of his Church with a jealous eye in all his public and private intercourse with the people. As a presiding officer he was dignified and urbane, preserving order, and tiding a conference through a difficult place quite as much by his quiet dignity, which indicated reserved resources, as by his aggressive tact and skill in manipulating men and plans. He was a man of great influence among his people. His career as a Bishop was not confined to the routine work he assumed at his ordination; but with his characteristic loyalty to the honest convictions of his heart he yielded to the call of God and his Church to go into Canada and organize the scattered forces of that country.

From the year 1816, the time when the Rev. Richard Allen was elected to the Episcopacy in the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the work of the denomination spread rapidly over the various States and into British North America. A great many slaves who had escaped from their masters fled to Canada for liberty. Just as the fathers of this country came out from England to secure religious liberty in this Western world, so did these Christians and slaves seek protection and a refuge under the folds of the British flag in the Province of Canada.

They gradually increased in numbers and influence till about the year 1835, when they petitioned the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States to send missionaries to preach the Gospel to them, gather the wanderers, and organize them into societies. The

Church was considerate and granted the prayer of the petitioners. For more than twenty years this ecclesiastical relation continued between the people in Canada and the Church in the United States. As time passed away the people became so numerous in the Canadian portion of the work that conflicts in discipline between the two sections were of frequent occurrence, and they decided to separate themselves from the African (Bethel) Church in the United States. It was at the General Conference held in Cincinnati, in 1856, that a petition was presented from the people in Canada, asking for a separation from the African Methodist Episcopal Church, when this prayer was also granted.

Immediately, however, a discussion sprang up among the Methodists of Canada concerning the form of church government to be adopted; whether it should be Congregational or Episcopal. Strange as it may seem, in the discussion that followed some of their authorities claimed that "Mr. Wesley had established both forms;" but as the fathers of the African Methodist Episcopal Church had adopted the latter form, and since their people had been led to God under it, they decided that the African population in the British dominion could be more successfully reached under the episcopal than under any other form of government. They then named their organization the British Methodist Episcopal Church. When the discussion was ended and the question settled, the election of a Bishop was the next step to be taken in perfecting their organization. The adaptation of Bishop Willis Nazrey to the work of his office was recognized by his friends in the ministry and laity in both countries, and when it was suggested that he could be prevailed upon to accept the bishopric, he was immediately and officially invited so to do.

The separation of Bishop Nazrey from his former colleagues, and his recognition as Bishop in his new field of labor, was harmoniously effected. The following certificate was the authority on which his brethren in Canada received him as their overseer:

To all whom it may concern, greeting:—This certifies that the bearer, Rev. Willis Nazrey, was ordained to the office of Bishop in the African Methodist Episcopal Church on the 13th day of May, 1852, and has exercised the episcopal functions in said Church with dignity and credit up to this date; and he has, by mutual consent, resigned all official relations to the African Methodist

Episcopal Church in the United States of America, for the purpose of serving the British Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, B. A.

We take great pleasure in commending him to the Christian world as a faithful shepherd of the Church of God.

(Signed) WILLIAM PAUL QUINN, ALEXANDER W. WAYMAN, JABEZ P. CAMPBELL, } Bishops.

[Seal.] JOHN M. BROWN, Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA, *June* 30, 1864.

After his transfer, Bishop Nazrey set himself immediately to the task of organizing Conferences and inspiring the preachers and people for the work before them. He extended the border of the British Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada by organizing Conferences in Nova Scotia and Bermuda, the West Indies, and British Guiana. His untiring zeal and organizing skill were of incalculable advantage to this young Church in this new field. He accomplished a work that was worthy an Asbury or a Coke; quietly but surely did he plant the standard of his Church and won the people to it.

Bishop Nazrey accumulated some property, and purchased a farm near the town of Chatham, Ontario, where he lived for many years. Through his exertions an educational institute was established under the authority of the British Methodist Episcopal Church, and incorporated by Act of Parliament bearing date December 22, 1869, under the title of the "Nazrey Institute." This school was afterward merged with the "Wilberforce Institute," and the union being approved, it was incorporated by Parliament, March 29, 1873, under the title of the "Amalgamated Wilberforce and Nazrey Institute." It is now in operation on the Nazrey Institute property, near Chatham, Ontario. Bishop Nazrey was a trustee and an active member of the Board until his death.

After closing the Nova Scotia Conference at Shelburne, Nova Scotia, August 6, 1875, Bishop Nazrey was taken sick on the following Sunday, August 8th. In perfect peace of mind, but much pain of body, he lingered until Sunday, the 22d day of the same month, when he fell asleep in Christ and was at rest, leaving the infant Church he had organized in the care of a God whom he had learned to trust in all the conflicts and toils of his eventful and useful life.

THE BRITISH METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF NORTH AMERICA.

THIS body was located in Canada, and composed of colored people, most of whom left the United States in the days of slavery. It was originally a part of the British Methodist Episcopal Church, but in 1862 separated from that body. They were weak numerically, numbering about fifteen ministers; their membership is not known. Bishop Green was the only man who ever served in the episcopal office among them. The Church, as a distinct organization, was merged with the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America, after ten years of independent existence.

Augustus R. Green.

BY REV. T. L. FLOOD, D.D.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Chambersburgh, Franklin County, Pa., July 8, 1810. He was the third born among thirteen children. His educational advantages were limited, owing to the poverty of his parents and the prejudice that existed against his race. The public schools, and all avenues to intellectual culture, were closed against him until he was thirteen years old. At this time he secured a situation as "boy of all work" at the Pennsylvania Military College, at Gettysburgh, where he remained three years. His spare moments here were utilized in reading and studying such books as he could borrow from the teachers and students; and with the aid of the latter as his instructors he made good use of his opportunities, and thereby acquired a great deal of valuable knowledge which was helpful to him in his work in subsequent years.

During his stay at the college he attended the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and under the labors of the Rev. Jeremiah Beulah, he was awakened and converted, and united with this Church. When he was sixteen years old he was placed as an apprentice to an edge-tool manufacturer in Mercersburgh, where he remained a little over a year. He was a nervous, active youth, and hence unwilling to settle down to the routine work of an apprentice, notwithstanding the trade gave him good promise of support in life as a skilled mechanic.

He went "West," as it was then called, though he only moved to Pittsburgh. The journey was made on foot, with his bundle on his back. Here he worked at his trade for about a year, and then he moved to Fayette County, where he worked on a farm. Having accumulated some property during his life, he afterward purchased this farm, and for a time made it his home.

In all his travels from place to place he sought the Church as a child seeks its home, and was always classed among her active and

positive friends. The Church in this locality found in him a valuable working member, and it was in this vicinity that he was licensed as a local preacher. For more than three years he had been impressed by the Holy Spirit that he must preach, but his modest and retiring disposition prevented his heeding the call. He pleaded his ignorance and inability to such an extent, that it was not until the year 1833 that he decided fully to enter upon the active work of the ministry. He was plowing in a field one day close by the road, when he was hailed by the Rev. Mr. Conyon, on horseback, who, having stopped his horse, stated that he was on his way to the African Methodist Episcopal Conference, and invited Mr. Green to go with him. They went to the house together for dinner, where, in the leisure of the hour, Mr. Conyon renewed his request that Mr. Green should accompany him to the session of the Conference. Mrs. Green joined in the pleading, and at last he consented to go, more out of curiosity than from a desire to witness the proceedings of the body. The two men set out for Conference together, Mr. Green not thinking that he was then taking the step that would separate him permanently from his plow and farm.

After they arrived at the seat of the Conference, which was Little Washington, Pa., the plans of Mr. Green's companion were gradually unfolded. When the Conference was opened the most powerful personal appeals were made to Mr. Green to unite with the body. Men were in demand, the work was increasing on every hand, and appeals from societies came up from many directions for preachers; and, irregular as it now seems in this Church, these solicitations were made that he unite with the Conference without any further recommendation than his local preacher's license, his character as a man of God, and his reputation as a successful Christian worker. After several sleepless nights and much prayer, he decided to give his name to the Conference; it was accepted, and he was in the ranks of the ministry, and his farm, with the plow out in the furrow, left behind.

He was appointed to the Washington Circuit. It was then, as it is now, one of the important charges in the Conference. He remained here three years, enjoying his field of labor and seeing many souls converted. From here he was sent to Pittsburgh Station, then to Allegheny, and afterward to the Erie Circuit, which extended from Pitts-

burgh to Erie, including Beaver, Mercer, New Castle, Meadville, and all the towns in North-western Pennsylvania. He traveled this territory a part of the time on foot, and a part of the time on horseback, his heart being cheered by the success that attended his labors among the Churches.

He was taken from the pastorate by being elected Superintendent of the Book Concern and Editor of the "Christian Herald," the official organ of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, located at Pittsburgh. He returned to this city, which he left a few years previous for the farm, and devoted himself to the work of his new offices with a tact and zeal which impressed his Church that his election was a wise choice. At the ensuing General Conference he was re-elected by a unanimous vote, but he positively declined the place, preferring the pastorate. Another was chosen to fill the offices, and Mr. Green returned to pastoral work. He was now transferred to the Ohio Conference. We find him serving Churches in Cincinnati, Chillicothe, Zanesville, Columbus, Toledo, and Detroit, Mich. His preaching always aroused the Church and awakened sinners; it was plain, and imbued with the Spirit. He preached with unction, and frequently with wonderful power. He saw hundreds of men, women, and children, brought to the Lord and saved. It was thought by many that he was at this time the most conspicuous figure in the ranks of the ministry in his Church in the State of Ohio. He was known and recognized every-where in the State among his people as an able and popular preacher and worker in the vineyard.

At the Annual Conference of 1860 he took a transfer to the Canada Conference, which afterward severed its connection with the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America, and was organized under the name of the British Methodist Episcopal Church, under the leadership of Bishop Willis Nazney.

While he served the British Methodist Episcopal Church at Windsor, C. W., internal troubles arose, which, though they did not personally affect him, yet caused him to join fortune with the party that ultimately separated themselves from the British Methodist Episcopal Church. The Church at Windsor was divided, and the division extended over the entire Conference, and resulted in the organization of a new Church that was called the "British Methodist Episcopal

Church of North America." Mr. Green was strenuously urged to allow himself to be elected Bishop of the new organization, but he resisted successfully for several months. Finally, however, he was prevailed upon to yield to the entreaties of his friends, many of whom were influenced to move from the United States to Canada by his representations, and since the new Church was composed largely of this class of persons, he felt under peculiar obligations to them. When he was elected the new Church numbered fourteen ministers. Bishop Green established and edited for several years, "The True Royalist," a paper devoted to the spread of religious and secular intelligence. He now came face to face with a great trial if not persecution. At the instance of one or more ministers and members in the old Church, he was arrested and indicted at nine different times for exercising his episcopal prerogative in ordaining his ministers, administering the sacraments, and solemnizing matrimony; old questions, to be sure, and the renewal of an old contest in a new field and by another race, but "history repeats itself," while the truth goes marching on.

The various charges and trials culminated at the spring assizes of Middlesex County, C. W., in May, 1863, when, after a long and desperately contested trial, he was found not guilty of any misdemeanor, and the jury further found that Augustus R. Green was the true and only Bishop of the British Methodist Episcopal Church of North America. It was a strange proceeding to American eyes for a judicial court to decide ecclesiastical prerogatives, but such are the issues where Church and State are united. The rendering of the verdict was loudly applauded. Bishop Green was congratulated by hundreds of friends, both white and black, and from that day his persecutors ceased to trouble him. He went to the work of his office with fresh courage and new hope, and saw his Church increase in numbers and become a power in the land.

The issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation, by President Lincoln, unsettled the foundations of this new Church organization. The freedom of the slaves caused a large number of the people and preachers in the Church to return to the United States, and Bishop Green was himself led to believe that he could render a better service to the cause of God in America than he could in Canada; hence, in 1872, he made overtures to the African Methodist Episcopal Church

of the United States which were kindly received, and his entire Conference was accepted as worthy members of the Indiana Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

After a service of nearly ten years, as a Bishop in Canada, Mr. Green was transferred to the Baltimore Conference, and stationed as pastor of Mount Hope Church, Washington, D. C. After a successful pastorate of two years in this Church he was transferred to the Mississippi Conference, and made pastor of the Church in Vicksburgh. Here he labored faithfully until that terrible scourge, the yellow fever, broke out in 1878. He was advised by some of his friends to leave the city, but he replied: "My Conference has sent me here, and it is my duty to stand at my post of duty; if it is the Lord's will that I shall fall by this terrible disease, I am ready." He sent his wife and the members of his household to a place of safety, and then gave himself up to the task of caring for the sick and dying. While that terrible scourge was destroying the people, he could be seen day and night going from house to house rendering whatever aid he could, both of a physical and spiritual nature. It was his joy to bless the sick with such earthly comforts as caused them to call him blessed, and with his words of Christian counsel he presented Jesus Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour.

On September 5, 1878, he was prostrated by the terrible fever, and, notwithstanding he was a splendid specimen of a man, being six feet in height, and weighing two hundred and eight pounds, in forty-eight hours after the fever came he was dead, and his work on earth was done.

While the nature of the disease forbade his friends coming to his side, or attending his funeral, and though no dying testimony came from his lips to comfort his family, or the multitudes he had inspired to lead a better life, yet he fell at his post, and his own words, "I am ready," are a testimony to the power of Christ to save a man from selfishness in the face of danger and death.

APPENDIX.

EMBRACING SKETCHES OF THE LIVING BISHOPS IN THE DIFFERENT BRANCHES OF EPISCOPAL METHODISM IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

SKETCHES OF THE LIVING BISHOPS

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Levi Scott, D.D., was born near Odessa, Delaware, October 11, 1802. He was married to Miss Sarah Ann Smith, at her father's house, Philadelphia, November 22, 1830. He was converted October 16, 1822, and the call to preach, then given, was not understood until some time afterward. He was received into the Philadelphia Conference in April, 1826, and became a member of the New Jersey Conference in 1836, but returned to the Philadelphia Conference in 1837, by transfer. He was ordained deacon by Bishop George in 1828, in Philadelphia, and elder by Bishop Hedding, in 1830. He has filled the following appointments: 1826, Talbot Circuit, Md.; 1827, Dover, Del.; 1828–29, St. George's Charge, Philadelphia; 1830–31, Westchester, Md.; 1832, supernumerary; 1833, Kent, Md.; 1834–35, Delaware District; 1836, Franklin-street, Newark, N. J.; 1837–38, Ebenezer, Philadelphia; 1839, St. Paul's, Philadelphia; 1840–42, Principal of Dickinson Grammar School; 1843–44, Union Church, Philadelphia; 1845–48, South Philadelphia District; 1848–52, Assistant Book Agent, New York. He was elected and ordained Bishop in 1852, in Boston, Mass. His home is Odessa, Newcastle County, Del. He received the degree of A. M. from Wesleyan University, and that of D.D. from Delaware College.

Bishop Matthew Simpson, D.D., LL.D., was born in Cadiz, Ohio, June 21, 1811. He was educated at Madison College, afterward merged into Alleghany College. He was married in Pittsburgh, November 3, 1835, to Miss Ellen H. Verner. He was converted in 1829, and licensed to preach in 1833. He joined the

Pittsburgh Conference in 1833, and has since been a member of the Indiana and North Indiana Conferences. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Roberts, at Pittsburgh, in 1835, and elder by the same Bishop, at Steubenville, Ohio. He has filled the following appointments: St. Clairsville Circuit, 1833–34; Pittsburgh, 1834–36; Monongahela City, 1836–37. He has held the following positions in connection with the schools and other institutions of the Church: Vice-President of and Professor of Natural Science in Allegheny College, 1837–39; President of Indiana Asbury University, 1839–48; Editor of "Western Christian Advocate," 1848–52. He was elected and ordained Bishop at Boston, in May, 1852. He resides in Philadelphia, Pa. He received the degree of A.M. from Allegheny College, and those of D.D. and LL.D. from Wesleyan University.

Bishop Thomas Bowman, D.D., LL.D., was born in Berwick, Pa., July 15, 1817. He graduated at Dickinson College in 1837, and was married July 13, 1841, to Miss Matilda Hartman, of York, Pa. He was converted January 1, 1833, and called to preach during the summer of 1838. He entered the Conference, March, 1839, and has been a member of the Baltimore, East Baltimore, South-east Indiana, and North Indiana Conferences. He was ordained deacon and elder in Baltimore, in both cases by Bishop Waugh. He has had the following appointments: Beaver Meadow Mission, one year; Preparatory Department of Dickinson College, three years; Supernumerary, with partial work at Berwick, Pa., five years; Principal of Dickinson Seminary, at Williamsport, Pa., ten years; Pastor at Lewisburgh, Pa., one year; President of Indiana Asbury University, fourteen years. He was elected and ordained Bishop at Brooklyn, N. Y., in May, 1872. He received the degrees of A.B. and A.M. from Dickinson College, in course; of D.D. from Ohio Wesleyan University; and of LL.D. from Dickinson College. His home is St. Louis, Missouri.

Bishop W. L. Harris, D.D., LL.D., was born in the town of Troy, Richland County, Ohio, November 4, 1817. He studied the ancient languages and mathematics under Professor Chaplain, in Norwalk Seminary. He was married, August 9, 1840, in Avon, Ohio, to Miss Atwell, of Dover, Ohio. He was converted June 10, 1834; licensed to preach September, 1835; and admitted on trial in the Michigan Conference in September, 1837. He has been a member of

the Michigan, North Ohio, and Central Ohio Conferences. Upon the division of the first, in 1840, he fell into the North Ohio, and when that was divided, in 1856, he fell into the Delaware, now the Central Ohio. He was ordained deacon in September, 1839, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, by Bishop Soule, and elder, September, 1841, at Wooster, Ohio, by Bishop Roberts. His appointments have been as follows: 1837–38, junior preacher on Dover Circuit; 1838–39, the same on Wooster Circuit; 1839–40, the same on Mansfield Charge; 1840–41, took charge of Bellville Circuit; 1841–43, Amity Circuit; 1843–44, Chesterville; 1844–45, stationed in Delaware; 1845–46, teacher in the Ohio Wesleyan University; 1846–47, stationed in Toledo; 1847–48, Norwalk; 1848–51, Principal of Baldwin Institute, Berea, Ohio; 1851–60, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Ohio Wesleyan University; 1860–72, Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society. He was elected and ordained Bishop in May, 1872, at Brooklyn, N. Y. The following degrees have been conferred upon him: A.M., by the Ohio Wesleyan University; D.D., by Alleghany College; and LL.D., by Baldwin University. His present residence is in New York city.

Bishop Randolph S. Foster, D.D., LL.D., was born in Williamsburgh, Clermont County, O., February 22, 1820. He was educated at Augusta College, Kentucky, and entered the ministry when seventeen years old. He married Miss Sarah A. Miley. He was a member of the Ohio Conference from 1837 to 1850; of the New York Conference from September, 1850, to May, 1854; of the New York East Conference from 1854 to 1856; and of the New York Conference from 1856 to 1872, when he was elected Bishop. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Waugh, and elder by Bishop Hedding. He filled the following appointments: Charleston Circuit, West Virginia, one year; West Chester Circuit, Ohio, one year; West Union Circuit, one year; Hillsborough, one year; Portsmouth Station, one year; Hillsborough Station, one year; Ninth-street, Cincinnati, one year; Lancaster, two years; Springfield, two years; Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, two years; Mulberry-street, New York, two years; Pacific-street, Brooklyn, two years; Trinity Church, New York, one year; President North-western University, three years; Washington Square, two years; elected President of Troy University, and declined;

Sing Sing, two years; Eighteenth-street, New York, three years; Washington Square, New York, two years—the second year served as Professor of Systematic Theology in Drew Theological Seminary, and was elected president in 1870. He was elected Bishop in 1872 at Brooklyn. He received the degrees of A.M. and D.D. from the Ohio Wesleyan University, and LL.D. from North-western University. He resides in Boston, Mass.

Bishop I. W. Wiley, D.D., was born at Lewistown, Pa., March 29, 1825. He graduated from the Medical Department of the University of New York. He was married October 6, 1846, to Miss Frances J. Martin, and May 21, 1867, to Miss A. Elizabeth Seegar. He was converted at thirteen years of age, and began to preach at nineteen, as local preacher. He joined the Genesee Conference in 1850, was transferred to the Philadelphia Conference in 1851; transferred to the New Jersey Conference in 1855, and fell into the Newark Conference, by division, in 1856. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Janes in 1850, and elder by the same in 1851. He has filled the following appointments: Foochow, China, 1851–1855; Newark and Jersey City, N. J., 1856–1858; five years (1859–1864) at Pennington Collegiate Institute, N. J.; eight years (1864–1872) editor of "The Ladies' Repository." He was elected and ordained Bishop at Brooklyn, May, 1872. He has received the following degrees: A.M., from Dickinson College; M.D., from University of New York; D.D., from Wesleyan University. He resides in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Bishop Stephen M. Merrill, D.D., was born at Mount Pleasant, Jefferson County, O., September 16, 1825. His parents subsequently removed to Greenfield, O., where he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, October 31, 1842. He was licensed to preach on April 5, 1845, and was employed under the presiding elder. He was admitted in 1846 into the Ohio Conference, and appointed to Monroe. To an elementary training he added, by careful study, a knowledge of a wide circuit of literature, and was honored with the degree of A.M. in 1864, from Indiana Asbury University. He was presiding elder on Marietta District when, in 1868, he was elected a delegate to the General Conference. He took an active part in the debates in that body, and during the session was elected editor of the "Western Christian Advocate." Having served four years

in that office, he was, in 1872, elected Bishop. In the discharge of the duties of his office he has traveled extensively over the United States, and has visited Mexico. He is author of a work on "Christian Baptism," and more recently on the "New Testament Idea of Hell." He resided for a time in St. Paul, Minn., but at present is a resident of Chicago.

Bishop E. G. Andrews, D.D., was born at New Hartford, Oneida County, N. Y., August 7, 1825. He graduated at Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., in 1847. He was married at Cheshire, Conn., to Miss Susan M. Hotchkiss, August 7, 1851. He joined the Church when ten years old, and from early life was dedicated to the ministerial office and work. He became a member of the Oneida Conference in 1848, and of the New York East Conference in 1864. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Janes in 1848 at Owego, N. Y., and elder by Bishop Scott in 1850 at Utica, N. Y. He has filled the following appointments: 1847–48, Morrisville Circuit, N. Y., under the elder; 1848–49, Hamilton and Leesville, N. Y.; 1849–50, Hamilton; 1850–52, Cooperstown, N. Y.; 1852–54, Stockbridge, N. Y.; 1854–64, Oneida Conference Seminary, in which he was professor two years, and principal eight years; 1864–67, Stamford, Conn.; 1867–68, Sands-street, Brooklyn; 1868–71, St. John's, Brooklyn; 1871–72, Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn. He was elected and ordained Bishop in May, 1872, at Brooklyn, N. Y. His place of residence is Washington, D. C. He has received the following degrees: A.B. and A.M., by the Wesleyan University, in course, and D.D., by Genesee College.

Bishop Jesse T. Peck, D.D., LL.D., was born in Middlefield Center, Otsego County, N. Y., April 4, 1811. He was educated under the direction of his brother, the Rev. Dr. George Peck, and married Miss Persis Wing, at Cortland, N. Y., October 13, 1831. He was converted, and called to preach, in the town of Brookfield, Marion County, N. Y., March 30, 1827. He joined the Oneida Conference, July 12, 1832, and since has been a member of the Black River, Troy, Baltimore, New York, and California Conferences. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Hedding, at Auburn, N. Y., in 1834, and elder by Bishop Waugh, at Watertown, N. Y., in 1836. He has filled the following appointments: Dryden, N. Y., one year; Newark

Valley, N. Y., one year; Skaneateles, N. Y., one year; Potsdam, N. Y., two years; Foundry, Washington, D. C., two years; Greene-street, New York, two years; Powell-street, San Francisco, Cal., two years; Santa Clara; Howard-street, San Francisco, Cal.; Hudson-street, Albany, N. Y.; Centenary Church, Syracuse, N. Y.; Sixth-street, Sacramento, Cal.; Presiding Elder San Francisco District, Cal., one year. He has held the following positions in connection with the schools and other institutions of the Church: Principal of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary four years; Principal of Troy Conference Academy seven years; President of Dickinson College four years; Secretary and Editor of Tract Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church two years. He was elected and ordained Bishop at Brooklyn, N. Y., May, 1872. His family residence is Syracuse, N. Y. He received the degree of Master of Arts from Wesleyan University, and Doctor of Divinity from Union College; also the degree of LL.D. from Willamette University.

Bishop Henry W. Warren was born in Williamsburgh, Mass., January 4, 1831. He was married in Lowell, Mass., in April, 1855, to Miss D. A. Kilgore. He was converted and called to preach in October, 1848. Joined the New England Conference in April, 1855; was transferred to Philadelphia Conference in 1871; transferred to the New York East Conference in 1874; and retransferred to the Philadelphia Conference in 1877. He was ordained deacon in 1857 by Bishop Baker, and elder in 1859 by Bishop Ames. As a pastor he has served Worcester, Mass., two years; North Russell-street, Boston, Mass., two years; Tremont-street, Boston, St. Paul's, Lynn, and Westfield, Mass., each two years; Trinity Church, Cambridgeport, Trinity, Charlestown, Mass., three years each; Arch-street, Philadelphia, two terms, three years each; St. John's, Brooklyn, N. Y., three years, and Spring Garden-street, Philadelphia, two months, when he was elected Bishop. He has filled the positions of teacher of Natural Science in Amenia Seminary, N. Y., and teacher of Ancient Languages at Wilbraham, Mass. He was elected and ordained Bishop in May, 1880, in Cincinnati, O. He was educated at Wilbraham, Mass., and at Wesleyan University, Conn. The degree of A.B. was conferred upon him by Wesleyan University, and D.D. by Dickinson College. His place of residence is Atlanta, Ga.

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss was born January 17, 1834, in Kingston, N. Y. He has been twice married: March, 1856, to Miss Mary E. Bradley, who died September 7, 1863; and on May 10, 1865, to Miss Amelia Robertson, of Peekskill, N. Y. He was converted in 1852. He joined the New York Conference in 1857, was transferred to the New York East Conference in 1859, and retransferred to the New York Conference in 1865. He was ordained deacon May 10, 1857, by Bishop Baker, and elder May 8, 1859, by Bishop Janes. He has been pastor in Chester, N. Y.; Fleet-street, Hanson Place, and South Fifth-street, Brooklyn, N. Y., remaining two years in each place; at St. Paul's, New York city, two terms of three years each; and at Trinity, New York, three years; also at St. James', New York city, two years. From 1854 to 1855 he was teacher of Mathematics in Amenia Seminary, Amenia, N. Y.; and in 1856 he was made principal of the seminary. From 1875 to 1880 he was President of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., his *Alma Mater*. He was elected and ordained Bishop in Cincinnati, O., in May, 1880. His degree of D.D. was conferred by Wesleyan University, and LL.D. by Cornell University. His place of residence is Minneapolis, Minn.

Bishop John F. Hurst was born in Doncaster County, Md., August 17, 1834, and married in May, 1859, to Catherine Elizabeth La Monte. He was converted in March, 1849, and called to preach in 1858. He joined the Newark Conference in 1858, was transferred to the Germany and Switzerland Conference in 1866, and retransferred to the Newark Conference in 1872. He was ordained deacon in 1860 by Bishop Morris, and elder in 1862 by Bishop Scott. He served as pastor in Irvington, N. J., one year; Passaic, N. J., two years; Fulton-street, Elizabeth, N. J., two years; and at Water-street, in the same city, two years. He was Professor in the Mission Institute, Bremen and Frankfort, from 1866 to 1871, then Professor of Church History in Drew Theological Seminary, and President of Drew Seminary from 1873 to 1880. He was elected and ordained Bishop in Cincinnati in May, 1880. He graduated from Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., in 1854. His *Alma Mater* conferred upon him the degree of D.D., and both Dickinson College and Indiana Asbury University gave him that of LL.D. His residence is Des Moines, Iowa.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

Bishop Robert Paine, D.D., was born November 12, 1799, in Pierson County, N. C. He has been married three times—to S. C. Beck, at Nashville, Tenn.; to A. M. Shaw, in Columbia, Tenn.; and to M. E. Millwater, of Northern Alabama. He was converted October 9, 1817, and began to preach that fall. After traveling a year under the direction of a presiding elder, he was admitted on trial into the Tennessee Conference in the fall of 1818, and has never been a member of any other Conference. He was ordained a deacon by Bishop M'Kendree in 1821, and elder by the same Bishop in 1823. He has filled the following appointments: Nashville, Flint River, Tuscaloosa, Murfreesborough, and Shelbyville, two years; Franklin and Lebanon, one year; Forked Deer District, one year; Nashville Station, two years; Nashville District, three years. He has held the following positions in connection with the schools and other institutions of the Church: Professor in La Grange College, sixteen and a half years, and President of the Board of Trustees. He was elected and ordained Bishop in May, 1846. His residence is Aberdeen, Miss. The degree of A.M. was conferred upon him by the University of Nashville, and that of D.D. by the Wesleyan University.

Bishop George F. Pierce, D.D., LL.D., was born February 3, 1811, in Greene County, Ga. He was married to Miss Anna Maria Waldron, of Savannah, Ga., February 4, 1834. He was converted October 5, 1826, in Athens, Ga., and licensed to preach in March, 1830. He joined the first Georgia Conference, January, 1831, and was one year a member of the South Carolina Conference. He was ordained deacon at La Grange, Ga., and elder at Columbia, S. C.: in both cases by Bishop Andrew. His appointments were as follows: First year, Alcovi Circuit; second year, Augusta, Ga.; third year, Savannah, Ga.; fourth year, Charleston, S. C.; fifth year, Augusta, Ga.; sixth, seventh, and eighth years, presiding elder of

Augusta District; ninth and tenth years, President of Georgia Female College; eleventh year, agent for the college; twelfth year, stationed at Macon; thirteenth and fourteenth years, Augusta; fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth years, Augusta District; eighteenth year, Columbus. He was President of Georgia Female College in 1839 and 1840; agent in 1841; at Macon, 1842; at Augusta, 1843 and 1844; 1845, Presiding Elder on Augusta District; and President of Emory College, from August 4, 18— to July, 1854. He was elected and ordained Bishop at Columbus, Ga., 1854. He has received the degree of D.D. from Transylvania University, and LL.D. from Randolph Macon College. He resides at Sparta, Hancock County, Ga.

Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh, D.D., was born January 14, 1802, in Clark County, Ky. He was first married, July 24, 1828, in Woodford County, Ky., to Mrs. Margaret C. Green, and afterward to Mrs. Martha D. Lewis. He was converted on the 2d day of November, 1817, and became an exhorter in about a year afterward. Under conviction of duty he accepted license to preach in 1822 as a local preacher. He joined the Kentucky Conference, September 24, 1823, and remained a member until elected Bishop in May, 1854. He was ordained deacon at Russellville, Ky., by Bishop M'Kendree, in the fall of 1825; and was ordained elder at Versailles, Ky., by Bishop R. R. Roberts. He filled five appointments on circuits, and then, (with the exception of two years as agent for Augusta College, the last of which two years he also filled the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Kentucky, and two years as presiding elder of Lexington District,) he filled stations in many of the most important towns and cities of the Conference. He was elected and ordained Bishop in 1854, at the General Conference held in the month of May, in Columbus, Ga., Bishop Soule officiating, with the aid of Bishops Andrew, Capers, and Paine. His home is in the city of Louisville, Ky.

Bishop William M. Wightman, D.D., was born in Charleston, S. C., January 29, 1808. He was married to Miss Sarah B. Shackelford, at Cokesbury, S. C., January 7, 1834, and after her death, to Miss Maria D. Davis, November 14, 1863. He was converted in April, 1825, and licensed to preach the following year. He

was admitted on trial in the South Carolina Conference February 6, 1828, and into full connection two years after. He was transferred to the Alabama Conference in 1859. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Soule, at Columbia, S. C., and elder by Bishop Hedding, at Darlington, S. C. He filled the following appointments: Pee Dee Circuit, 1828; Orangeburgh, 1829; Charleston Station, 1830; Santee, 1831; Camden, 1832; Abbeville, 1833; Agent for Randolph Macon College, 1834–36; Professor of English Literature in Randolph Macon College, 1837–38; presiding elder of the Cokesbury District, 1839–40; and editor of the "Southern Christian Advocate" to May, 1854. From 1854 to 1859 President of Woodford College, S. C.; then Chancellor of the Southern University, Alabama, until July, 1867. He was elected and ordained Bishop in May, 1866, at the General Conference held in New Orleans. He received the following degrees: A.M., from the College of Charleston; D.D., from Randolph Macon College; and LL.D., from the College of Charleston. He resides in Charleston, S. C.

Bishop Holland N. M'Tyeire, D.D., was born July 28, 1824, in Barnwell District, S. C. He was married to Miss Amelia Townsend in November, 1847. He was converted in 1837, and felt called to preach while a student at Randolph Macon College. He was admitted on trial in the Virginia Conference, November, 1845. He was transferred in 1846 to the Alabama Conference, to fill Dr. T. O. Summers' charge in Mobile. In 1848 he was transferred to the Louisiana Conference and stationed in New Orleans, and in 1862 he was transferred to the Montgomery Conference. He was ordained deacon in Montgomery, Ala., by Bishop Paine, December, 1847, and elder in Shreveport, La., by Bishop Capers, December, 1849. He has filled the following appointments: Traveled with presiding elder on Prince Edward Circuit, Virginia Conference, from June to November, 1845. In November, 1845, appointed to Williamsburgh Station, Va.; June, 1846, transferred to Mobile, Alabama Conference; January, 1847, Demopolis Station; December, 1847, Columbus Station, Miss.; December, 1848, New Orleans. He has held the following positions in connection with the schools and other institutions of the Church: Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Ancient Languages in Randolph Macon College; Editor of the

"New Orleans Christian Advocate;" editor of "The Christian Advocate," at Nashville, Tenn.; and President of the Board of Trustees of Vanderbilt University, at Nashville. He was elected and ordained Bishop at the General Conference held in New Orleans in 1866. He has received the following degrees: A.B. and A.M., from Randolph Macon College, and the degree of D.D., from Wesleyan University, Florence, Ala. His residence is at the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

Bishop John Christian Keener, D.D., was born in Baltimore, Md., February 7, 1819. He prepared for college at Wilbraham Academy, and became a member of the first regular class organized in Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., where he graduated in 1835. He was converted in Baltimore, Md., in 1838; licensed to preach in Alabama, and was admitted on probation in the Alabama Conference in 1843. In 1848 he was sent to New Orleans, where he remained twenty years, being appointed successively to the pastorate of the Poydras-street, Carondolet-street, and Felicity-street Churches, and presiding elder of the New Orleans District. He was also, from 1866, editor of "The New Orleans Christian Advocate." He was elected and ordained Bishop in May, 1870. His residence is in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Bishop Alpheus Waters Wilson, D.D., elected in 1882, is the son of the late Rev. Norval Wilson, who was prominent in Maryland and Virginia, and in the councils of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is a native of Baltimore, Md., born in 1834; was converted in early life, and a student at Columbian College, Washington city, and for a while studied medicine. Entering the ministry at the early age of nineteen, he was received into the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1853, very soon took rank in the ministry, and commanded some of the best appointments in Baltimore and elsewhere. Health failing, he studied and practiced law awhile, but soon resumed the itinerant ministry. When the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was organized, he was one of the foremost members; his eminent abilities were soon recognized, and he was honored from the first with a seat in the General Conference, to which he has been elected four times. He has been honored with the title of Doctor of Divinity. At the General

Conference of 1878, at Atlanta, Ga., he was elected Secretary of the Board of Missions, since which this department has been greatly enlarged. His thorough canvass of the Churches, and vivid portrayals of the need of more activity and larger gifts to missions, enabled the Board to meet the growing wants of the foreign mission work. His able pulpit and platform ministrations in behalf of this cause, and his rare executive abilities, caused the Church to call him to the higher work of the Episcopacy. He was a delegate to the great Ecumenical Conference, at London, England, in September, 1881, and read a paper on "The Influence of Methodism on Other Denominations," which elicited high encomiums of praise. A work on "Missions" from his pen has just appeared from the Southern Methodist Publishing House, which is highly spoken of. He has the elements of character to make a leader, and will make his impress in the councils of the Church in shaping her progressive movements. He is of medium height, compactly and muscularly built without being fleshy, with admirable equipoise, a vigorous body and mind, face heavily bearded; sociable, dignified, and gentlemanly in appearance. He was the only one elected on the first ballot.

Bishop Linus Parker, D.D., has been a quarter of a century identified with the aggressive movements of the extreme South, among the most difficult fields in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to build up Methodism, owing to the cosmopolitan character of the people. A native of Rome, N. Y., born in 1829, he went to New Orleans in his boyhood, and while engaged as a clerk supplemented his meager home education by rising at four o'clock in the morning to master Latin and Greek, before commencing the duties of the day. Converted young, he commenced to preach soon after, and was received into the Louisiana Conference in 1849, in his twenty-first year. After four years of circuit work he was appointed to New Orleans, and has been since then laboring in the chief stations—a good part of the time as presiding elder on that district. Part of the time while in the latter office he has performed the duties of editor of the "New Orleans Christian Advocate," and so succeeded Bishops M'Tyeire and Keener, who were both editors of that paper. It has risen to great popularity in the Connection, and his polished editorials have won him journalistic fame among the cultivated outside of the Church. Five times he has

been elected a delegate to General Conference, the last four times in succession. As a writer he is clear, smooth, and forcible, and his editorials always contain food for thought. As a preacher he is eloquent and profound, bringing out the hidden meaning of Scripture in his sermons. Coupled with his culture and scholarly attainments, his deep piety, sound judgment, modest demeanor, meek spirit, amiability and simplicity of manners, make him eminently fit to adorn any station in the Church, or fill any office in her gift. A man of fine presence, tall and large frame, well cushioned with flesh, without being unduly stout, rather tawny skin, piercing black eyes, dignified and courtly appearance, and in fine vigorous health. He was elected Bishop in 1882.

Bishop John Cooper Granberry, D.D., is a native of the city of Norfolk, Va., born December 5, 1829. Was noted in his boyhood and youth for excellency of character. In his fifteenth year he was converted. Entered Randolph Macon College, and was graduated with the first honor of the class in 1848. The same year he was admitted on trial in the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and has been identified with that body ever since. He soon took rank and filled the best appointments, including Washington city, Richmond, and Petersburgh; was chaplain of both Randolph Macon College and the University of Virginia, the former honoring him with D.D. When the war began he entered the Confederate army as a chaplain, and continued till the close of the struggle —a service in which he fearlessly discharged his duties. He was sorely wounded, which injured the sight of one of his eyes, and was taken a prisoner. He was greatly beloved and honored by the soldiers for his heroic devotion to their interests. He held for a time the position of Superintendent of Chaplains for the Virginia Conference. In 1875 he was elected professor in the Theological Department of Vanderbilt University, which position he has honored; and if he had not been elevated to the Episcopacy he would have been elected to take the place of the late Dr. Summers as dean, because of his varied talents and scholastic culture. He is not an author, but has written a great deal for the Church press which has attracted attention. He has been a member of four General Conferences, and, although honored so frequently by his Conference, he speaks but seldom, but has the reputation of being an elegant, chaste, scholarly, and eloquent preacher.

He possesses a clear analytical mind, is an able theologian, and has a judicial tendency. Of the purest character, humble in his walk, retiring, smart, spirited. Of medium height, high forehead, good health without being stout, well bearded, and eyes shaded with glasses. He was elected on the second ballot, and is fourth in the order of the new Bishops elected in 1882.

Bishop Robert Kennon Hargrove, D.D., was not a member of the General Conference which elected him a Bishop in 1882. He was born in Pickins County, Ala., September 17, 1829, and was converted at the early age of eleven years. He entered the University of Alabama, and was graduated with signal honor; joined the Alabama Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1857. He was soon recognized as an able preacher, and occupied appointments at Mobile and other charges in Alabama; was transferred to Kentucky, and stationed at Lexington; and from thence became a member of the Tennessee Conference, and was stationed at M'Kendree Church, (the seat of the General Conference of 1882,) and other points. Has been presiding elder of three districts—the Nashville, Franklin, and Clarkville Districts. The latter he vacates by his election to the Episcopacy. Was honored with A.B. and A.M. by the University of Alabama, and D.D. by Emory College. His first connection with educational institutions was as Adjunct Professor of Mathematics at the University of Alabama; then President of Centenary Institute, Alabama, and President of Tennessee Female College. He was a member of the Cape May Commission, which adds to the interest in his election throughout Methodism. Since the death of Dr. Summers his name had been mentioned in connection with one of the General Conference offices at Nashville had he not been elected Bishop. He has been a member of three General Conferences previous to this one, and a member of the Book Committee for the past four years, and otherwise placed in trusts by the Church. He is a man of broad culture and catholic spirit, with progressive views. Though not widely known in authorship, he is a fine writer. It is believed that he possesses all the desirable qualities for the Episcopal office, and will meet the large expectations of the people. Of good height, large frame well filled, pleasant countenance, dignified carriage, slight beard, quite gray for his years, very genial and affable.

EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

Bishop J. J. Esher was born in Balderheim, Alsatia, France, December 11, 1823. He was married August 8, 1849, at Northfield, Ill., to Miss Anna B. Schneider. He was converted and called to preach in February, 1834. He joined the Illinois Conference in June, 1845, having been an exhorter from his sixteenth year. He was ordained deacon, June, 1847, and elder, June, 1849, by Bishop John Seybert, at Napierville, Ill. He filled the following appointments: Rock River, one year; Iowa Mission, two years; Milwaukee, two years; Elkhart, one year; Wisconsin District, four years; Chicago, Wells-street Station, one year; Chicago District, four years: Plainfield, two years. He was editor of Sunday-school literature, and agent of North-western College. He was elected Bishop first at Buffalo, October 9, 1863; second, at Pittsburgh, October, 1867; third, at Napierville, Ill., October, 1871. His place of residence is Chicago, Ill.

Rev. Rudolph Dubbs, D.D., was born a short distance from the famous city of Worms, on the beautiful River Rhine. He was educated partly in Germany. He emigrated with his parents to this country in 1852, and settled in Stephenson County, Ill. He was converted in 1854, and began to preach in 1856. He served in the Illinois and Iowa Conferences until called to be one of the agents to establish the North-western College, at Napierville, Ill. Here he served two terms, then went back to Iowa, and served as district and presiding elder for nearly four years. The General Conference, held in Pittsburgh, Pa., 1867, elected him to the editorship of the "Christliche Botschofter," the German organ of the Church. He served eight years in this position. At the General Conference in Philadelphia, Pa., 1875, he was elected Bishop, and re-elected in 1879. He was fraternal delegate of his Church to the Methodist Episcopal

Church when the General Conference met in Chicago, and served in the same capacity when the General Conference was held in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bishop Reuben Yeakel was born August 3, 1827, at Upper Hanover, Pa. He was married March 28, 1855, to Miss Sarah Schubert. He was converted October, 1847, and called to preach in 1850. He was licensed as local preacher June 10, 1852, and admitted into the East Pennsylvania Conference February, 1854. He was ordained deacon February, 1856, and elder in 1858 by Bishop Long. He served the following appointments: Montgomery, one year; Orwigsburgh, one year; Easton Mission, two years; Lebanon, two years. He was Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Evangelical Association four years; editor of Sunday-School and Tract Department eight years, one year of which he was editor of the "Evangelical Messenger." He was first elected Bishop at Napierville, Ill., in 1871; his second election was in 1875 at the General Conference held in Philadelphia. His home is in Allentown, Pa.

Bishop Thomas Bowman was born at Lehigh Gap, Pa., May 28, 1836. Entered East Pennsylvania Conference Evangelical Association, in February, 1859. Ordained deacon two years later at Schuylkill Haven, Pa., by Bishop J. Long, and elder two years later at Millersburgh, Pa., by Bishop W. W. Orwig. Traveled on Lehigh Circuit one year, and on Northampton Circuit, Allentown Station, Reading Mission, Pine Grove Station, Philadelphia Mission, each two years; on Schuylkill Haven Station one year. Was elected presiding elder in 1871, and served four years on Pottsville District; re-elected in 1875 and stationed on Easton District. Elected Bishop October 26, 1875 by General Conference convened in Philadelphia; re-elected October 16, 1879. Now resides at Allentown, Pa.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Daniel Payne, D.D., left Charleston, S. C., in 1834. He received his theological training in the Gettysburgh Seminary. He was distinguished while in Baltimore as a preacher, and was elected and ordained Bishop in New York in 1852. Bishop Payne is *ex officio* President of Wilberforce University, located at Xenia, Ohio.

Bishop A. W. Wayman was born September 21, 1821, in Caroline County, Md. He was married, first, October 26, 1843, to Sarah Ann Edgar; second, September 21, 1861, to Mrs. Rachel Jane Robinson; third, May 17, 1864, to Mrs. Harriet A. E. Green, of Baltimore. He was converted August, 1835, and called to preach, August, 1839. He joined the Philadelphia Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, May, 1843, and continued a member of the same until 1848; he was then transferred to the Baltimore Conference. He was ordained deacon in 1845, and elder in 1847, in Philadelphia, by Bishop Quinn. He has filled the following appointments: West Chester Circuit, Pa., two years; Wesley Church, Philadelphia, one year; Salem, N. J., one year; Trenton, one year; Union Bethel, Washington, D. C., one year; Israel Church, Washington, two years; Union Bethel, Washington, two years; Port Deposit, Md., one year; Ebenezer Church, Baltimore, one year; Bethel Church, Baltimore, two years; Israel Church, Washington, two years; Union Bethel, Washington, one year; Frederick, Md., one year; Bethel Church, Baltimore, three years. He was corresponding editor of the "Christian Recorder," four years. He was elected Bishop May 16, 1864, in Philadelphia, and ordained May 22, 1864. His residence is Baltimore, Md.

Bishop Jabez Pitt Campbell, S.T.D., LL.D., was born in Slaughter Neck, Sussex County, Del., February 5, 1815. He was married in the city of New York, October 23, 1844, to Mrs. Stella

Medley of Providence, R. I. After her death he was married to Mrs. Mary Ann Shire, in Philadelphia, June 7, 1855. He was converted December 25, 1825. He became a member of the New York Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in May, 1841; joined the Philadelphia Conference, June, 1844; New York Conference of Wesleyan Connection, April 11, 1846; and rejoined the New York Conference, June, 1850. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Morris Brown, June 20, 1841, in the city of Providence, R. I., and elder in June, 1843, by the same Bishop in the city of New York. His appointments were as follows: Bucks County Circuit, three years and eight months; Albany, one year; Hudson City, two years; Herkimer and Schoharie Counties, 1847–49; Buffalo, N. Y., 1850–52; Bethel Church, New York city, one year; Flushing, L. I., one year; Union Church, Philadelphia, 1854–56; Wesley Church, Philadelphia, 1859; Trenton, N. J., 1860–62; Bethel Church, Philadelphia, 1862–63. He has been a Trustee of Wilberforce University, editor of "Christian Recorder," and General Book Steward or publisher of the books and papers of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. He was elected and ordained Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in May, 1864. He has received the following degrees: S.T.D. from the Wilberforce University, and the degree of LL.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. He resides in Philadelphia.

Bishop James A. Shorter was born February 4, 1817, at Washington, D. C. He was married to his first wife, Julia Ann Steward, at Philadelphia, September 12, 1839; and to his present wife, Maria Carter, November 4, 1853. He was converted February, 1838, and called to preach, 1839. He joined the Baltimore Conference in April, 1846, and was transferred to the Ohio Conference, April, 1857. He was ordained deacon in 1848, and elder in 1850, each time in Washington, D. C., Bishop William P. Quinn, officiating. He has filled the following appointments: First year, under elder Isaac B. Parker, on Chambersburgh and Lewistown Circuits; second year, Lewistown Circuit; third and fourth years, Pennington ville, Pa.; fifth year, Lancaster, Pa.; sixth and seventh years, Israel Church, Washington, D. C.; 1853-54, Bethel Church, Baltimore; 1855-56, Ebenezer Church, Baltimore; transferred to the Ohio Conference, 1857, and stationed at Columbus for two years; next year stationed at Xenia,

next three years at Zanesville, next three years at Cincinnati. He was agent for one year for the Wilberforce University. In April, 1867, he was appointed to the Wylie-street Church, Pittsburgh. He was elected and ordained Bishop in Washington, May, 1868. He resides at Wilberforce University, near Xenia, Ohio.

Bishop John M. Brown was born September 8, 1817, at Cantwell's Bridge, New Castle County, Del. He was married to Miss Mary Louisa Lewis, at Louisville, Ky., February 13, 1852. He was converted December 29, 1835, and called to preach April, 1836. He became a member of the Ohio Conference, September 15, 1848; the Indiana Conference, August, 1852; the Missouri Conference, 1855; and the Baltimore Conference, May 6, 1858. He was ordained deacon at Cincinnati, O., September 20, 1846, and elder, October 16, 1847, by Bishop Quinn. He has filled the following appointments: Detroit, Mich., three years; Columbus, O., three years; New Orleans, La., two years; Asbury Chapel, Louisville, Ky., two years; Bethel Church, Baltimore, 1858–61; Ebenezer Church, Baltimore, 1861–63; Norfolk, Va., 1863–66. He has held the following positions: Principal of Union Seminary, Columbus, O.; Principal of High School, New Orleans; Assistant Editor of "Christian Herald," of the African Methodist Episcopal Church; Editor of the "Repository," a monthly periodical; of the Missionary Reporter; and Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society. He was elected and ordained Bishop at Washington, D. C., May, 1868. He lives at Washington, D. C.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL ZION CHURCH.

Bishop Joseph J. Clinton was born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 3, 1823. He was married to Letitia Sisco, at Pittsburgh, October 22, 1844. He was converted and called to preach in 1839. He joined the Philadelphia Conference in June, 1843, and was transferred to the Baltimore Conference in 1855. He was ordained deacon in 1845 and elder in 1846 by Bishop Rush. He has served the Church in the following appointments: Trenton, N. J., one year; Georgetown, D. C., one year; Pittsburgh, Pa., two years; Washington, D. C., three years; Harrisburgh, Pa., two years; Allegheny, Pa., two years; Philadelphia, Pa., two years; Baltimore, Md., two years. He was elected and ordained Bishop at Philadelphia, in June, 1856. He lives in Philadelphia, Pa.

Bishop John J. Moore was born in Martinsburgh, Va., 1811. He was married in 1837, at Harrisburgh, to Mrs. Frances Berges. He was converted in 1824, and called to preach in 1826. He joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1838. His appointments were as follows: Huntingdon, Pa., two years; Lewiston, Pa., two years; Gettysburgh, Pa., two years; Chambersburgh, Pa., one year; York, Pa., two years; Philadelphia, Pa., one year; Baltimore, Md., three years; San Francisco, Cal., fourteen years. He was ordained deacon at Philadelphia, by Superintendent George Galbraith, and elder by Superintendent Christopher Rush. He has occupied the following positions: President of Missionary Board, and Teacher of Theological Class. He was elected Bishop at Washington, in 1868. He resides at Lincolnton, North Carolina.

Bishop Singleton T. Jones was born March 8, 1825, at Wrightsville, York County, Pa. He was married November 29, 1846, to Miss Mary J. Talbot, of Allegheny, Pa. He was converted February 8, 1842, and called to preach September, 1844. He united with the Allegheny Conference, August 23, 1849; transferred to Baltimore

Conference, May, 1853; transferred to New York Conference, 1857; transferred to Philadelphia Conference, 1859; transferred to New York Conference, 1864; and transferred to Baltimore Conference, June, 1866. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Rush, August, 1850, and elder by Bishop Galbraith in 1857. His appointments have been as follows: Brownsville, one year; Blairsville, one year; Bedford, two years; South Howard-street, Baltimore, Md., two years; Washington, D. C., two years; Newark, N. J., two years; Wesley Church, Philadelphia, Pa., two years; Harrisburgh, Pa., two years; Chambersburgh, Pa., one year; Zion Church, N. J., two years; Washington, D. C., two years. He has held the position of editor of "Zion's Standard and Weekly Review," and editor of the "Southern Religious Department" of "Zion's Standard and Review." He was elected and ordained Bishop in May, 1868. His place of residence is Washington, D. C.

Bishop James W. Hood was born May 30, 1831, in Kennet Township, Chester County, Pa. He was married October 5, 1852, in Philadelphia, to Miss Hannah L. Ralph. After her death he was married in Washington, D. C., to Miss Sophia J. Nugent. He was converted in 1842, and called to preach in 1855. He joined the New England Conference in 1859, and was transferred to the North Carolina Conference in 1864. He was ordained deacon in Boston, August 2, 1860, by Bishop J. J. Clinton, and elder in Hartford, Conn., by Bishop William H. Bishop. He was first appointed to New Haven, where he remained one year; afterward to missionary work in Nova Scotia for three years; Bridgeport, Conn., six months; New Berne, N. C., three years; Fayetteville, N. C., two years; Charlotte, N. C., four years. He held the following positions: Agent for the Board of Education for the State of North Carolina, and Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State. He was elected and ordained Bishop at Charlotte, N. C., July, 1872. He lives in Fayetteville, N. C.

Bishop Sampson D. Talbot was born in Westbridgewater, Mass., in the year 1819. He was married to Sarah De Groot, in Onondaga, N. Y., in 1844, and married his second wife, Sarah Gassaway, in December, 1865. He was converted and called to preach in 1841. He became a member of the New York Conference of the

African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in 1844. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Christopher Rush in 1844 and elder in 1845. His appointments were among the most important in the connection, such as New York, Boston, Newark, N. J., Rochester, and Syracuse, N. Y., Washington, D. C., Troy, N. Y., and others, and he usually remained two years at each station. He was at one time Treasurer of the Book Concern of his Connection. He was elected and ordained Bishop at Philadelphia in 1864. He lives in Washington, D. C.

CANADIAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Albert Carman, D.D., was born at Iroquois, Matilda County, Canada, June 27, 1833. He was married July 19, 1860, to Mary J. Lisk. He was converted in February, 1834, and called to preach in 1836. He was admitted on trial in the Bay Quinte Conference in 1837, and upon its division, in 1866, he fell into the Ontario Conference. He was ordained deacon in 1860 by Bishop Richardson, and elder by Bishop Smith in 1864. He was appointed Professor of Mathematics in Albert College in 1857, and President in 1858. He had pastoral charge of Belleville one year, 1860. He was elected and ordained Bishop in Napanee, Ontario, in 1874. He graduated with the degree of A.B. from Victoria College in 1855, received the degree of M.D. in 1860, and D.D. from Indiana Asbury University in 1874. He resides in Belleville, Province of Ontario, Canada.

COLORED METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF AMERICA.

Bishop W. H. Miles was born in Washington County, Ky., December 26, 1829. He was married to Miss Judy Hardin, and after her death, to Miss Frances Cox, December 24, 1859. He was converted and called to preach in 1854. He joined the Kentucky Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, and was appointed missionary for the State in 1867; Center-street Station, 1868; and was Presiding Elder of the Lexington District, from 1868 to 1871. He has held the following positions: Agent of the Board of Education, President of the Board of Trustees, and Business Manager of the Book House. He was elected and ordained Bishop at Jackson, Tenn., December 21, 1871, by Bishop M'Tyeire. His home is in Louisville, Ky.

Bishop L. H. Holsey was born July 3, 1841, near Sparta, Hancock County, Ga. He was married November 8, 1862, to Harriet Turner, at Bishop Pierce's home near Sparta, Ga. He was converted May 10, 1855, and felt that he was called to preach from childhood. He was admitted into the Georgia Conference, of which he is still a member. He was ordained deacon January 7, 1869, at Augusta, Ga., by Bishop Pierce, and elder, December, 1869, at Macon, Ga., by the same Bishop. His appointments have been as follows: Hancock Circuit, two years; Savannah, one year; taught school, one year; Augusta Station, two years and three months. He was elected and ordained Bishop of the "Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America," in March, 1873. He resides in Augusta, Ga.

Bishop Isaac Lane was born March 4, 1834, in Madison County, Tenn. He was married to Frances Ann Boyer, December 24, 1853. He was converted and called to preach in 1854. He was licensed to exhort in 1857, as the law of the State did not give license to slaves to preach. He was licensed to preach in 1865,

and became a member of the Memphis Conference in November, 1866. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Robert Paine, at Jackson, Tenn., in 1866, and elder by the same Bishop in 1867. He filled the following appointments: Jackson Station, two years; Jackson District from 1867 to 1871; afterward the station from 1872 to 1873. He was elected and ordained Bishop at Augusta, Ga., March, 1873. He lives at Jackson, Tenn.

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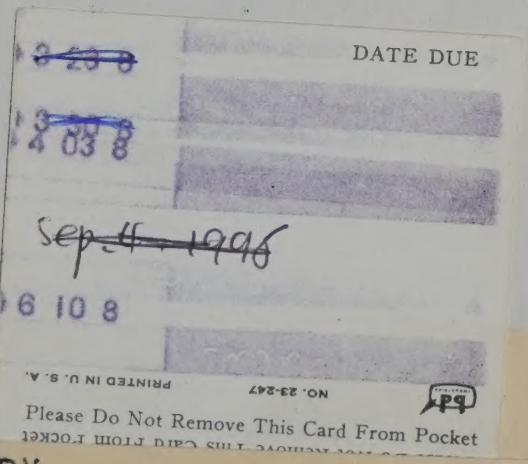
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